

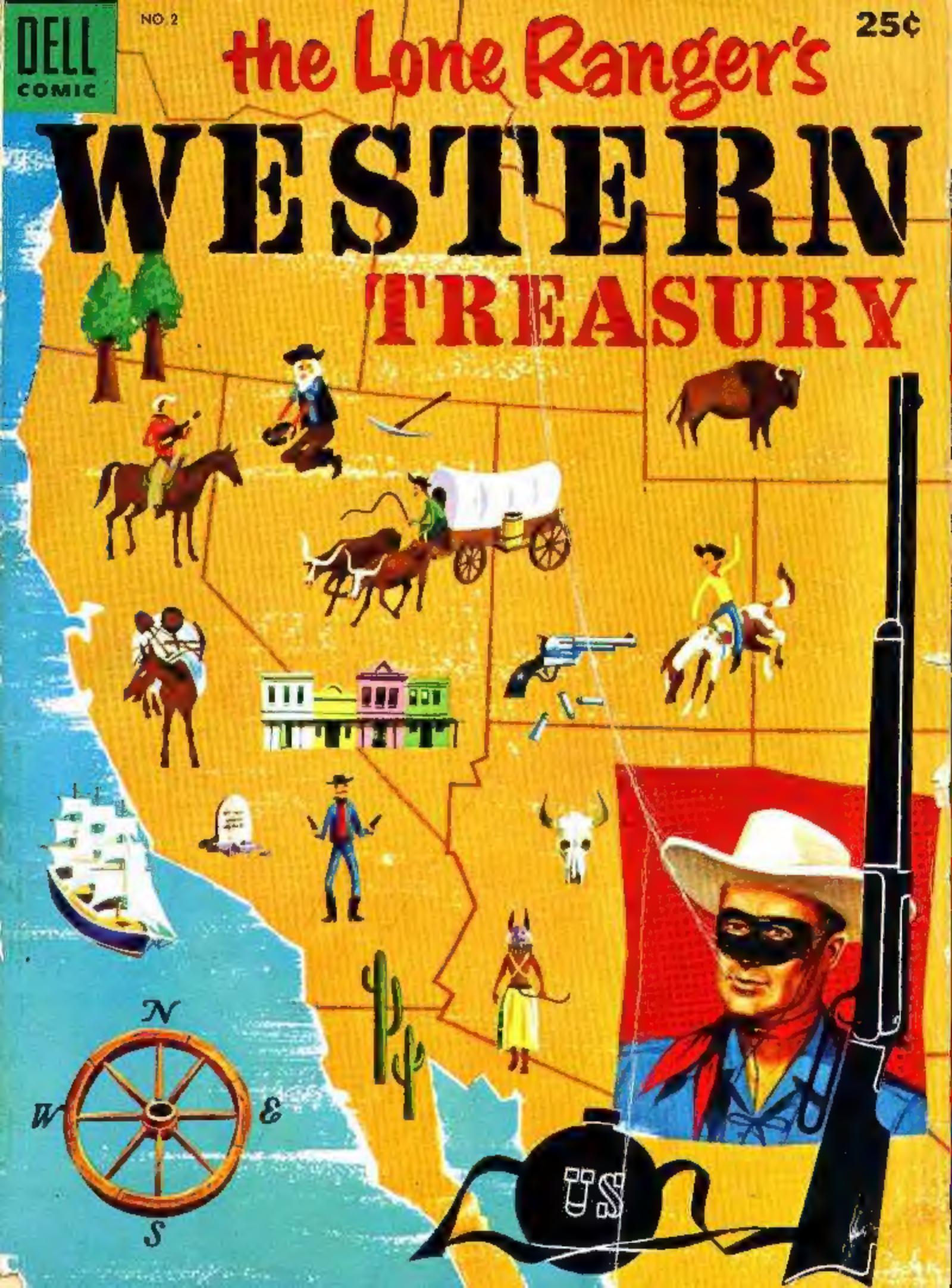
DELL  
COMIC

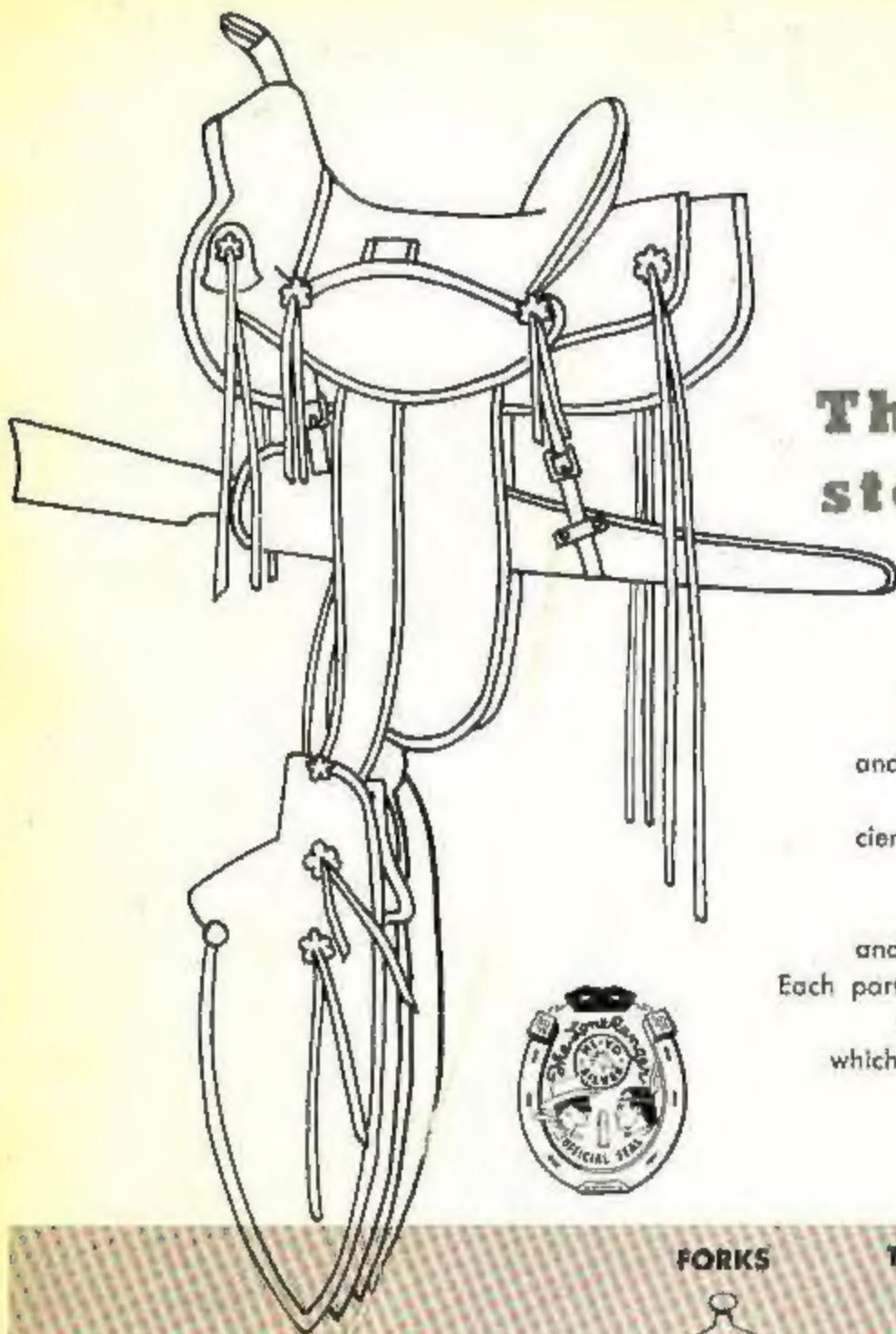
NO. 2

25¢

the Lone Ranger's

# WESTERN TREASURY

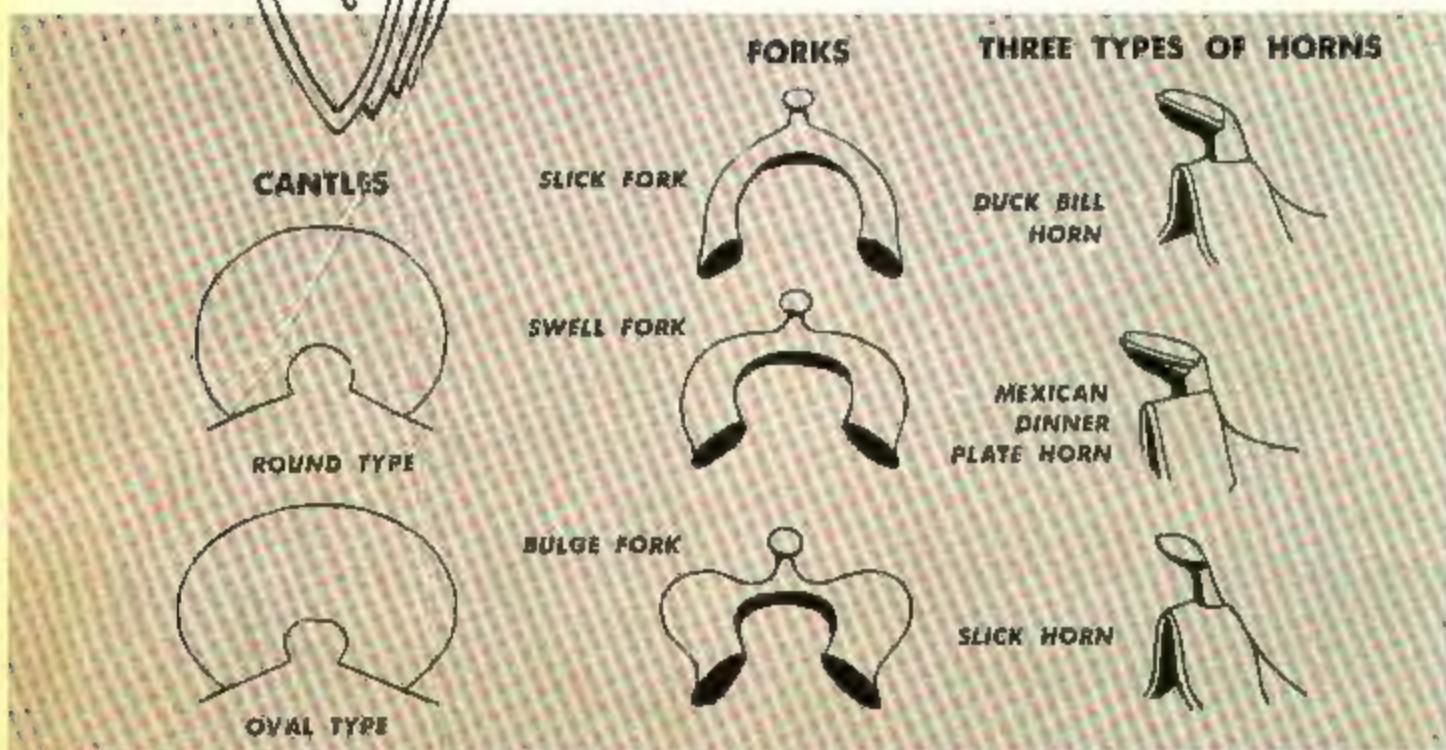




## The western stock saddle

The saddle is the cowboy's armchair, his workbench and sometimes his bed. On it depend his comfort and efficiency. The foundation of the saddle is the tree. This includes the horn and fork, the seat and the cantle.

Each part is chosen with great care by the cowboy because a saddle which does not fit the rider is useless.



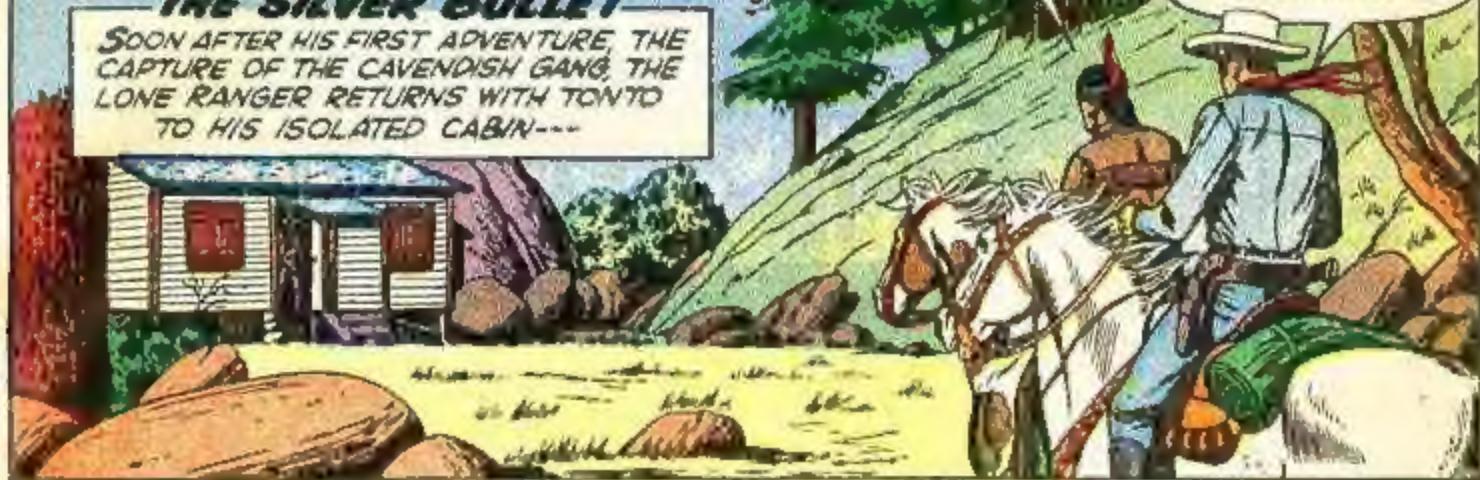
# the Lone Ranger

## THE SILVER BULLET

SOON AFTER HIS FIRST ADVENTURE, THE CAPTURE OF THE CAVENDISH GANG, THE LONE RANGER RETURNS WITH TONTO TO HIS ISOLATED CABIN---

NO ONE EVER THOUGHT THERE WAS A SILVER MINE BEHIND THAT CABIN, KEMO SABAY!

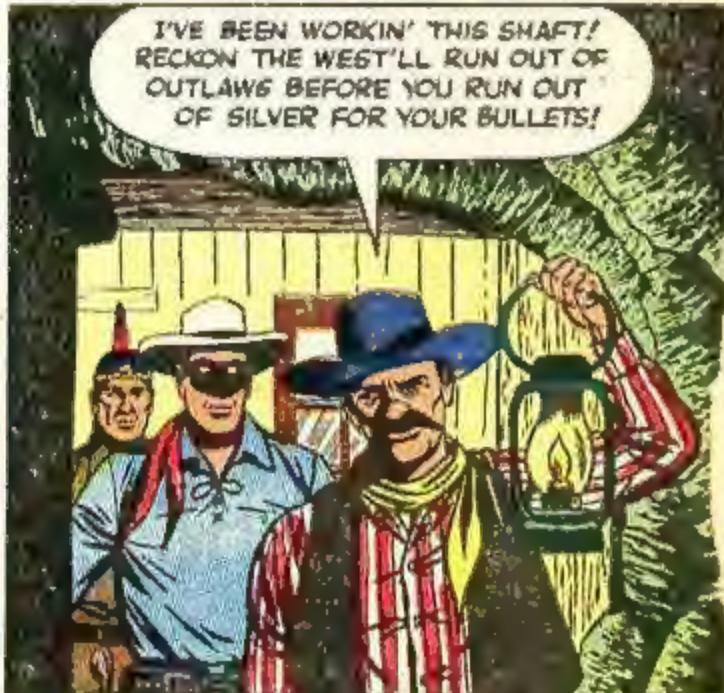
WHEN MY BROTHER DAN AND I BUILT IT, TONTO, WE HOPED IT WOULD CONCEAL OUR MINE! ---LOOK! JIM'S COMING OUT TO GREET US!



REACH, YOU MASKED---  
OH! IT'S YOU, REID! GUESS  
I'M NOT USED TO YOUR  
MASK YET!

WE'RE BACK,  
JIM! I NEED  
SILVER  
BULLETS  
FOR MY GUNS!

I'VE BEEN WORKIN' THIS SHAFT!  
RECKON THE WEST'LL RUN OUT OF  
OUTLAWS BEFORE YOU RUN OUT  
OF SILVER FOR YOUR BULLETS!



THE PRECIOUS METAL IS MELTED AND THE HOTEN SILVER IS POURED INTO A BULLET MOULD. LATER THE BULLET IS INSERTED IN A SILVER CARTRIDGE TO COMPLETE THE SOLID SILVER .45 SHELL ---



THERE'LL BE MORE SILVER WAITING  
YOUR RETURN! PRETTY SOON, I  
RECKON EVERY OWLHOO 'ROUND  
THESE PARTS'LL KNOW IF HE  
DOESN'T KEEP THE LAW, HE  
CAN EXPECT **SILVER  
BULLETS!**

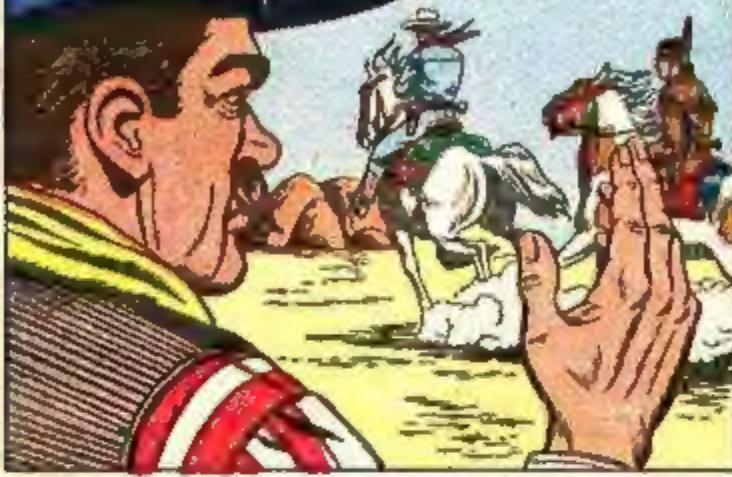
ADIOS,  
JIM! ---  
COME ON,  
SILVER!

SOON---

**BANG!**

KEMO SABAY,  
**GUNFIRE!**

IT'S COMING FROM  
THE HILL AHEAD!  
--- LET'S GO,  
BIG FELLOW!







BLAMED IF I  
KNOW---BUT I  
DO KNOW  
YOU'RE  
**MASKED!!**



I RECKON THERE'S  
SOME TRUTH IN  
WHAT YOU'RE  
SAYING MISTER!...  
I HAVEN'T  
ANYTHING AGAINST  
YOU---SHUCKS! YOU  
SAVED MY LIFE!



YES, SHERIFF,  
THEY **ARE**  
SILVER!



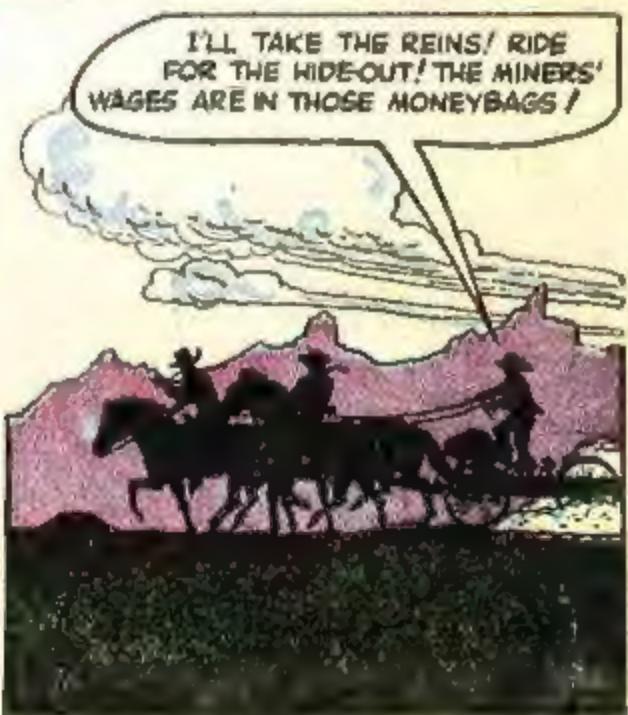
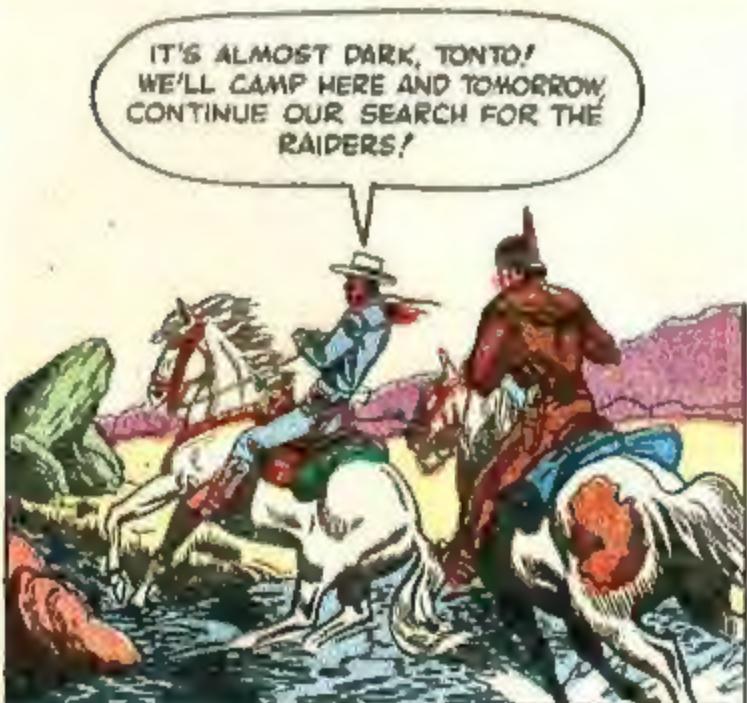
PERHAPS, THAT'S  
WHY I USE THESE  
BULLETS, SHERIFF,  
SO YOU'LL  
**REMEMBER  
ME!**--- BUT WHO  
WERE THOSE  
AMBUSHERS?



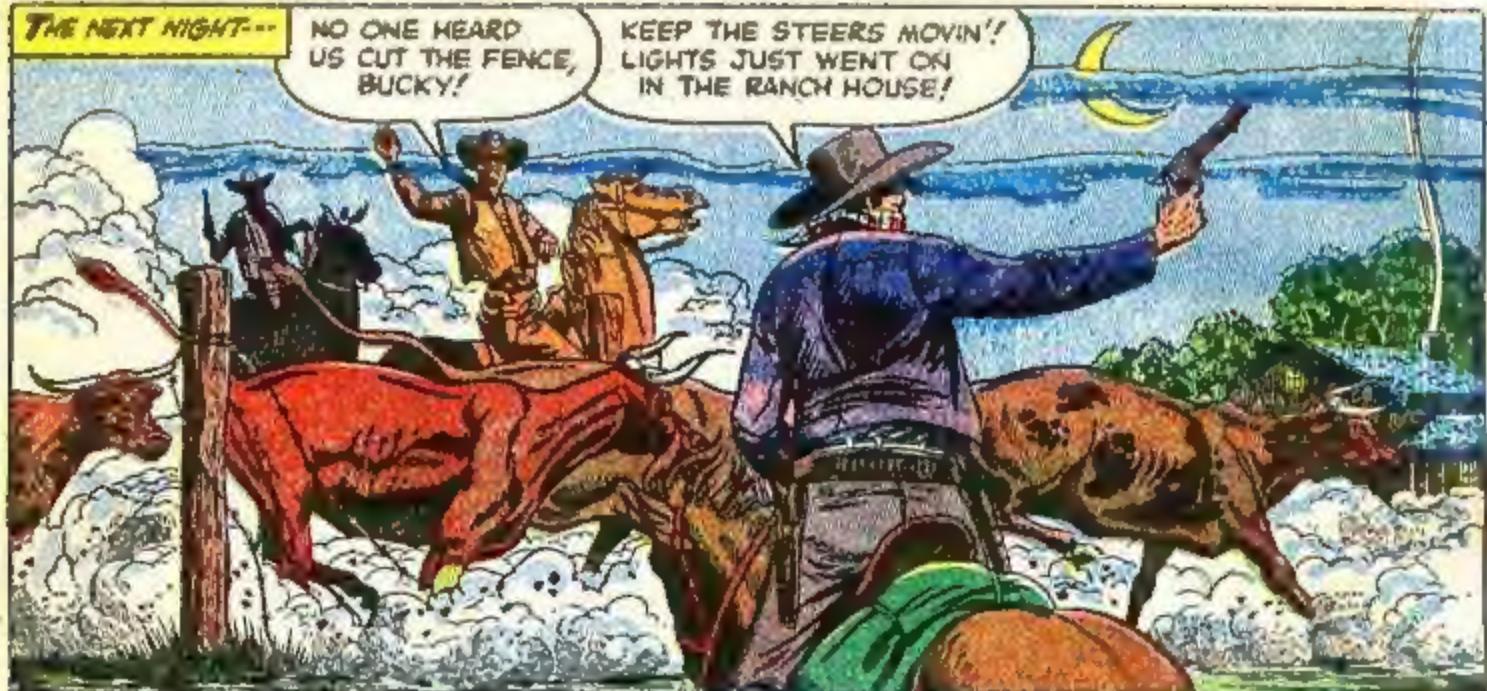
TONTO  
AND I  
WILL LOOK  
FOR THEIR  
TRAIL!

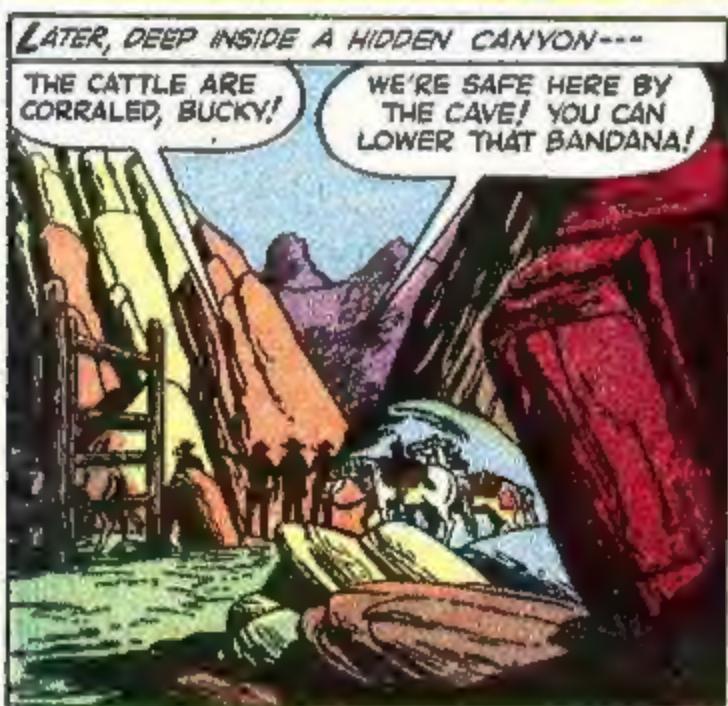


WE WILL, SHERIFF!  
---**COME ON,  
SILVER!**



THE NEXT NIGHT--

NO ONE HEARD  
US CUT THE FENCE,  
BUCKY!KEEP THE STEERS MOVIN'!  
LIGHTS JUST WENT ON  
IN THE RANCH HOUSE!KEMO  
SABAY,  
LISTEN!HOOFBEATS---IT SOUNDS  
LIKE CATTLE MOVING!UGH! THERE  
HERD! MEN  
STAMPEDE-UM!THE ONLY PEOPLE  
WHO DRIVE CATTLE  
AT NIGHT, TONTO,  
ARE RUSTLERS!WE RIDE FOR  
SHERIFF?NO, TONTO! WE MIGHT LOSE  
THEIR TRAIL AGAIN! I HAVE  
ANOTHER PLAN! SOME OF  
THEIR STEERS ARE WANDERING  
OFF! WE'LL ROUND THEM UP  
AND JOIN THE RUSTLERS!BUT IF THEY  
FIND OUT WE  
NOT OUTLAWS------WE'LL HAVE TO CONVINCE  
THEM, TONTO! THE FIRST  
ACT WILL BE TO BRING IN  
THOSE STRAYS! ---COME  
ON, SILVER!





I THOUGHT MY **MASK** WOULD TELL **WHAT** I AM! AS FOR WHO I AM --- WELL, I WOULDN'T BE WEARING THIS MASK IF I WANTED PEOPLE TO KNOW!

YOU AND THE INDIAN ARE PRETTY COOL CUSTOMERS COMIN' IN HERE!

WE SAW YOU RUSTLE THAT HERD --- THAT'S RIGHT IN OUR LINE! THOUGHT WE'D HELP! WE WANT TO THROW IN WITH YOU!

I SAW TWO RIDERS ROUND UP STRAYS, BUCKY! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THEM!



THE REST OF OUR GANG WAS CAUGHT, BUCKY! BUT I RECKON YOU COULD USE SOME EXTRA LEADSINGERS!

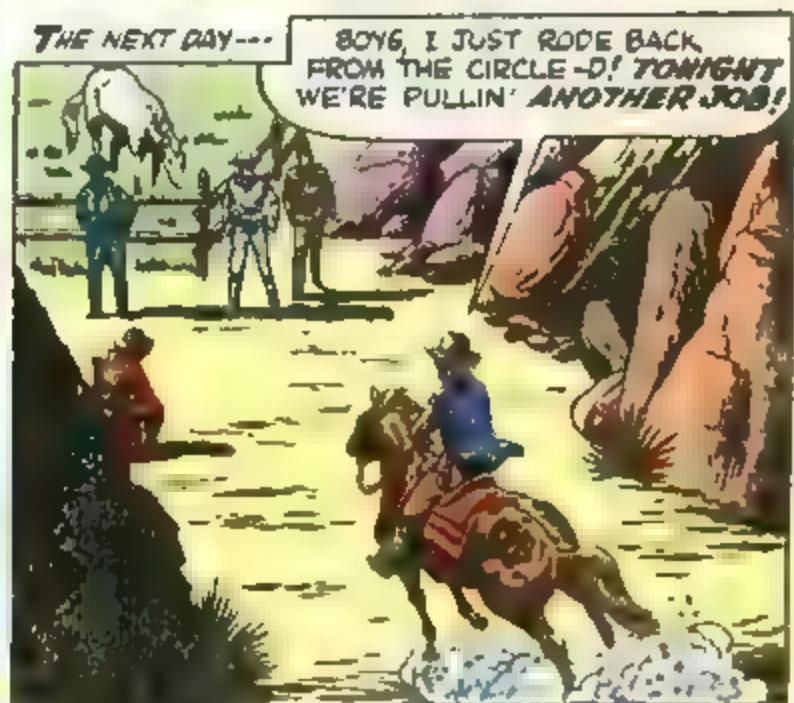
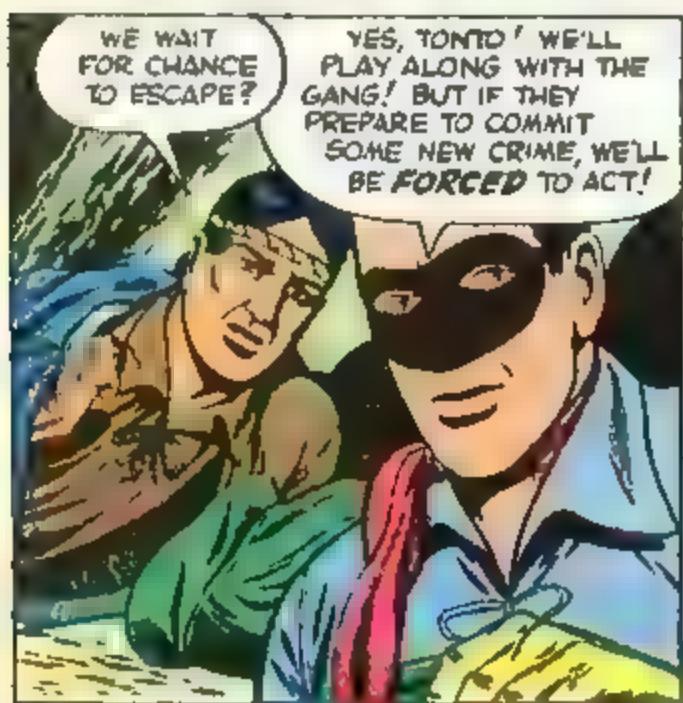
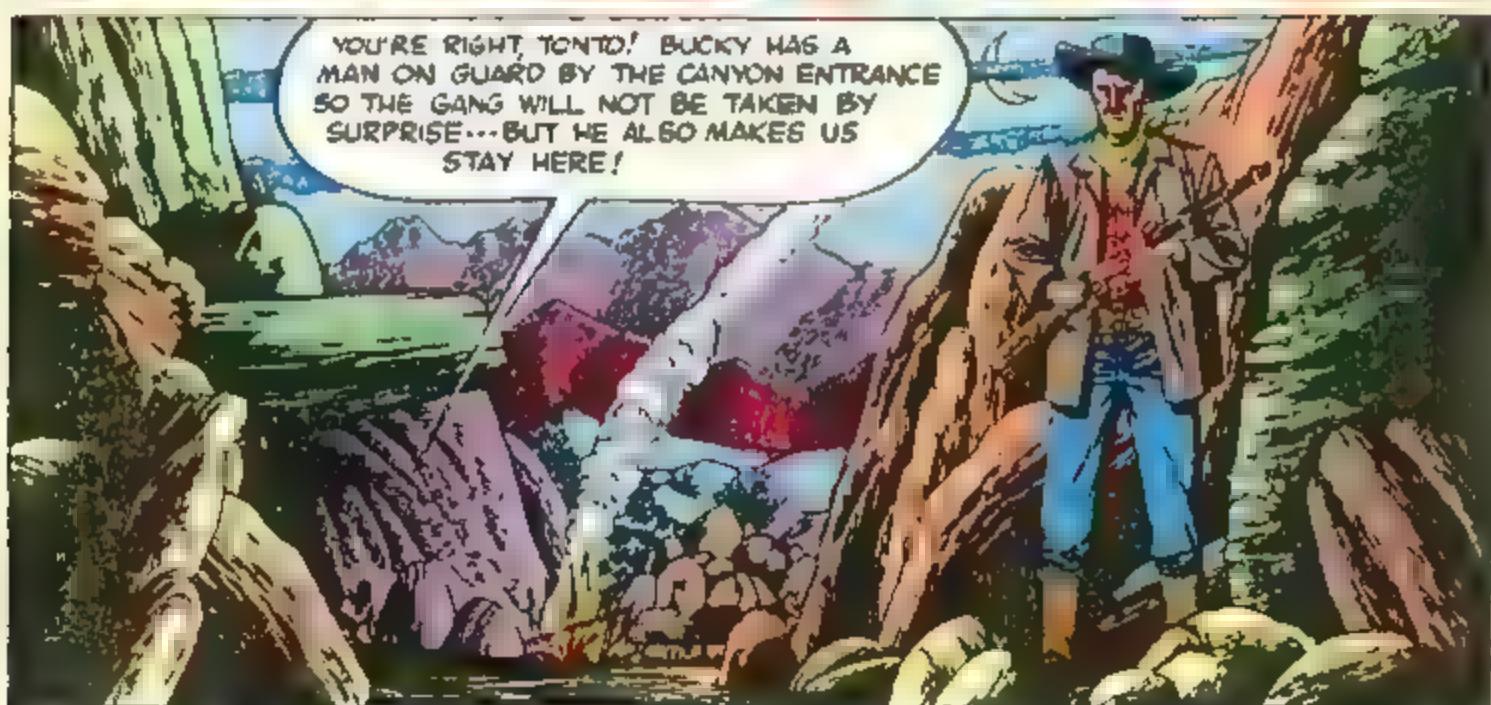
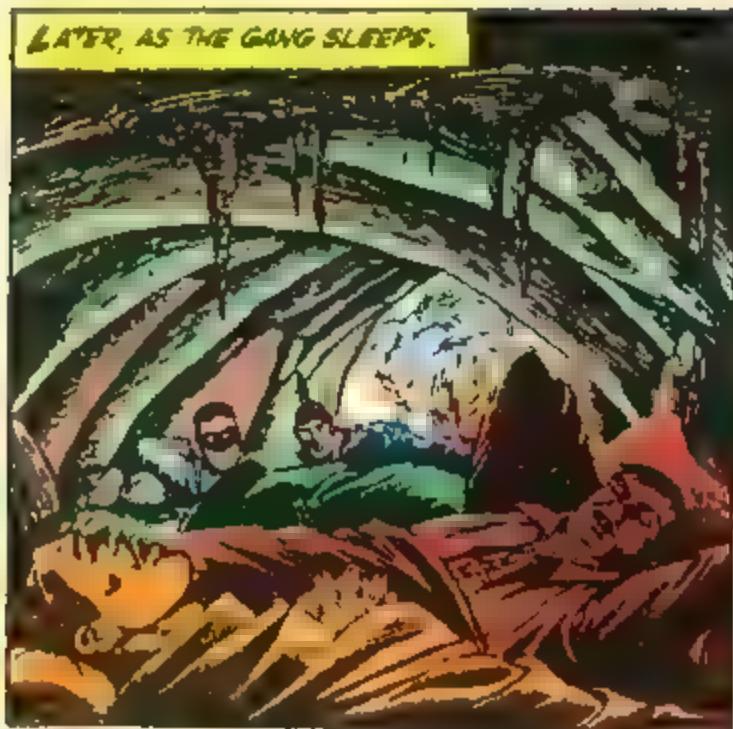
VEAH--- I COULD! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MASK?



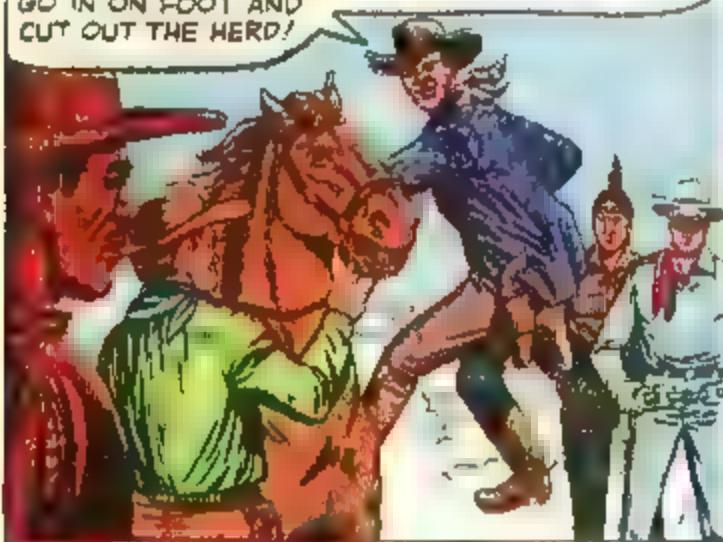
IT STAYS ON!

I LIKE A MAN WHO ISN'T AFRAID OF STEPPIN' INTO THE LION'S DEN! MISTER, KEEP YOUR MASK ON, BUT JUST REMEMBER, FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE TAKIN' ORDERS FROM ME!





THEY'VE BEEN FATTEN N' UP THEIR PRIZE BEEF  
ON THAT SPREAD---NOW THEY'RE READY FOR US  
TO TAKE OVER' AT ELEVEN TONIGHT BILLY AND  
HANK LL CUT THE FENCE! AT MIDNIGHT WHEN  
THEY GIVE THE WH PPOORWILL WHISTLE WE'LL  
GO IN ON FOOT AND  
CUT OUT THE HERD!

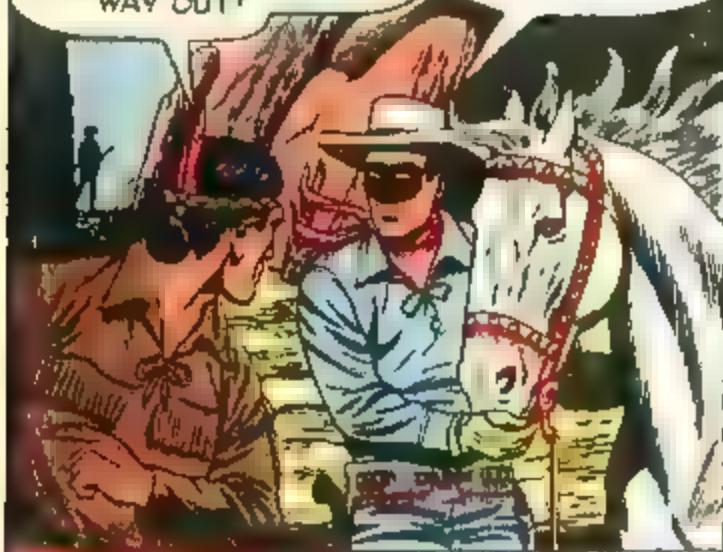


OUR MASQUERADE PALS  
HERE'LL GUARD OUR  
HORSES!



LATER... { KEMO SABAY ME  
LOOK OVER SOUTH  
END OF CANYON, IT STEEP  
WALL, PLENTY HIGH, NO  
WAY OUT!

AND FROM HERE  
I CAN SEE THE  
PASS! IT'S STILL  
GUARDED!



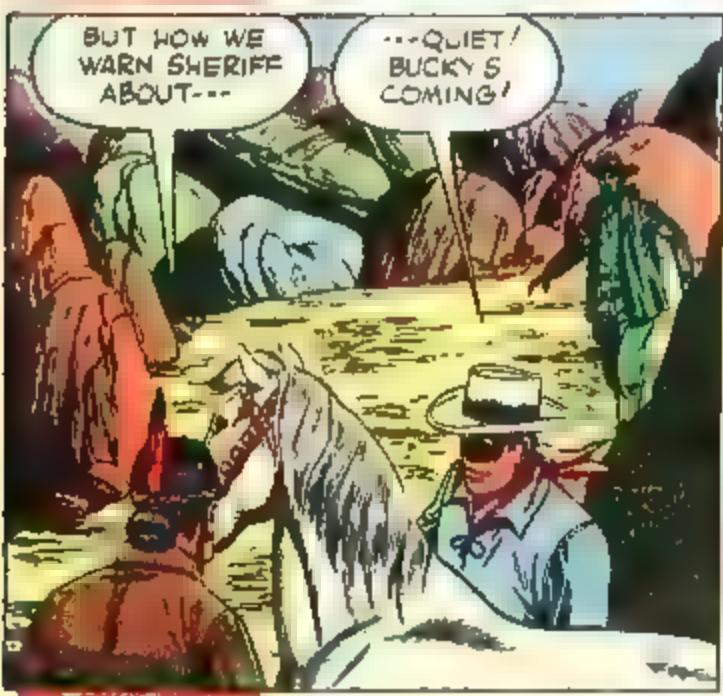
WE COULD TRY  
TO RIDE BY-UM!

THAT WOULD SHOW OUR  
HAND AND PUT THEM  
ON THE ALERT!



BUT HOW WE  
WARN SHERIFF  
ABOUT---

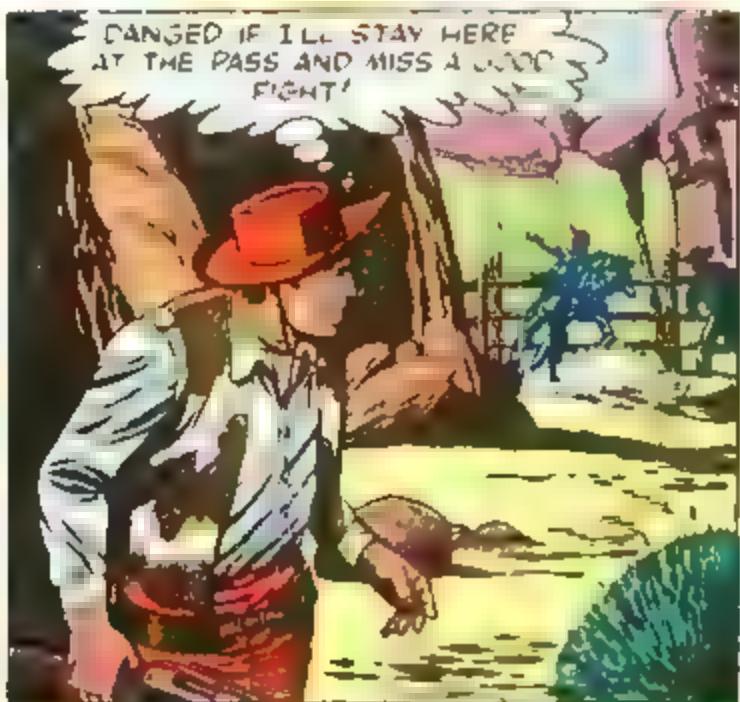
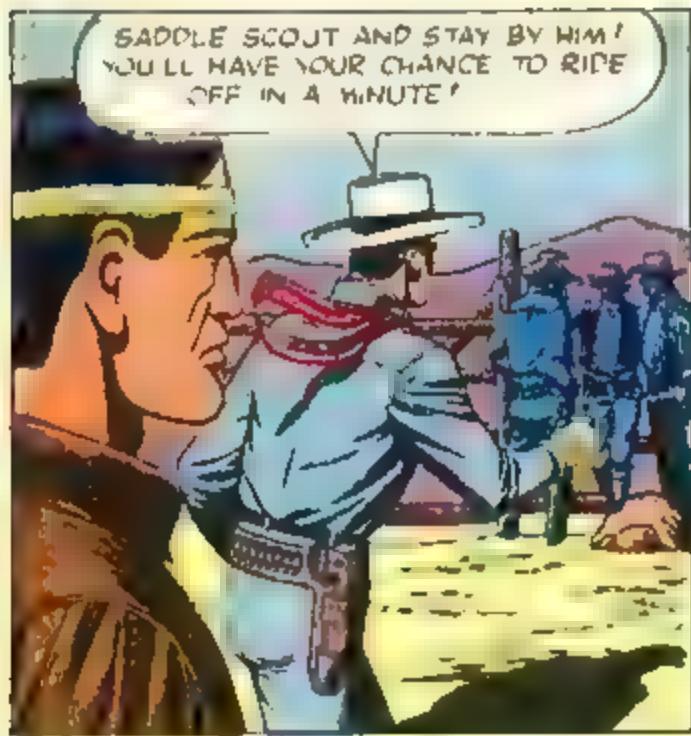
...QUIET!  
BUCKY'S  
COMING!

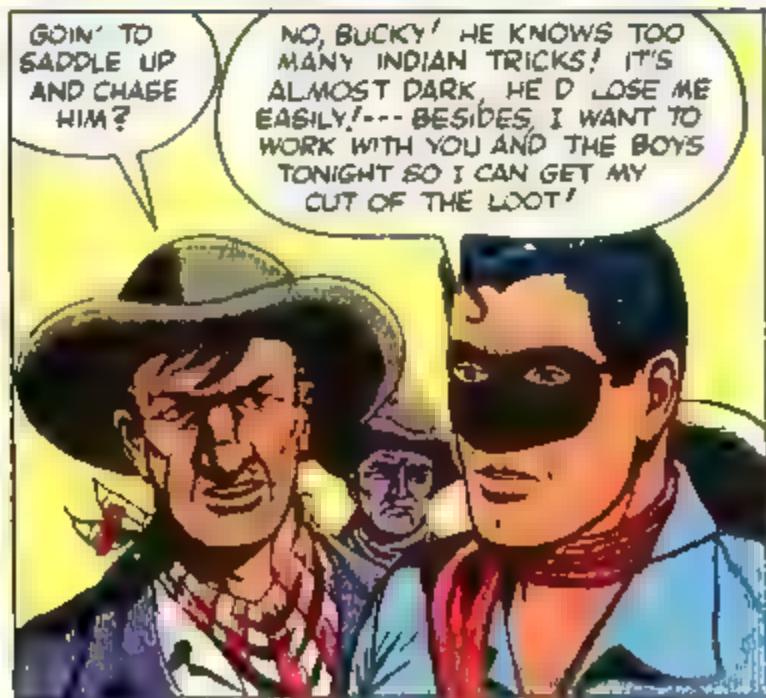
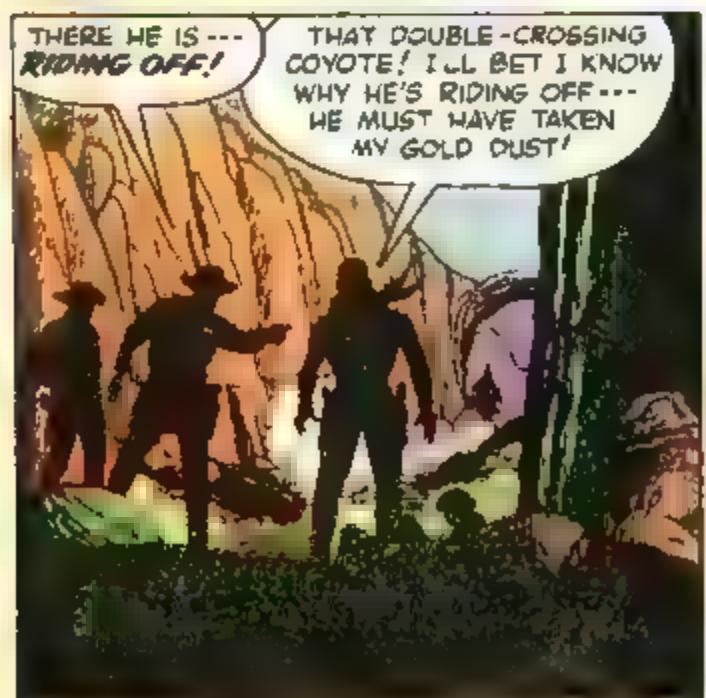
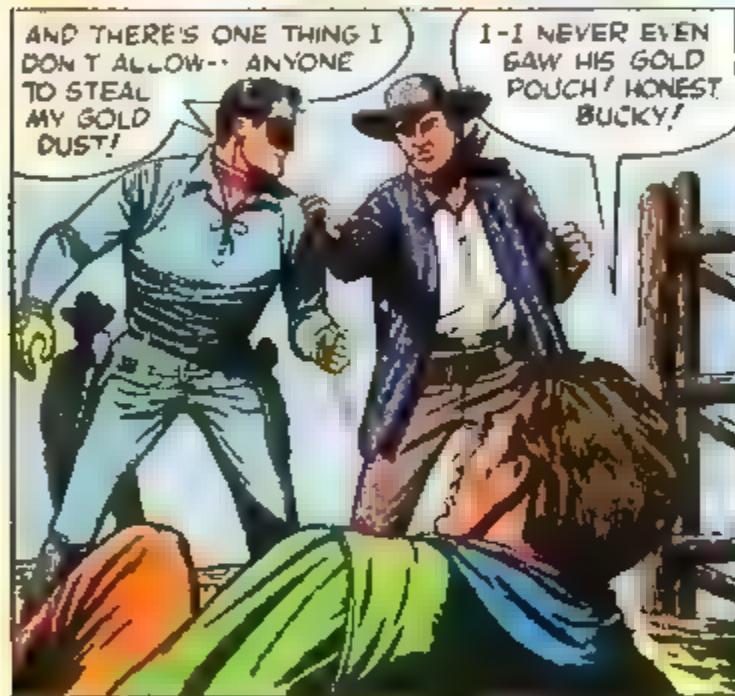
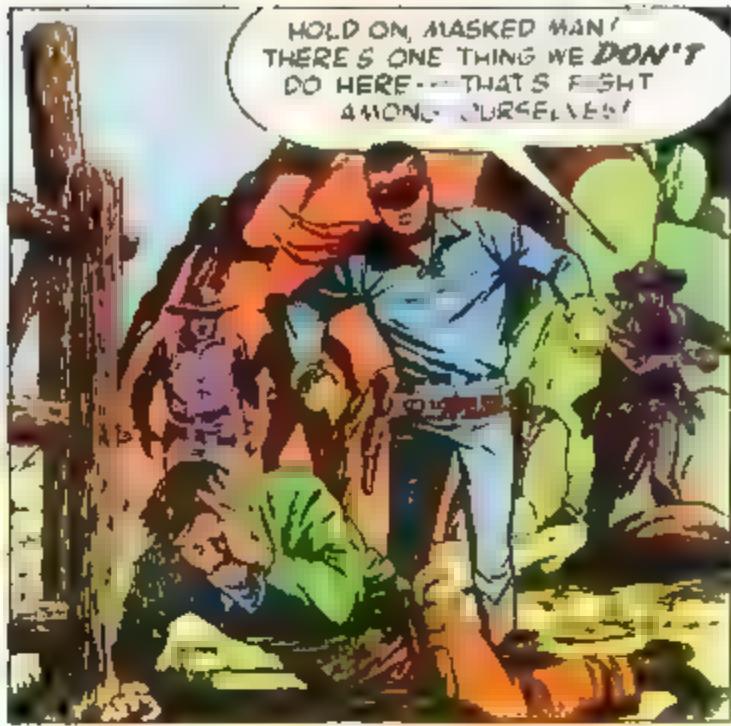


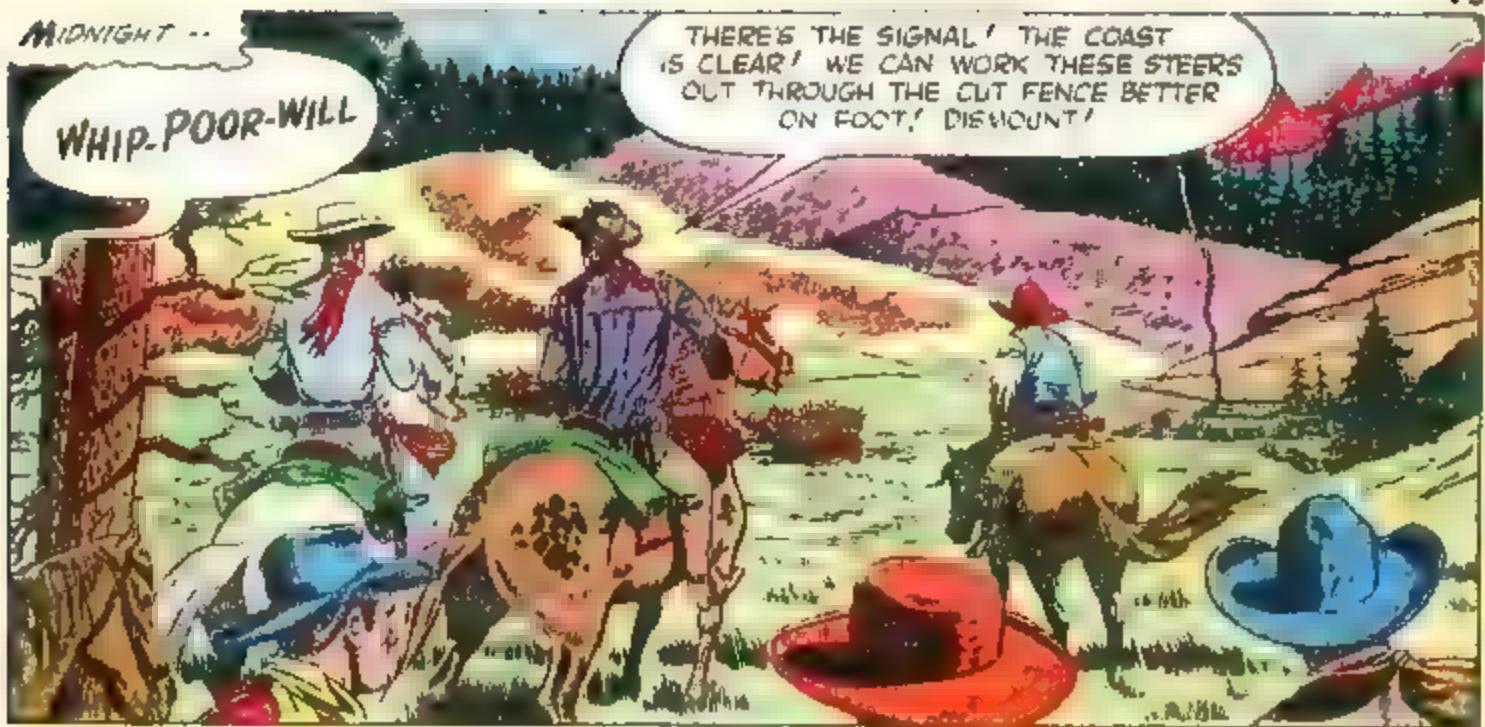
TONTO, TAKE THIS **SILVER BULLET!**  
THE SHERIFF MAY NOT REMEMBER  
YOU BUT THE BULLET WILL  
**IDENTIFY** YOU AS THE  
BEARER OF A MESSAGE  
FROM ME!

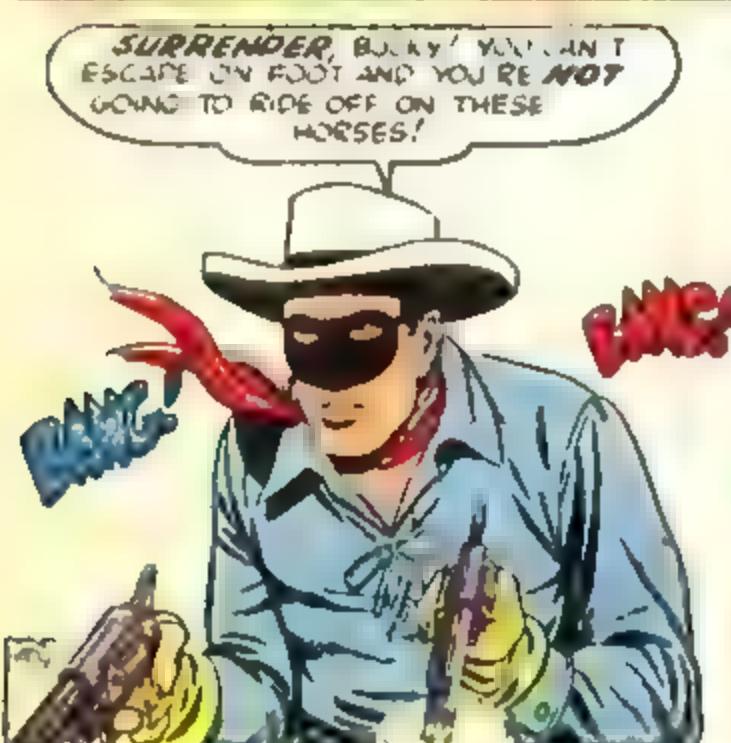
UHH! BUT  
HOW TONTO  
GET TO-UM?

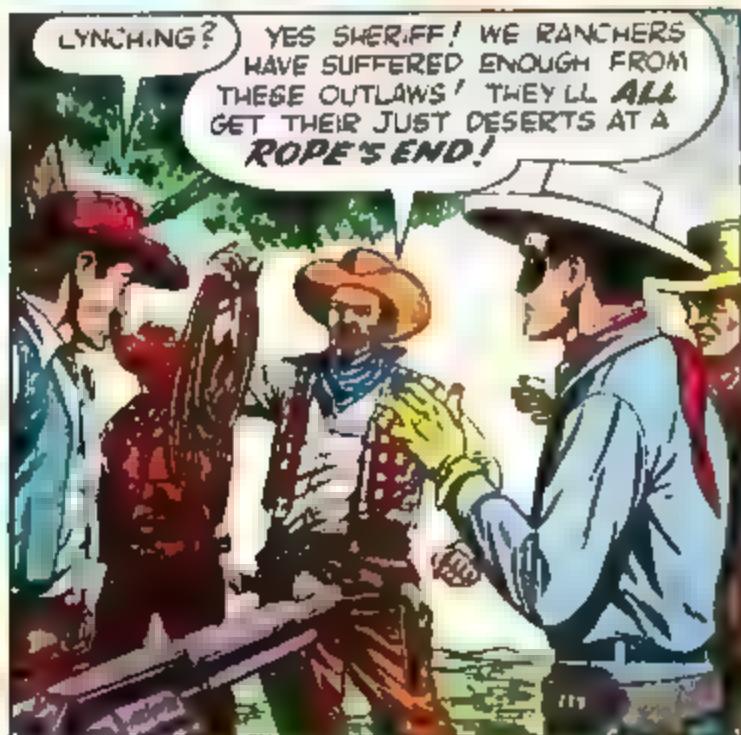
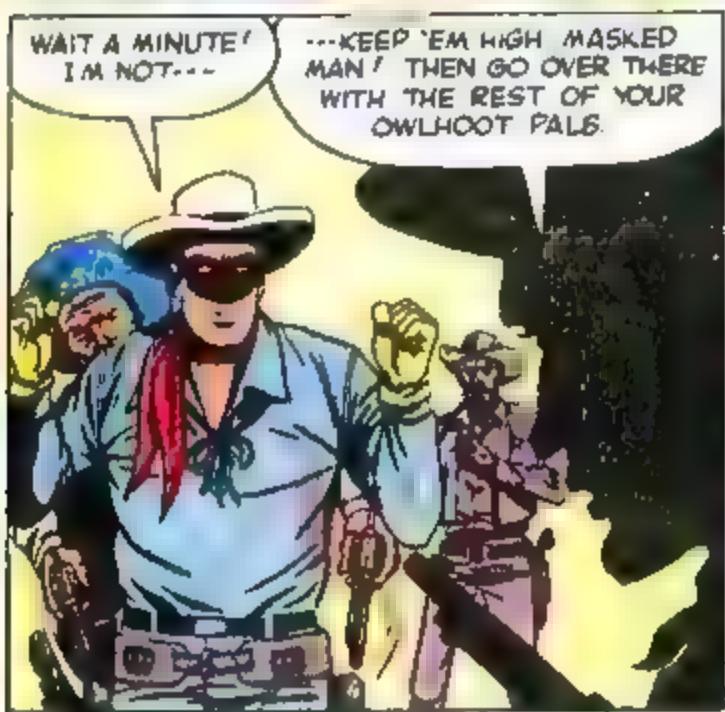
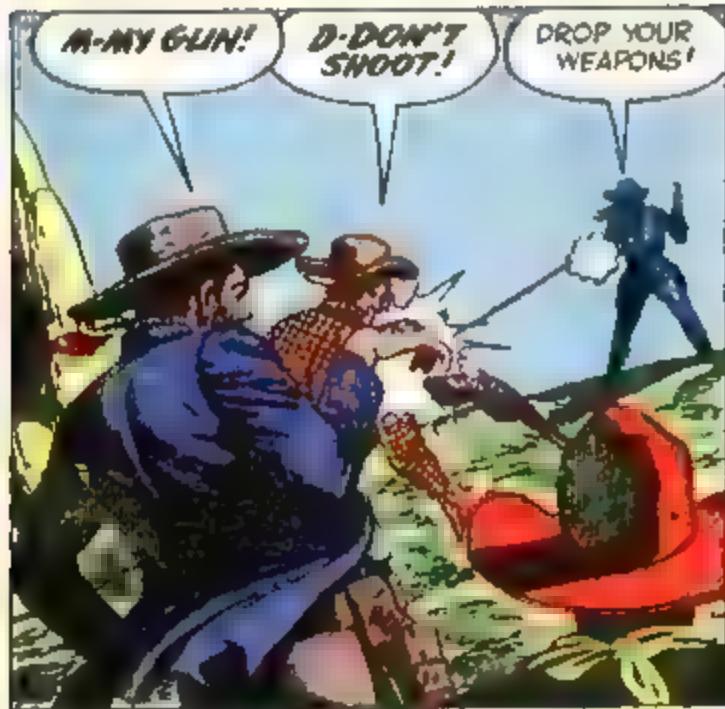












**HOLD ON!** MAYBE I CAN'T KEEP YOU FROM TAKIN' THE LAW IN YOUR OWN HANDS BUT ONE OF THOSE MEN IS **INNOCENT!** HE SENT THE INDIAN TO PREPARE THE AMBUSH!

THAT'S **ME**, SHERIFF! I SENT THE INDIAN!

CUT THE LYIN' & TALKIN' ALL OFF SHERIFF!

WHICH ONE IS HE, SHERIFF?

JUST LOOK AT THEIR GUNBELTS! HE USES **SILVER BULLETS!**

IS HE KIDDIN'? WHOEVER HEARD OF ANYONE USIN'--- HOLY COW! LOOK! THIS MAN'S BELT IS STUDDED WITH **SILVER BULLETS!**



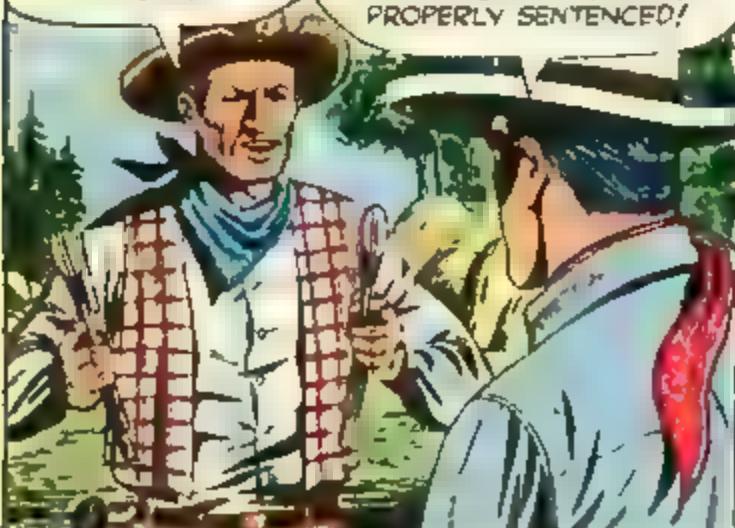
TONIGHT

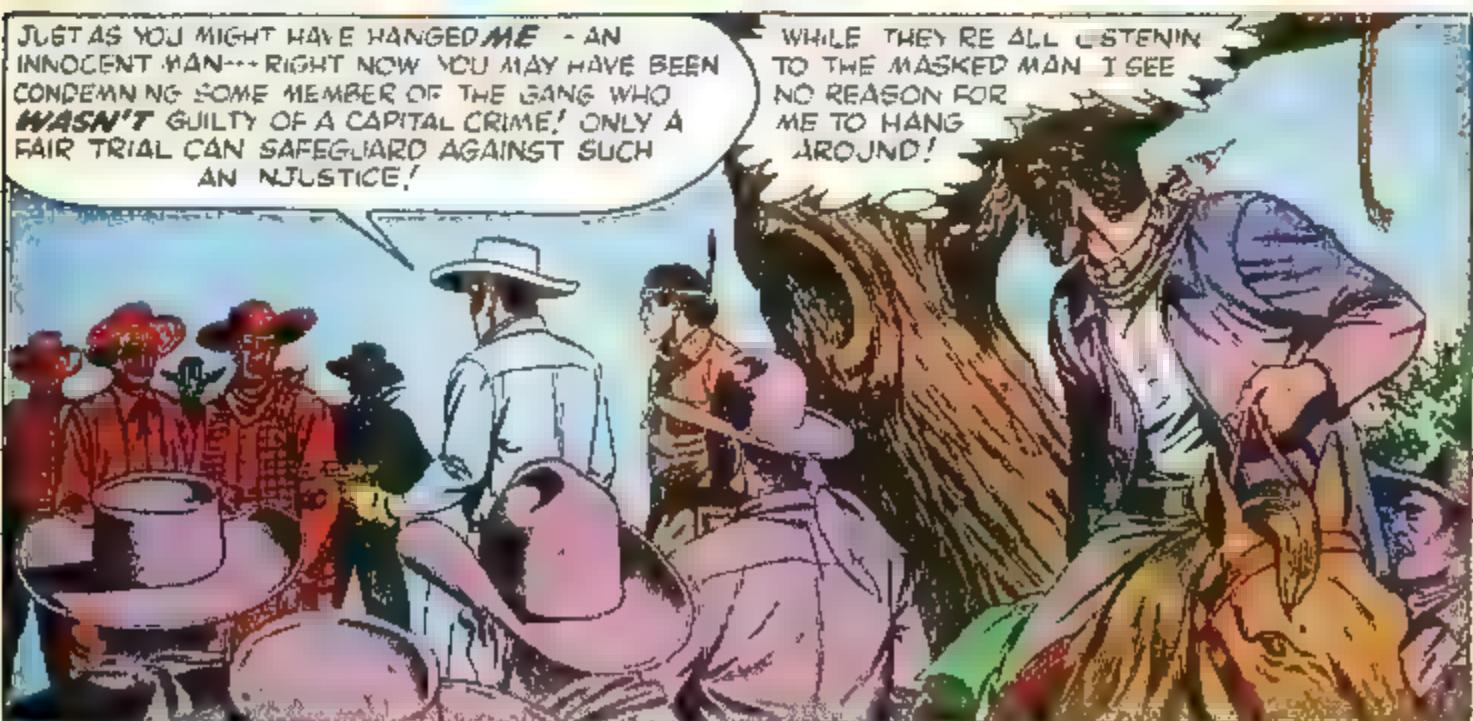
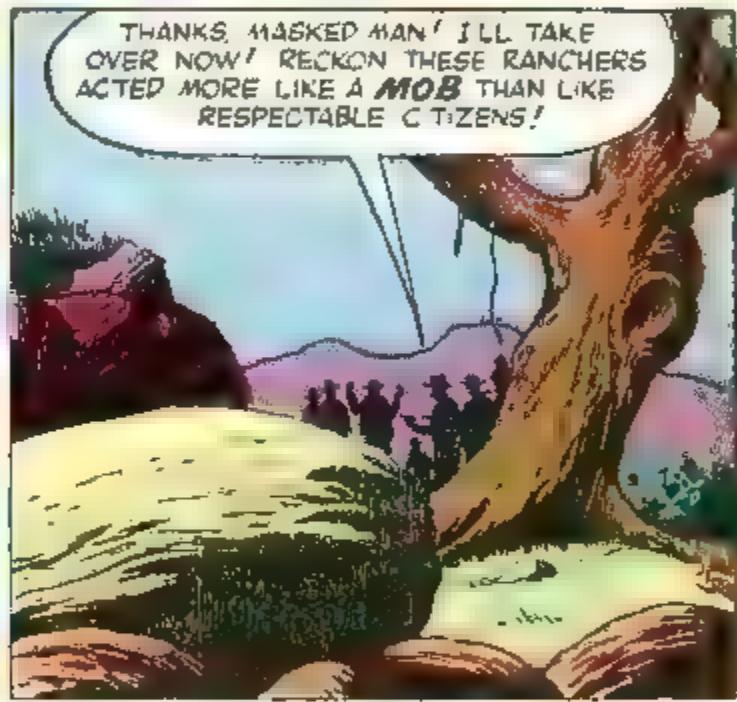
WE ARE THE LAW AND WE'RE SENTENCING EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM TO SWING!

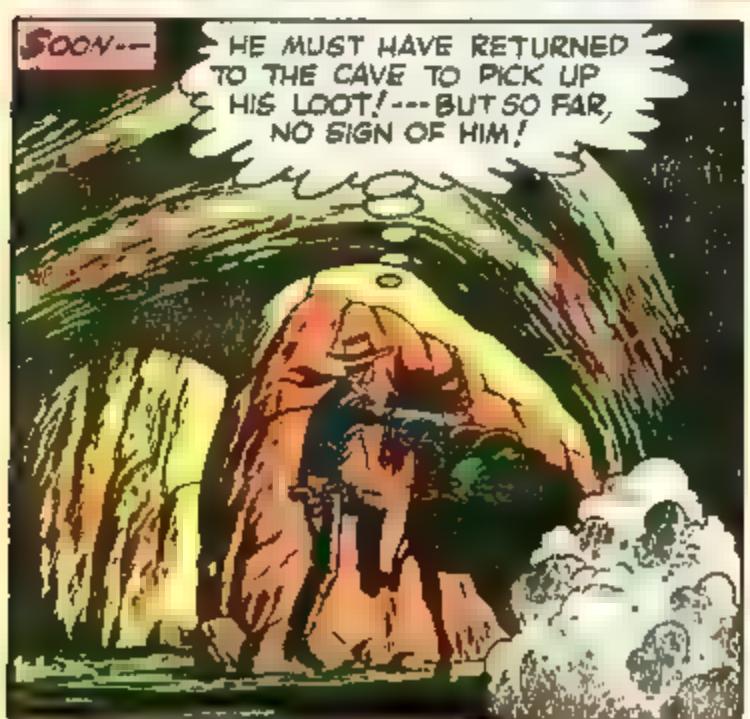
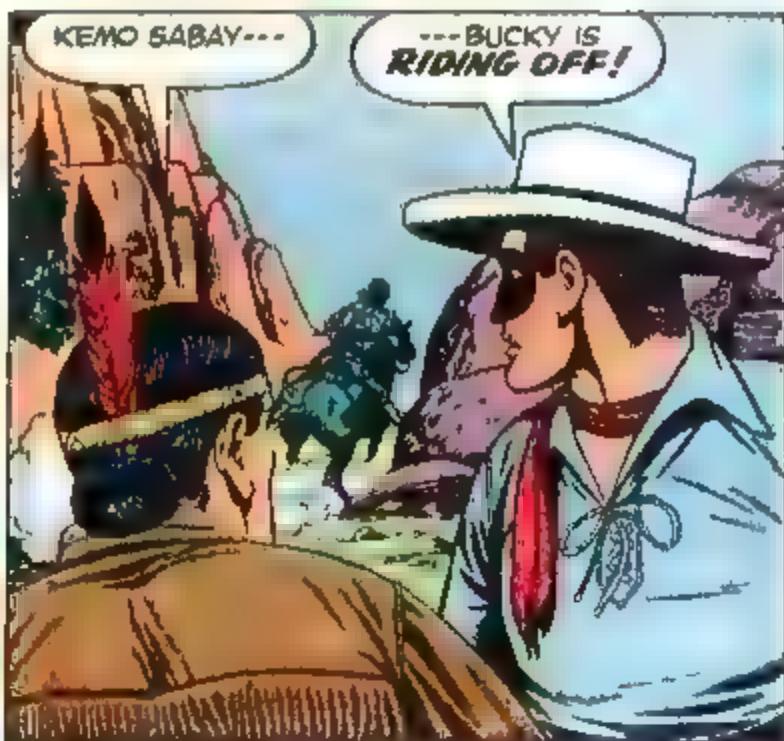
I MUST FIND A WAY TO STOP THEM!

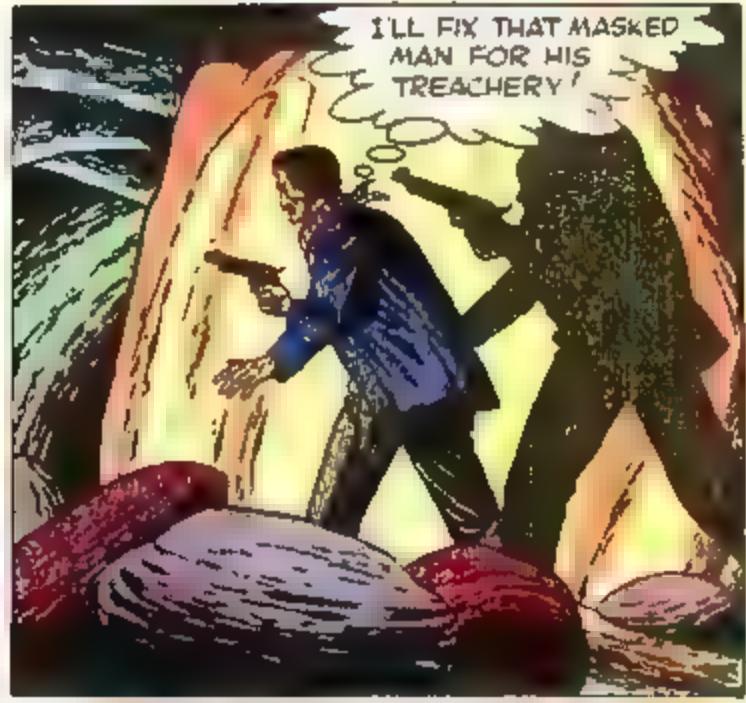
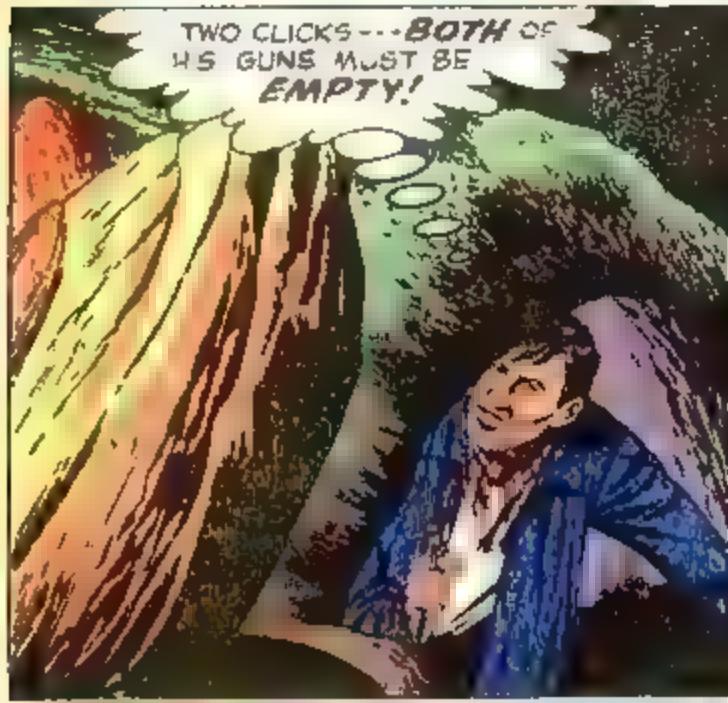
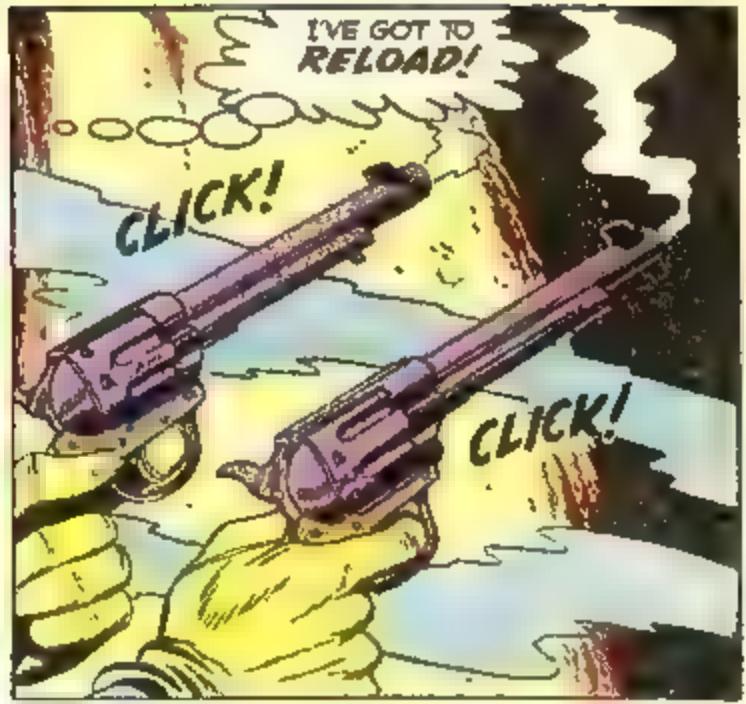
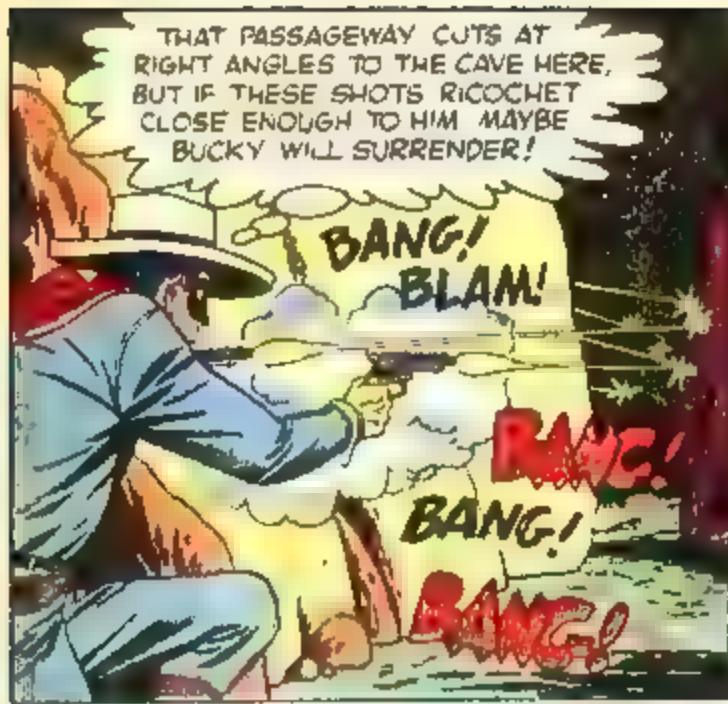
HERE ARE YOUR GUNS, MISTER! THANKS FOR HELPIN' US ROUND UP THESE POLECATS!

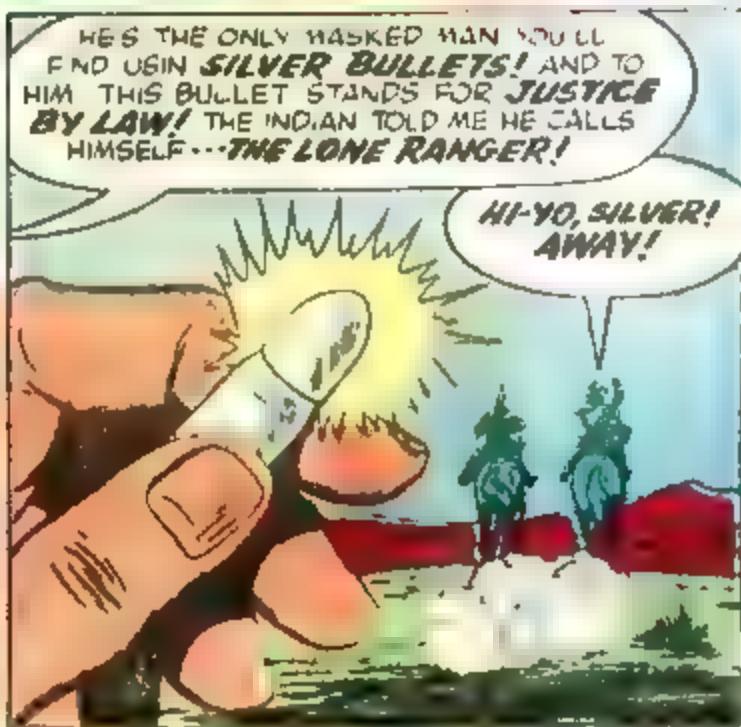
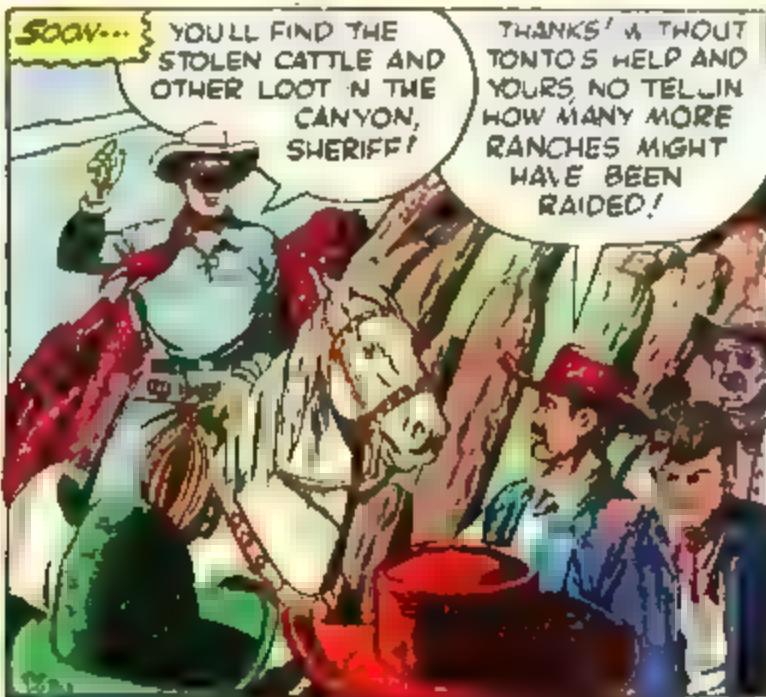
I THOUGHT I WAS TURNING THEM OVER TO THE LAW, WHERE THEY'D RECEIVE A FAIR TRIAL AND THEN THOSE PROVEN GUILTY WOULD BE PROPERLY SENTENCED!





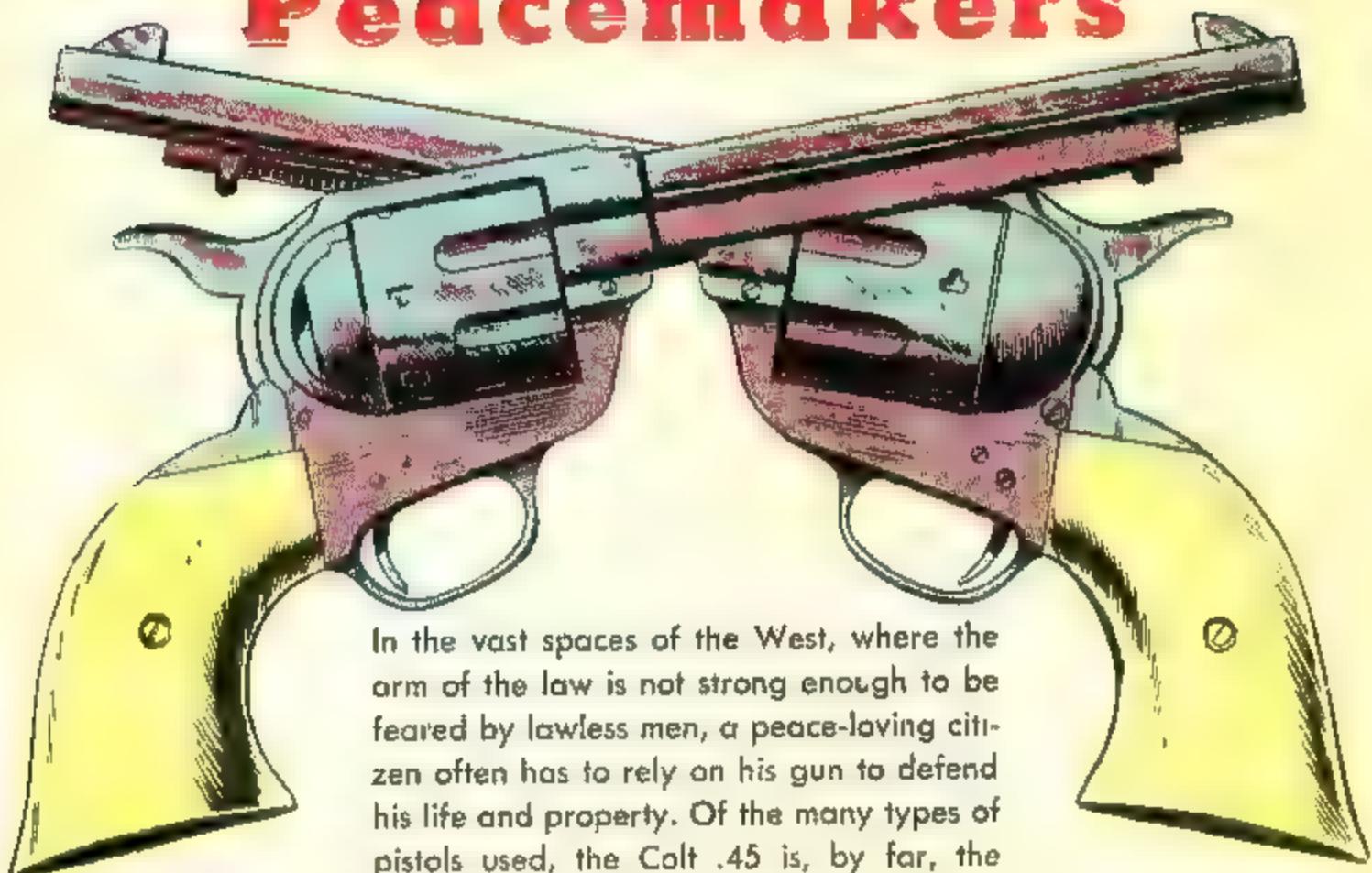






THE LONE RANGER'S

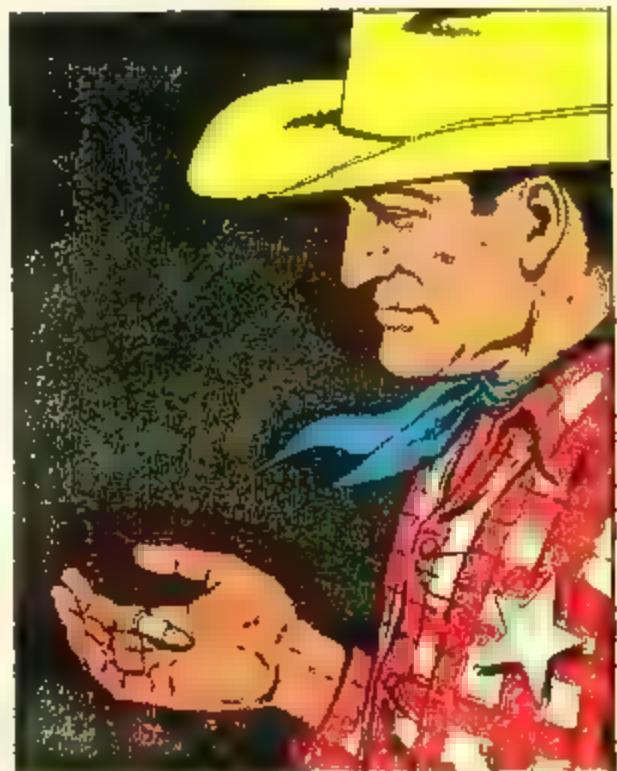
# Peacemakers

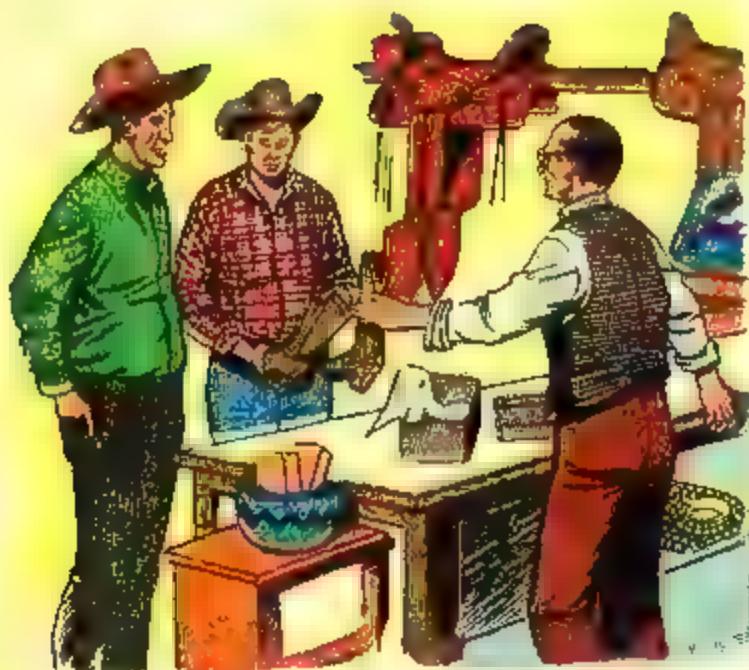


In the vast spaces of the West, where the arm of the law is not strong enough to be feared by lawless men, a peace-loving citizen often has to rely on his gun to defend his life and property. Of the many types of pistols used, the Colt .45 is, by far, the most popular and has become known as the Peacemaker. Two of these famous weapons are carried by the Lone Ranger.

The Lone Ranger's guns are hand-made Colt .45's with 5 inch barrels. He uses individually moulded bullets made of silver mined in his own silver mine. Each bullet contains enough silver to make two silver dollars.

Anyone who finds a gleaming, silver-headed cartridge knows that the Lone Ranger is near, working and fighting for the safety of the West. Many a lawman has breathed a sigh of relief when he has seen the silver bullet. Badmen recognize it, too, and only the most desperate stand their ground once they have seen the Lone Ranger's shining symbol.





# Cowboy Clothes

Danger and hardship are part of the daily life of the cowboy. Yet, these are incidental parts of a life of extremely hard work. A cowboy's clothes must therefore serve him in many ways so that he can live and work in as much safety and comfort as possible.

**Hats**—The cowboy has found, through experience in all kinds of weather, that cheap hats do not stand up. He uses the "ten-gallon" Stetson which is made from a good grade of felt. It shades his eyes from the sun and keeps the rain off him in a storm, while still retaining its shape.



**Boots**—A cowboy's boots are his special pride—and with good reason. Hand-made, most of them are highly decorated. Although he likes decoration on his boots, he also chooses them for comfort. Long hours spent in the saddle make comfort an absolute necessity. The narrow toe makes it easy to slip the foot into the stirrup, while the high heel keeps it from slipping all the way through. The high heel, when dug into the earth, is also useful for balancing himself when roping a horse from the remuda.



**Spurs** are pointed devices used for goading a horse onwards. A cowboy who is really fond of his horse uses them very rarely—they are more decorative than useful except in the case of a bronc buster who must use them on an "ornery" horse.



**Gloves** are not considered "dudish" but are regarded as a working necessity. They prevent rope burns and protect the hands during branding and other manual jobs.



**Cuffs**, made of calfskin and fastened with snaps, are used to protect the wrists against rope burns and sprains.



**Chaps** are worn to protect the cowboy's legs from brush when riding in rough country. While they are all of the same style, chaps are made of several different kinds of material. Angora chaps are canvas lined and have leather pockets. Chaps worn for show are usually made of tanned calfskin and often have silver conchos and other trimmings. The work chaps for everyday use are made of sturdy steerhide so that they will last under the rough treatment they must take.



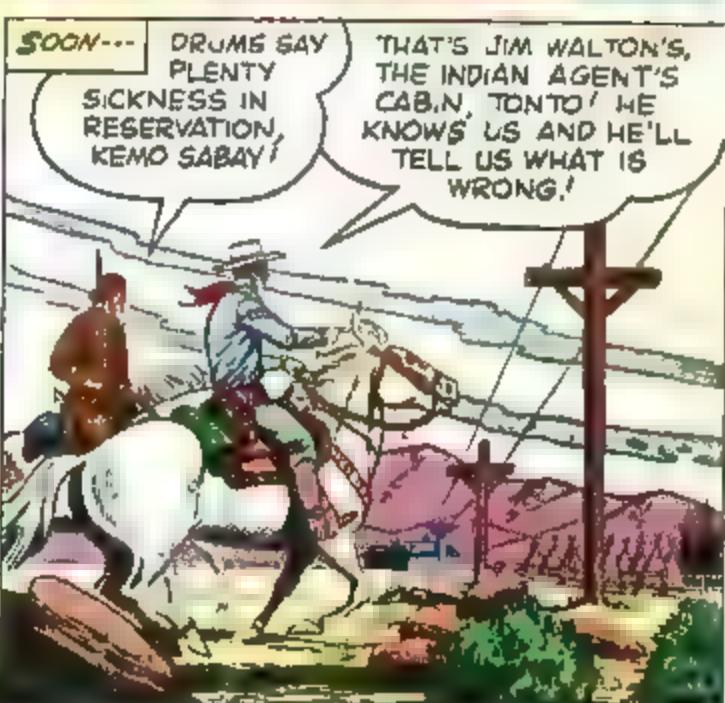
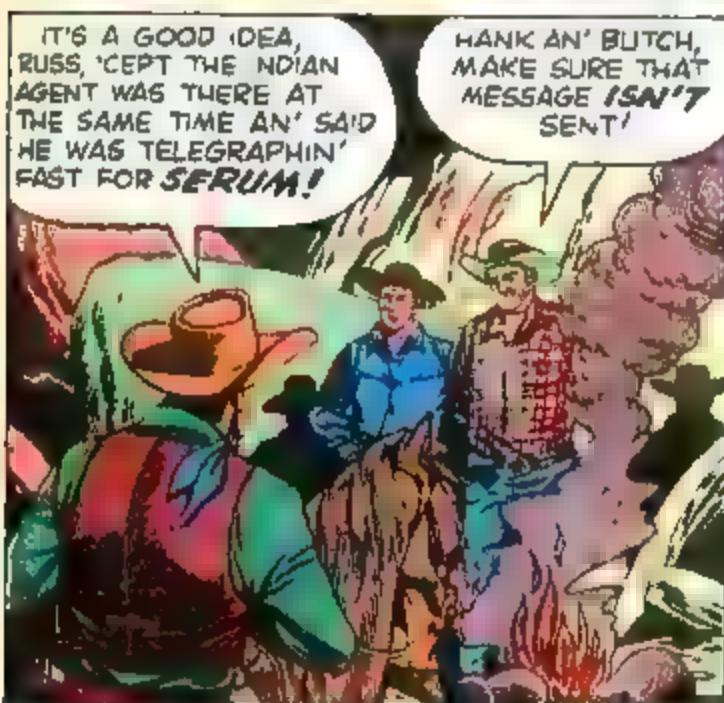
# the Lone Ranger

## THE MISSION OF MERCY

JUST BEYOND THE SIOUX RESERVATION, A RIDER REINS 'EM AT A PROSPECTORS' CAMP...

RUSS, DO YOU HEAR THOSE MED CINE DRUMS? **SMALLPOX** BROKE OUT AMONG THE SIOUX!

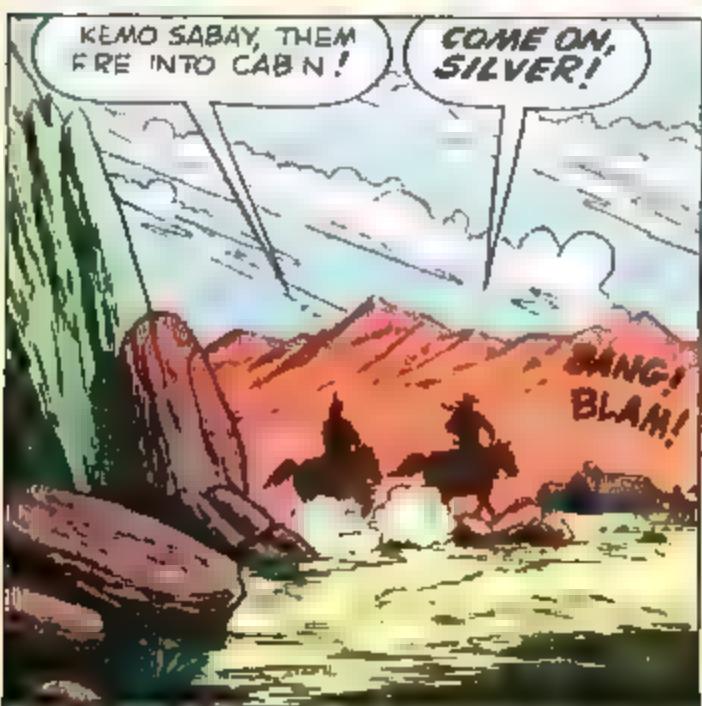
SMALLPOX?... I'VE BEEN WONDERIN' HOW TO MOVE THOSE REDSKINS FROM THEIR LAND NOW WE'VE STRUCK **GOLD** THERE! WHEN ENOUGH OF 'EM DIE, THEY'LL LISTEN WHEN I SAY THE LAND IS EVIL AND THEY MUST LEAVE!



HANK AN' BUTCH, MAKE SURE THAT MESSAGE ISN'T SENT!

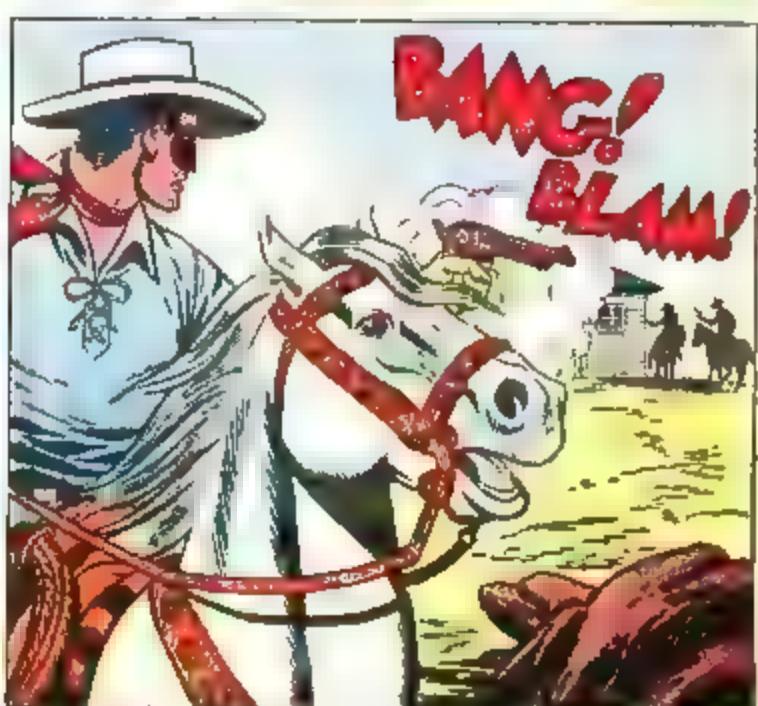
SOON... DRUMS SAY PLENTY SICKNESS IN RESERVATION, KEMO SABAY!

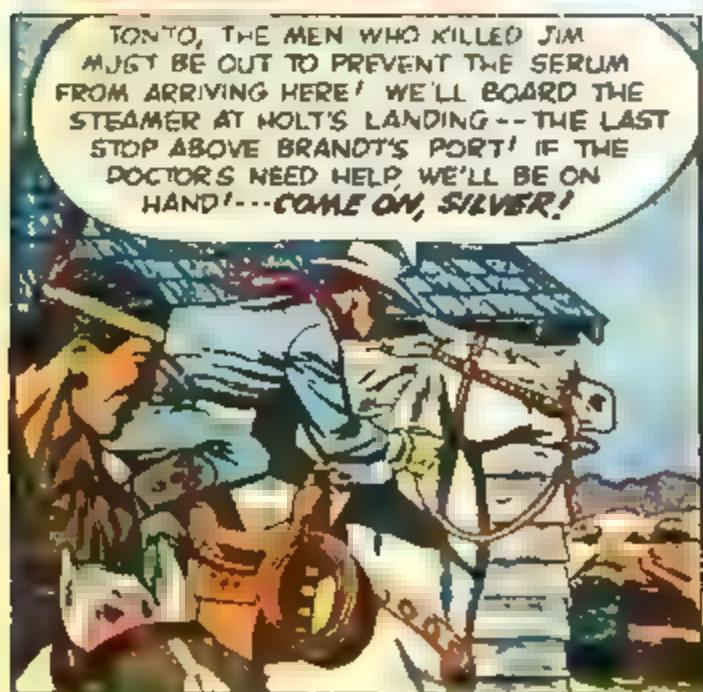
THAT'S JIM WALTON'S, THE INDIAN AGENT'S CABIN, TONTO! HE KNOWS US AND HE'LL TELL US WHAT IS WRONG!

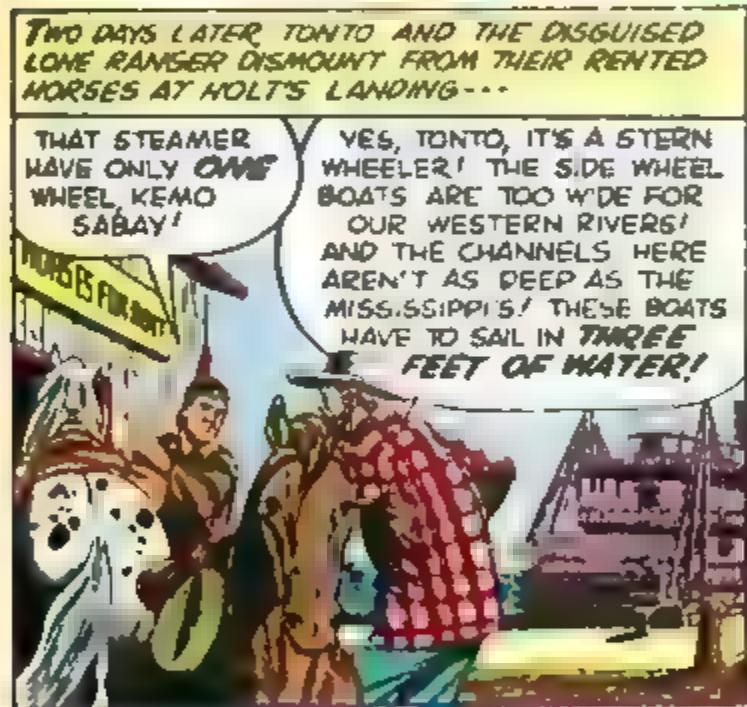
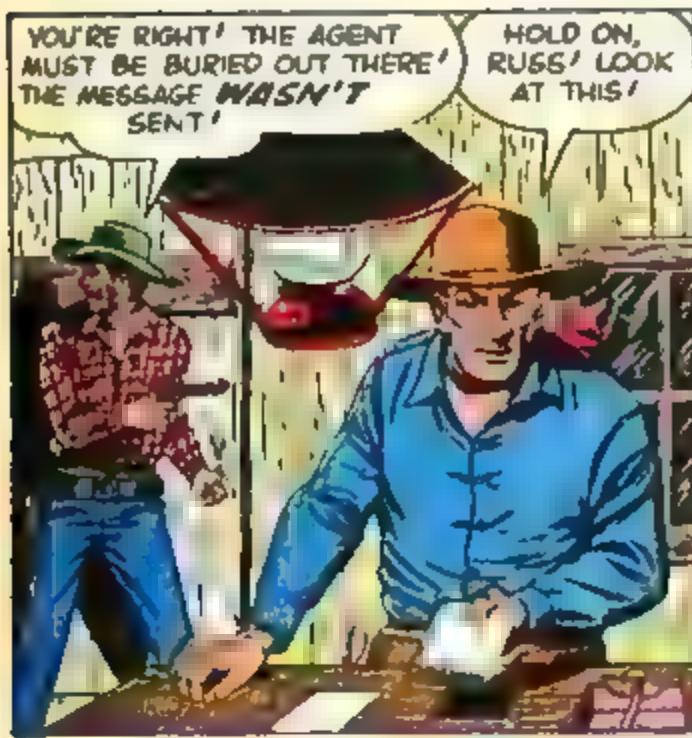


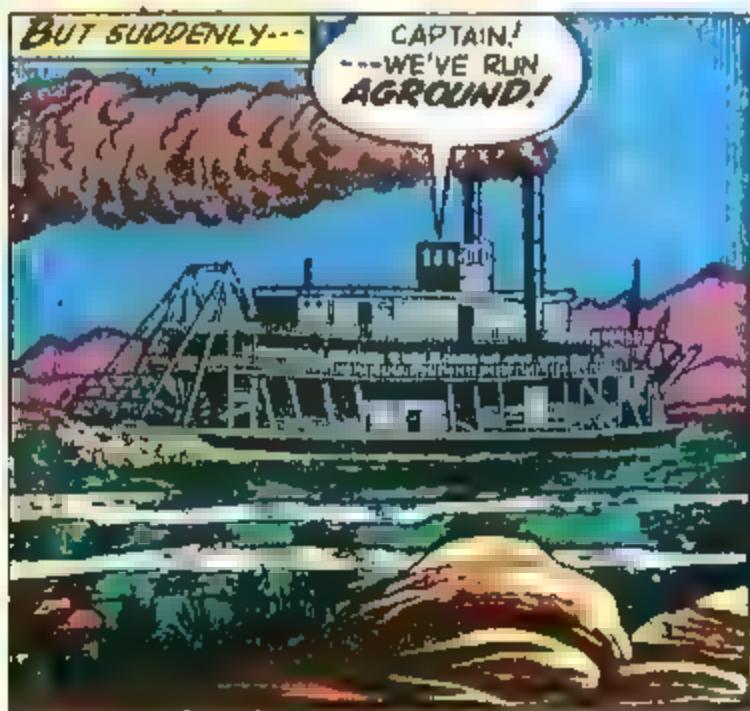
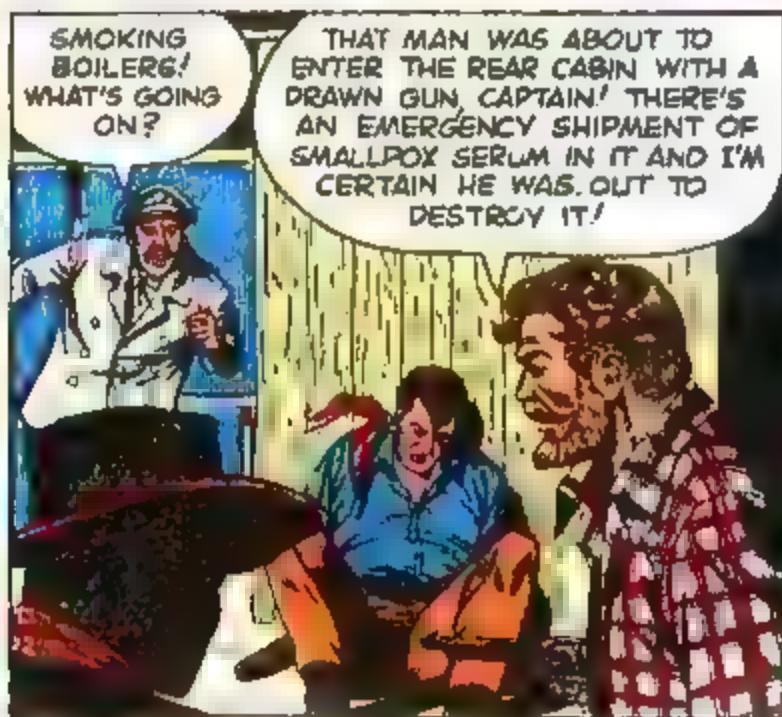
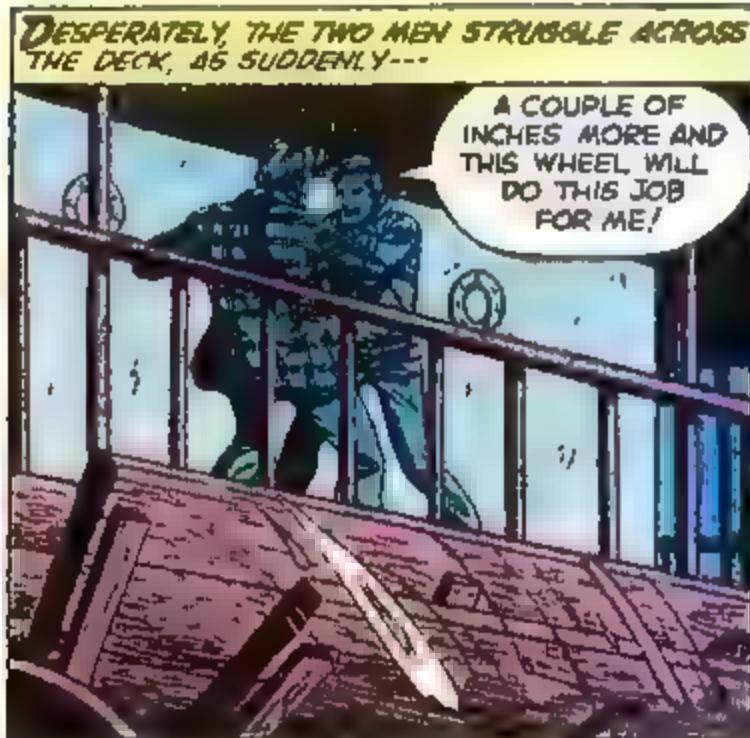
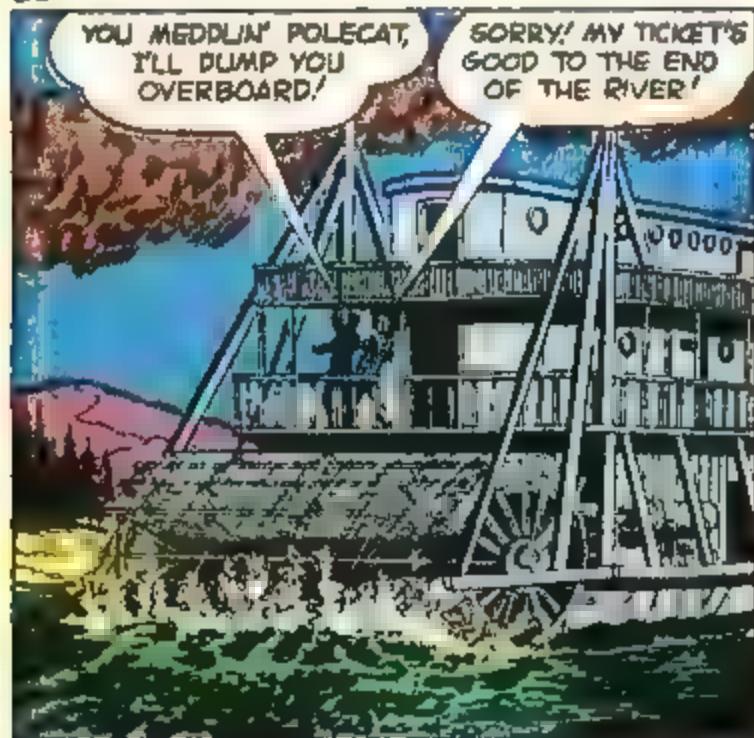
COME ON, SILVER!

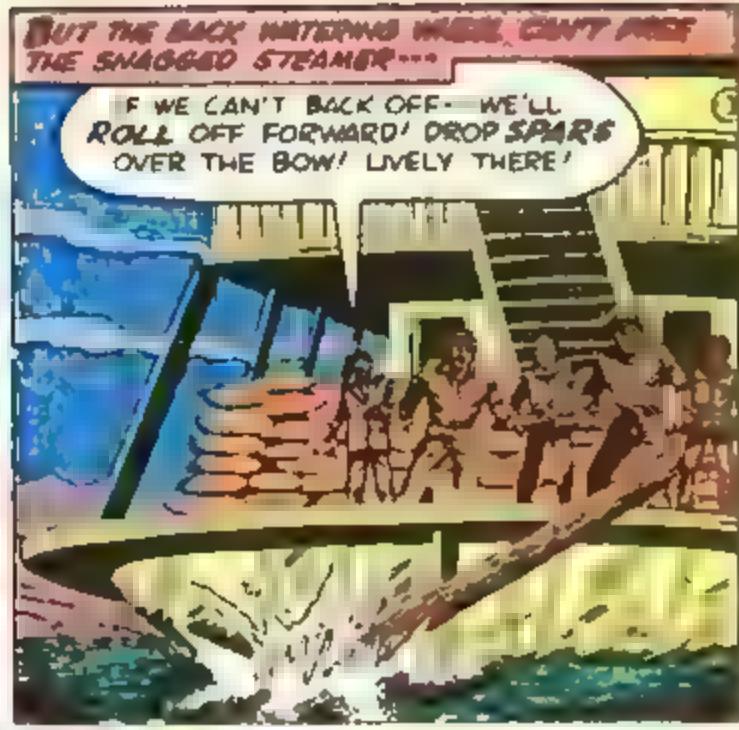
BANG! BLAM!











THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE STAGECOACH STABLE AT BRANDT'S PORT---

RUGS WAS SMART SENDIN' ME DOWN! THOSE SAWBONES REACHED HERE, BUT THIS STAGE THEY JUST HIRED ISN'T TAKIN' 'EM FAR-- NOT WITH THIS THOROUGH BRACE PARTLY CUT!



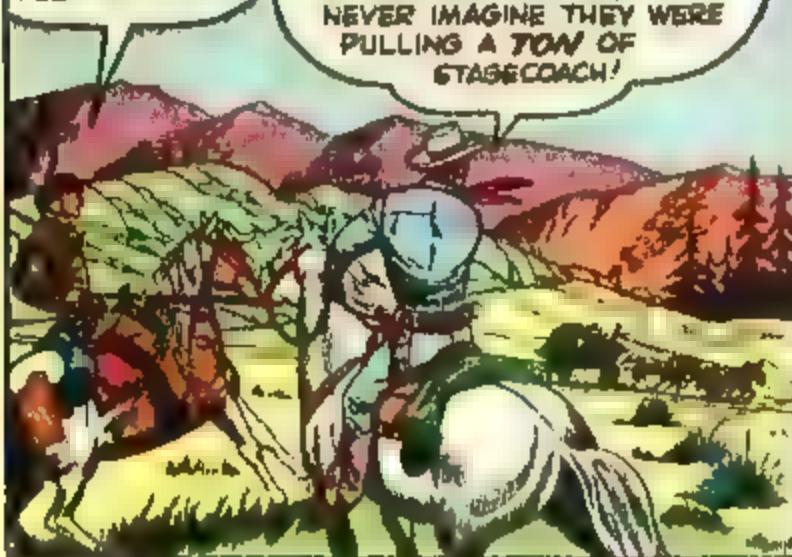
BETTER HIGH-TAIL IT... HERE COMES THE TEAM!



PICKING UP THEIR HORSES, THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO FOLLOW THE STAGE---

THEM TRAVEL PLENTY FAST!

YES, TONTO, THE WAY THOSE HORSES ARE RACING, YOU'D NEVER IMAGINE THEY WERE PULLING A TON OF STAGECOACH!

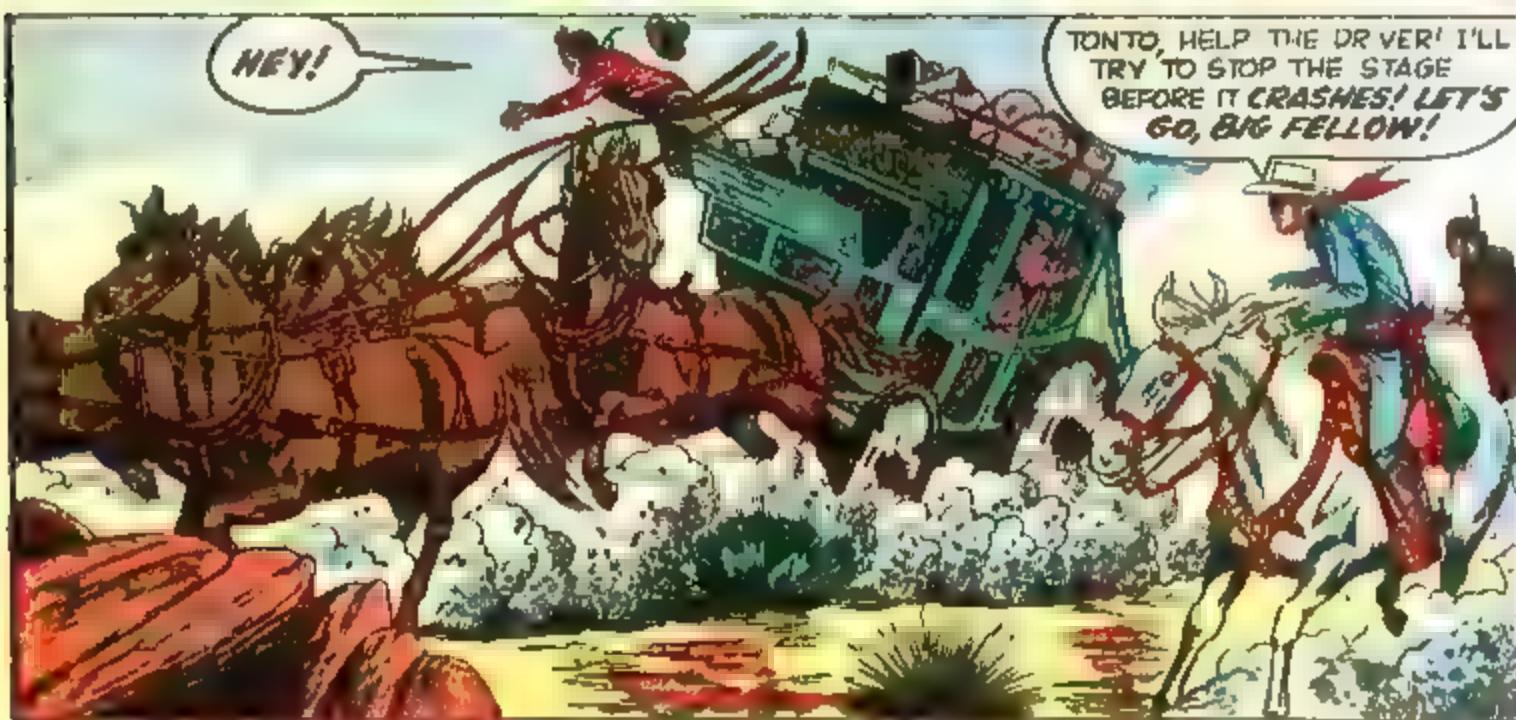


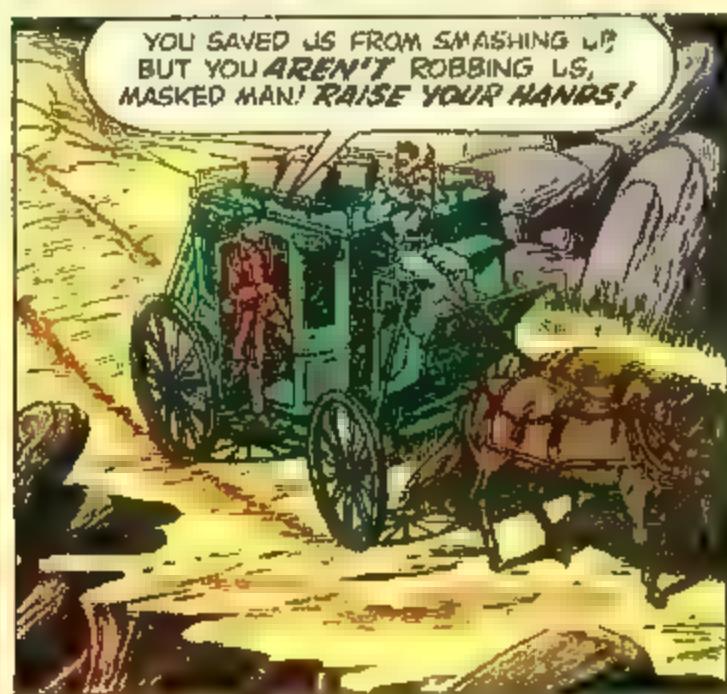
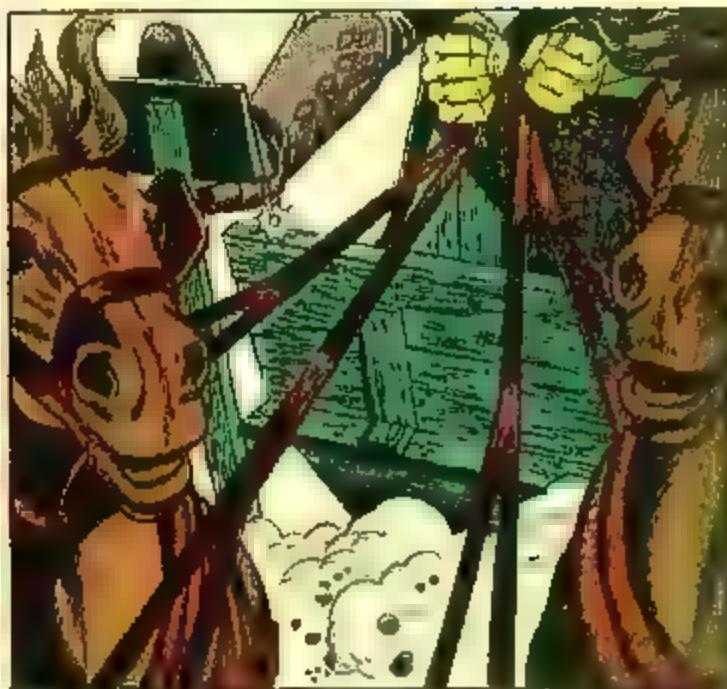
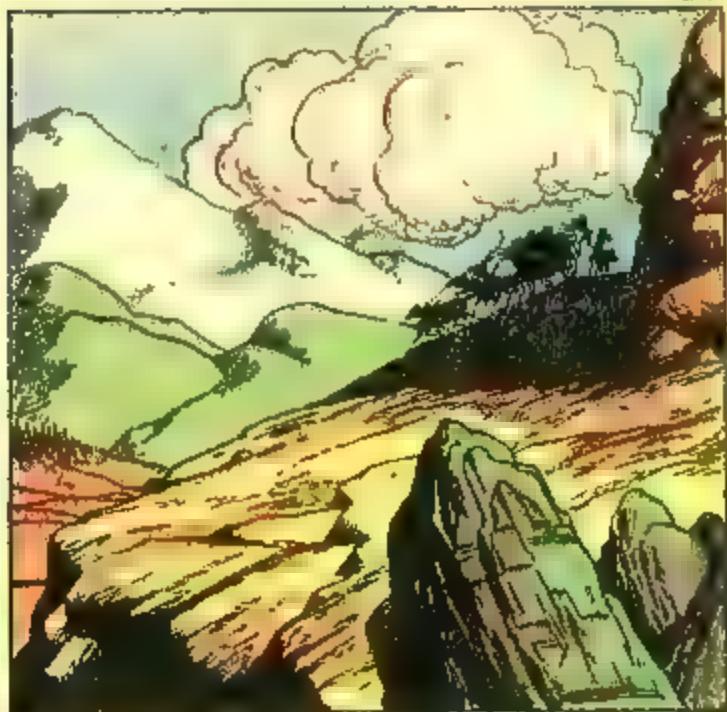
BUT SUDDENLY, THE STEER HIDE THOROUGH BRACE, THAT FLOATS THE COACH AND ACTS AS A SHOCK-ABSORBER, SNAPS---

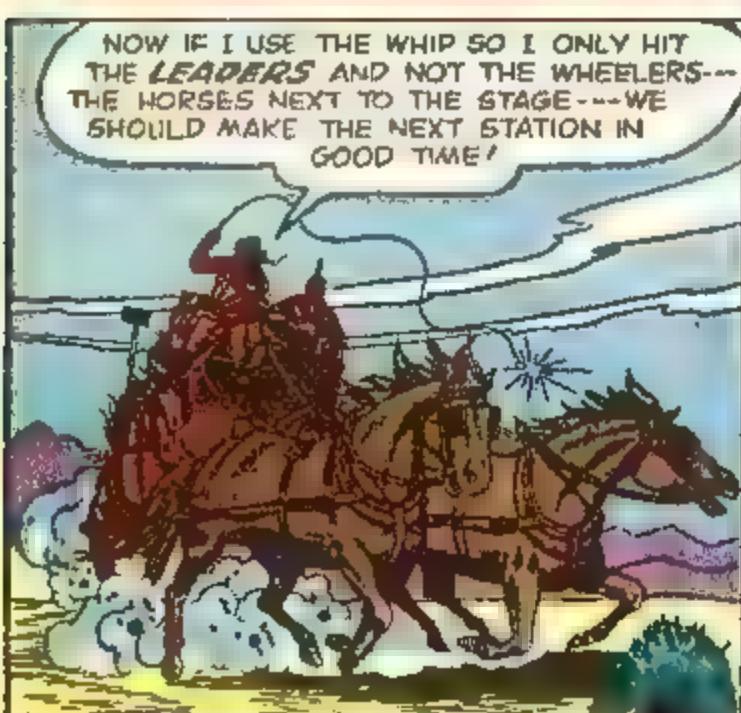
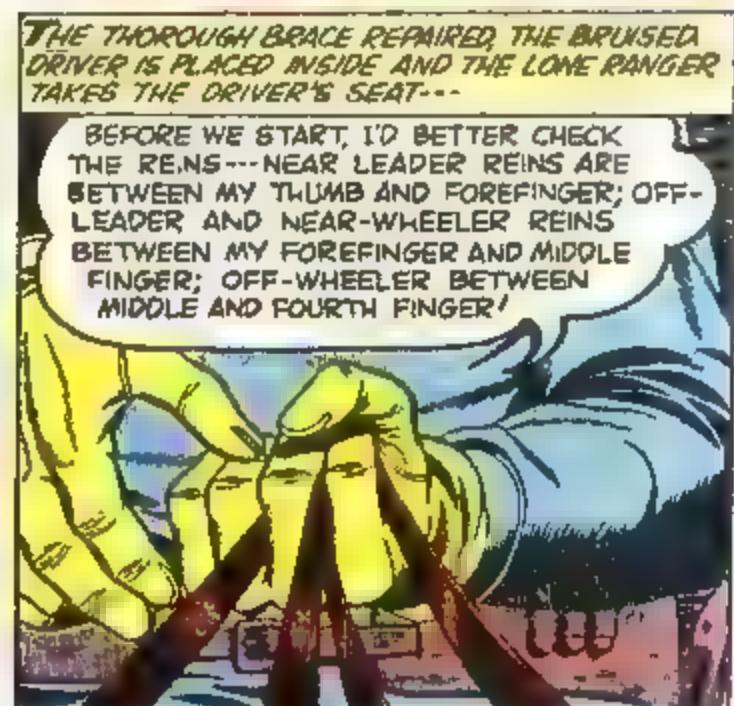
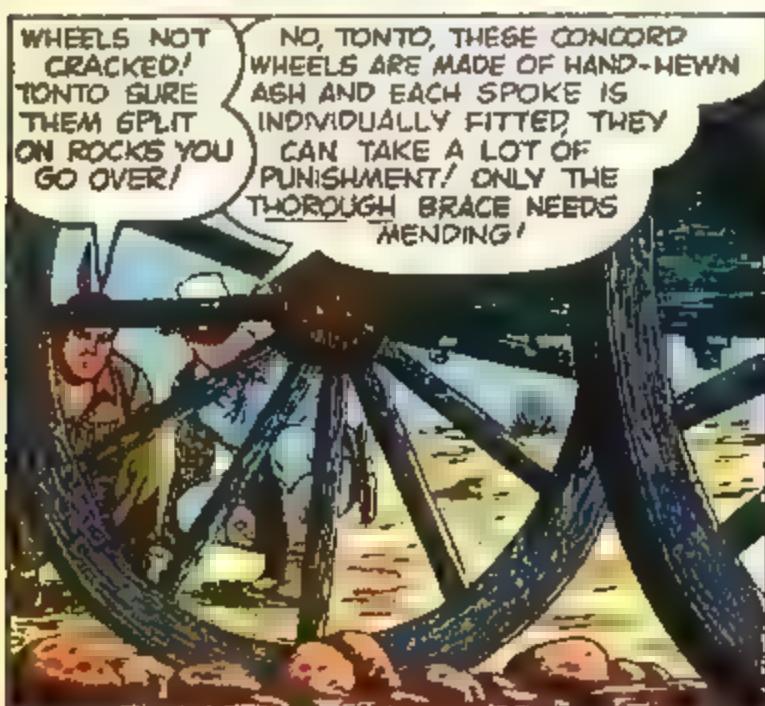
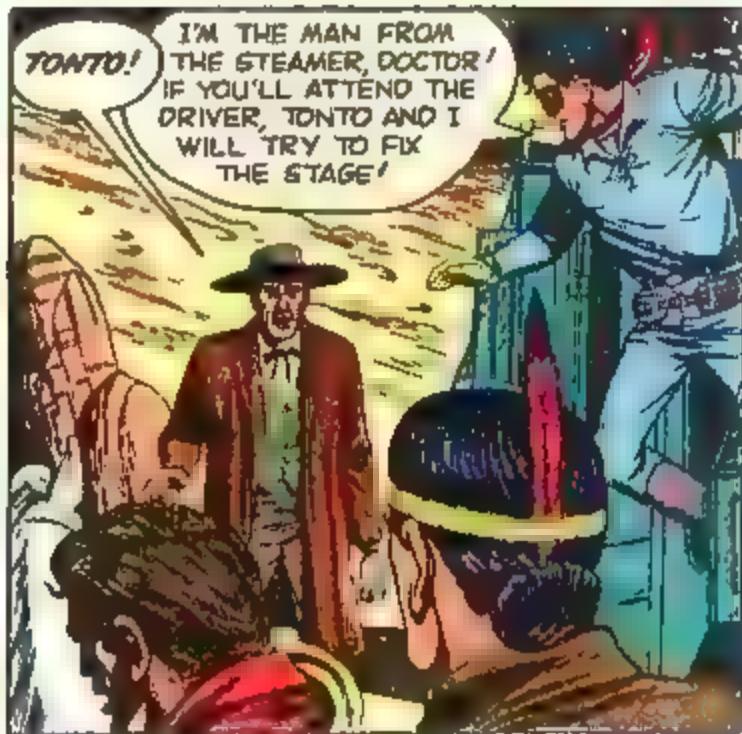
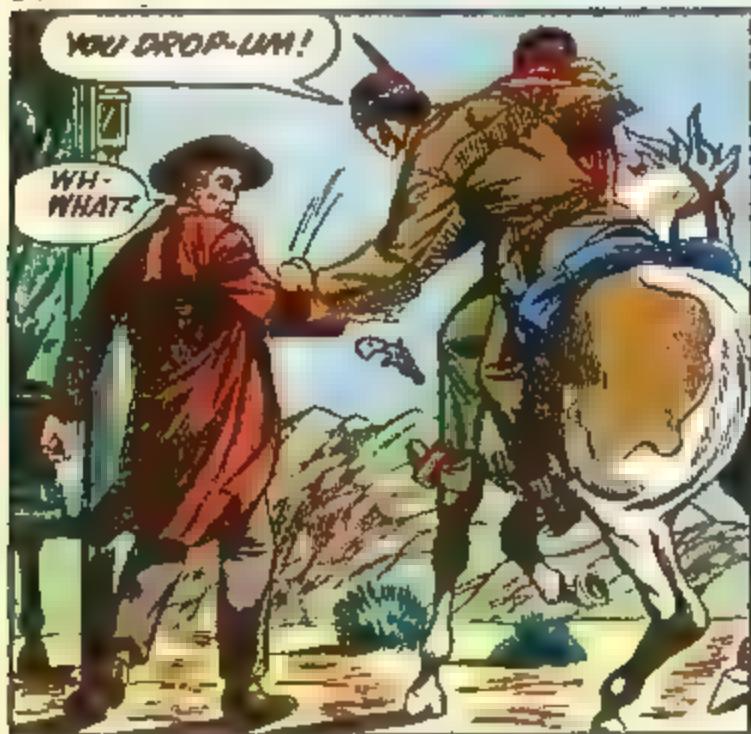


HEY!

TONTO, HELP THE DRVER! I'LL TRY TO STOP THE STAGE BEFORE IT CRASHES! LET'S GO, BIG FELLOW!



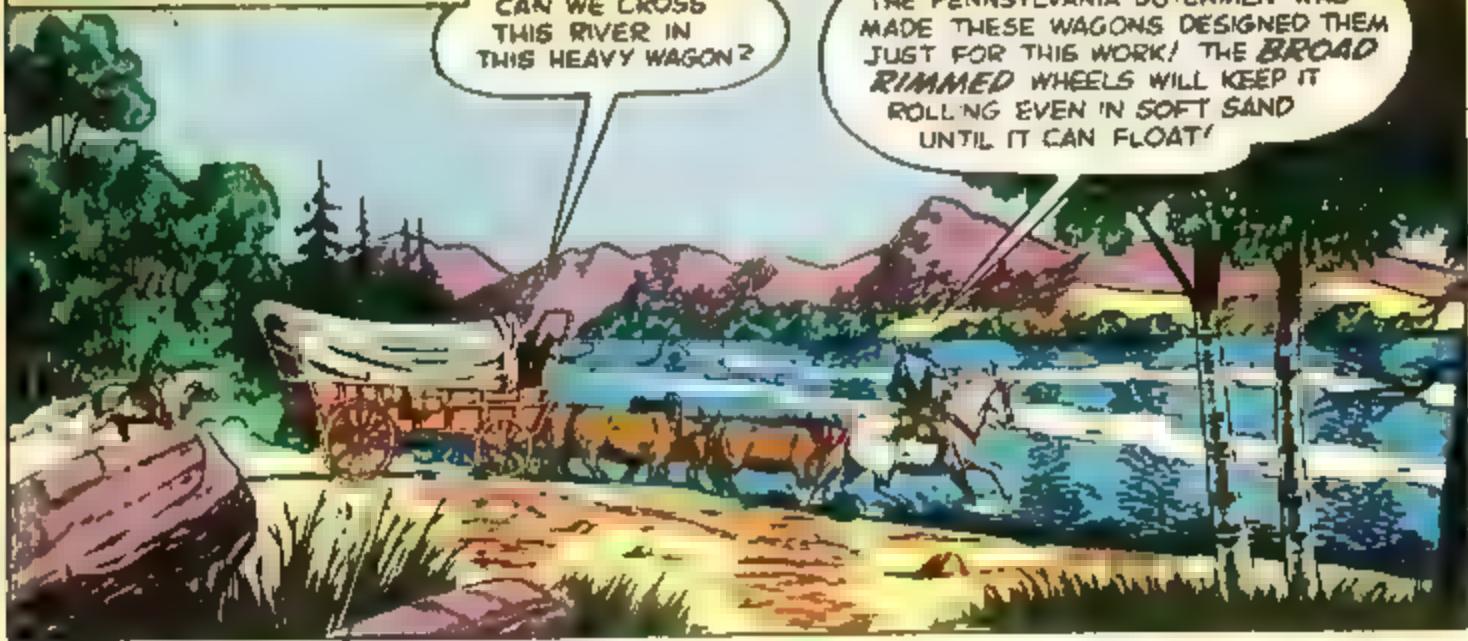




THE NEXT DAY, THE JOURNEY CONTINUES, AS TONTO AND THE LONE RANGER GUIDE THE HIRED CONESTOGA WAGON WEST...

CAN WE CROSS THIS RIVER IN THIS HEAVY WAGON?

THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMEN WHO MADE THESE WAGONS DESIGNED THEM JUST FOR THIS WORK! THE **BROAD RIMMED** WHEELS WILL KEEP IT ROLLING EVEN IN SOFT SAND UNTIL IT CAN FLOAT!



THEY'RE STARTIN' OVER!

THEY'VE COME FURTHER THAN RUSS WANTS 'EM TO NOW! LET'S STOP 'EM HERE!



KENO SABAY...

...THERE THEY ARE, TONTO! BY THE PINES! USE YOUR GUN!



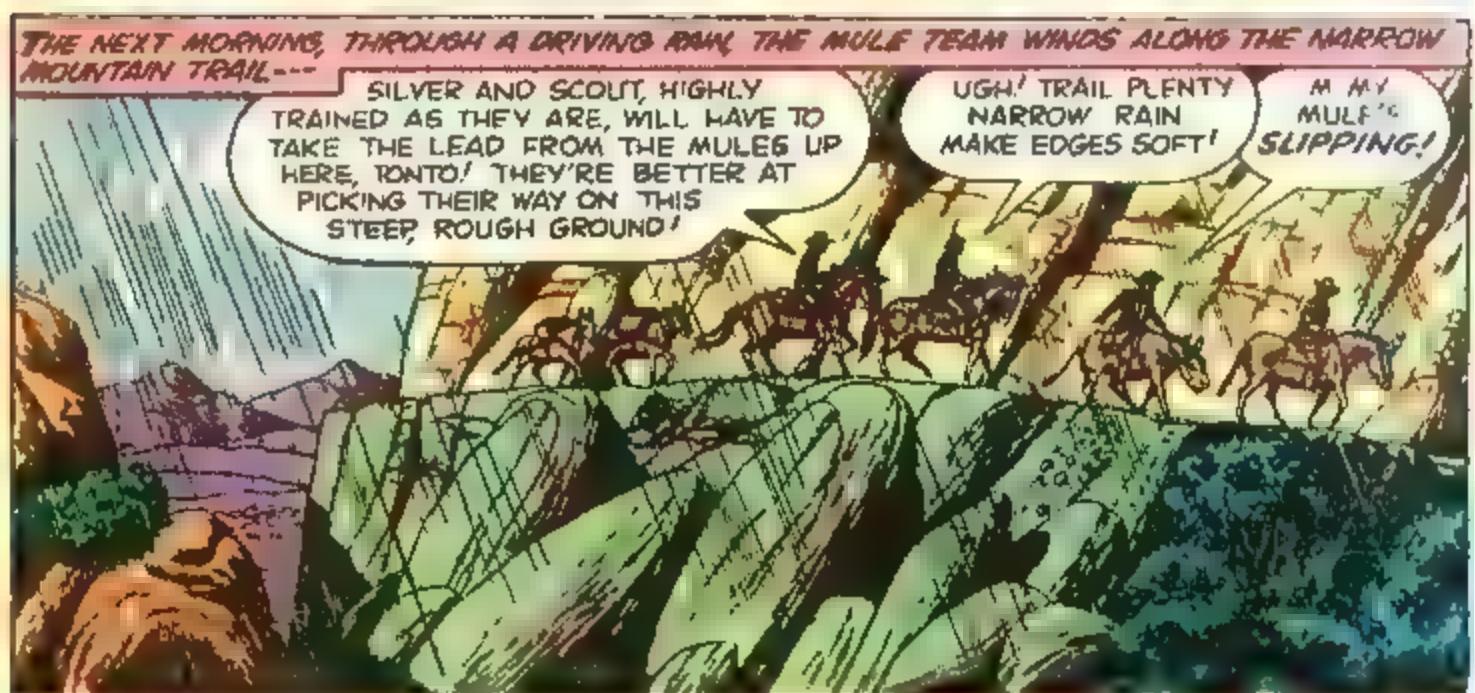
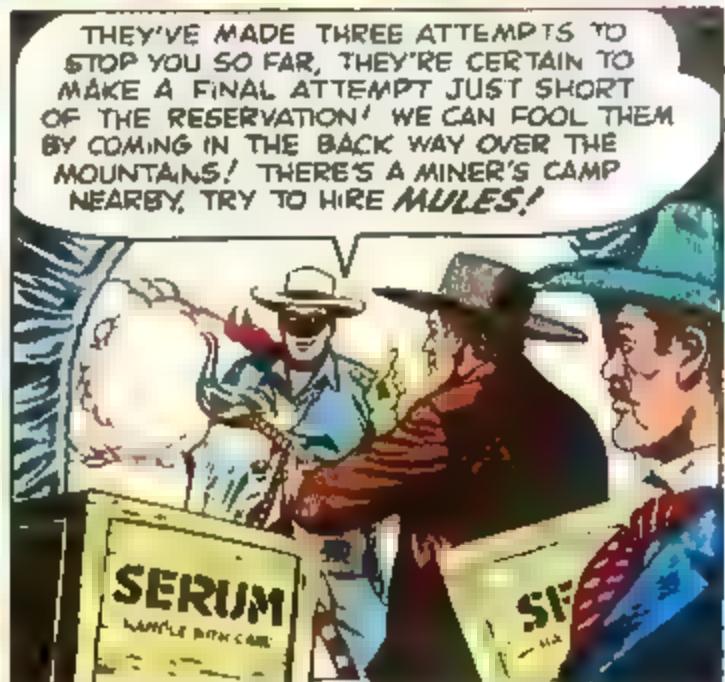
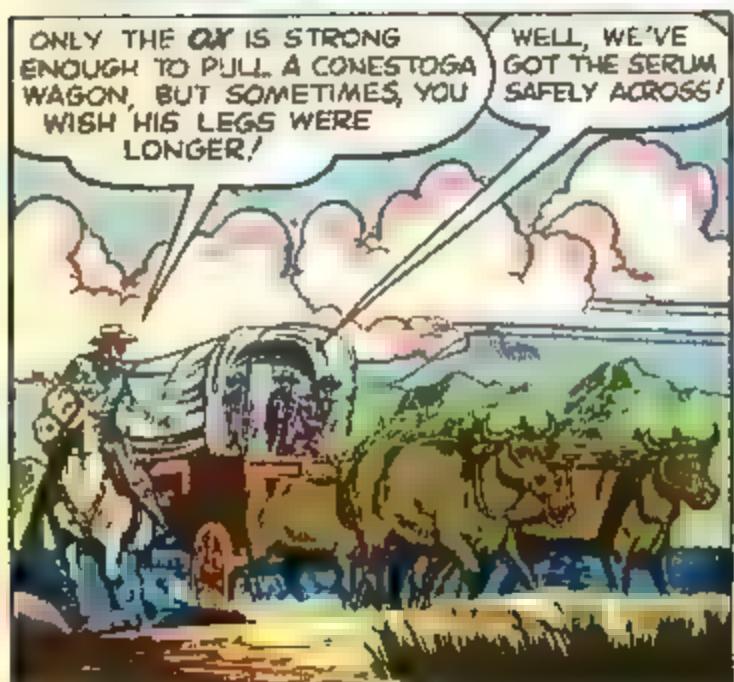
YEOW!

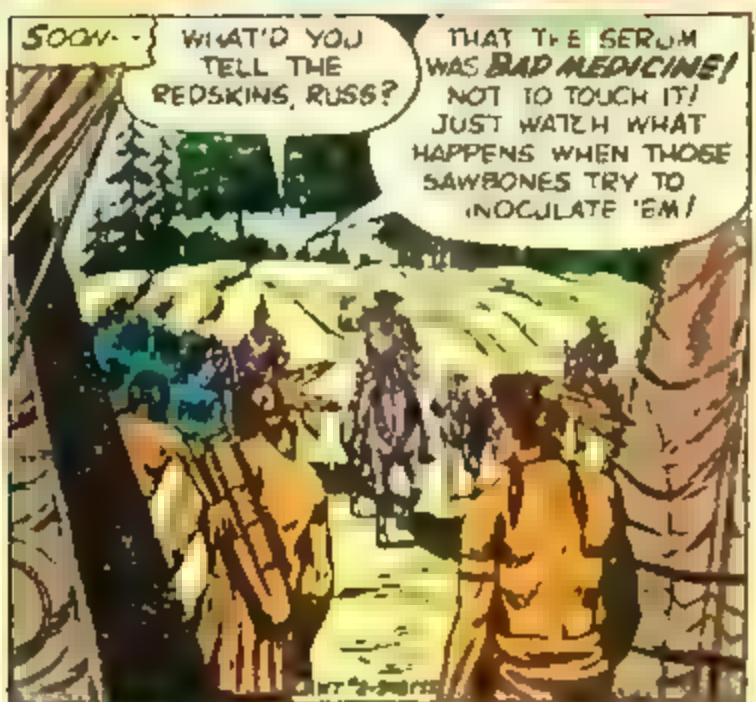
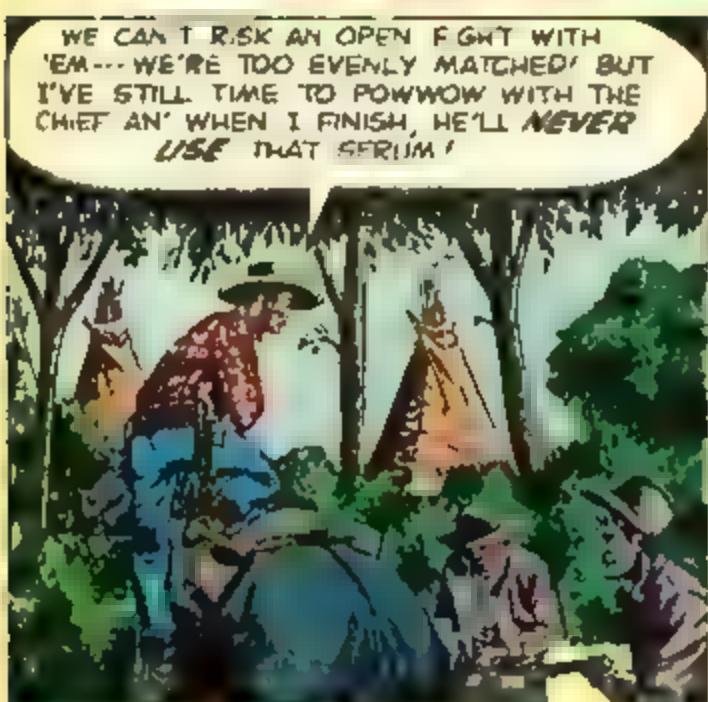
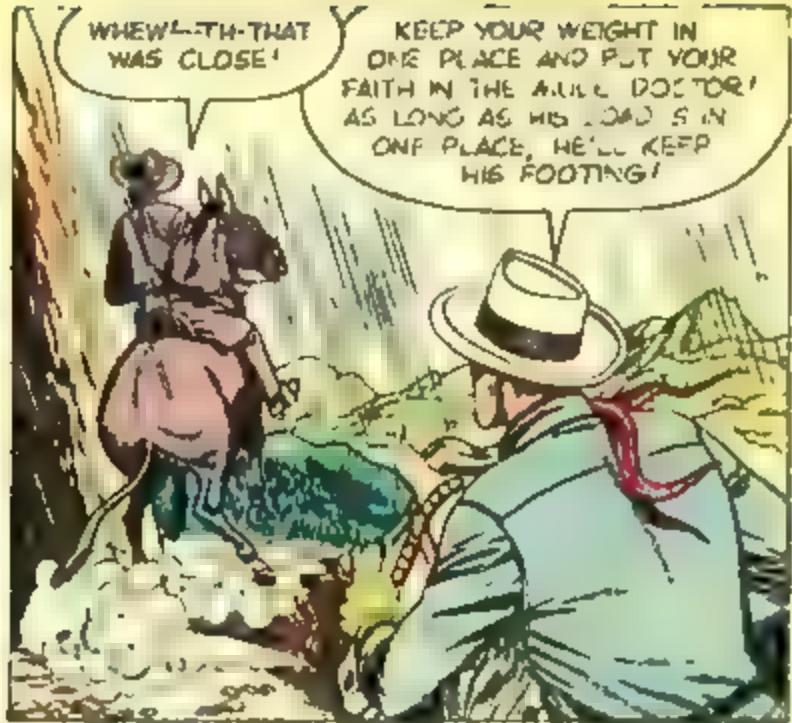
TH- THEY'RE THROWIN' LEAD TOO DANG CLOSE! HIT LEATHER!

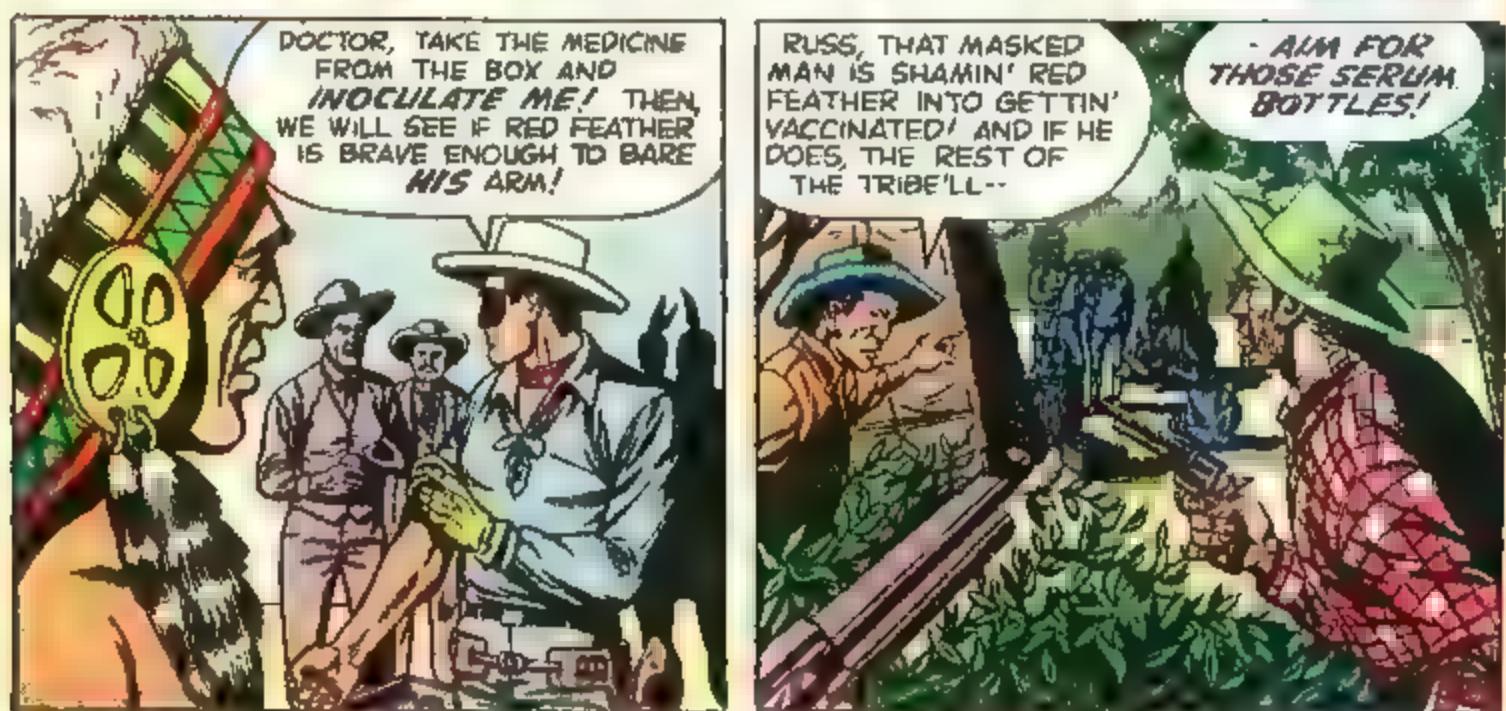
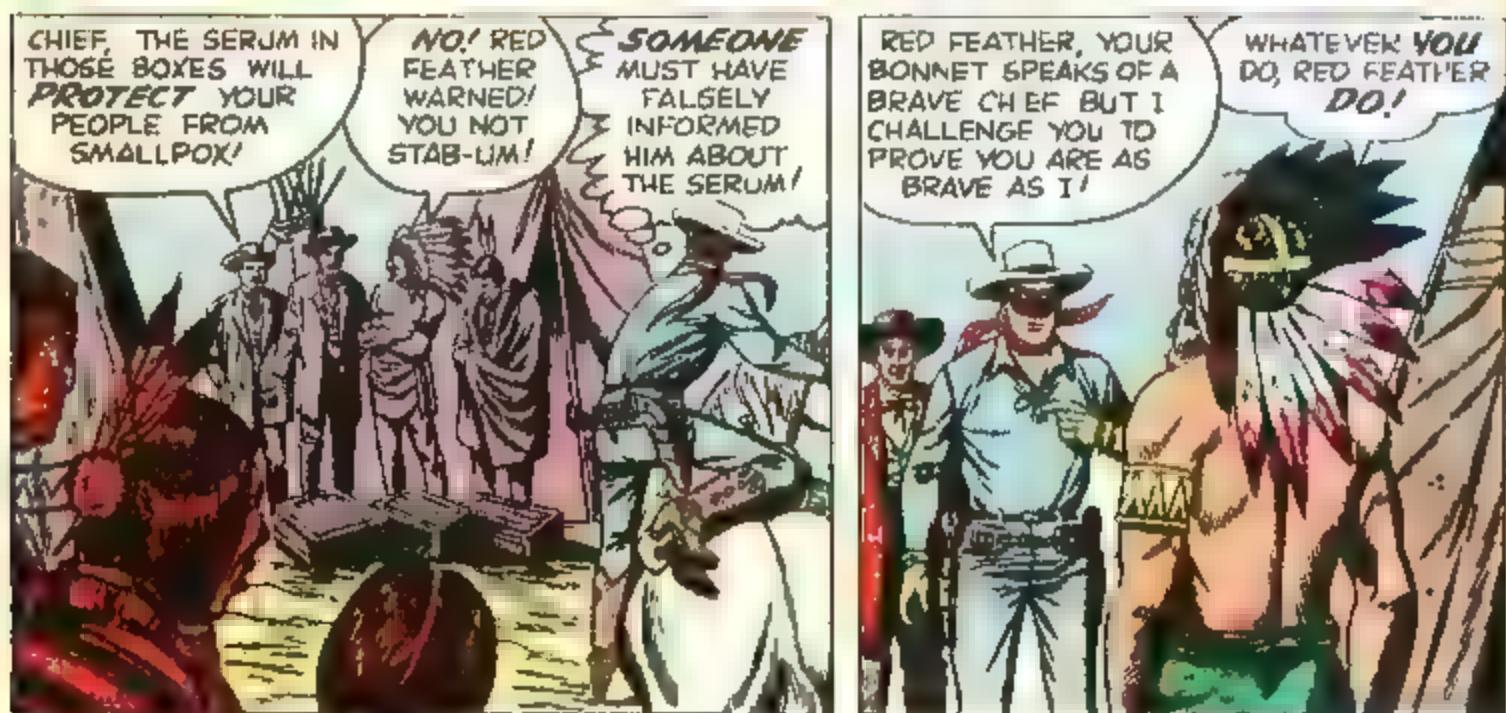
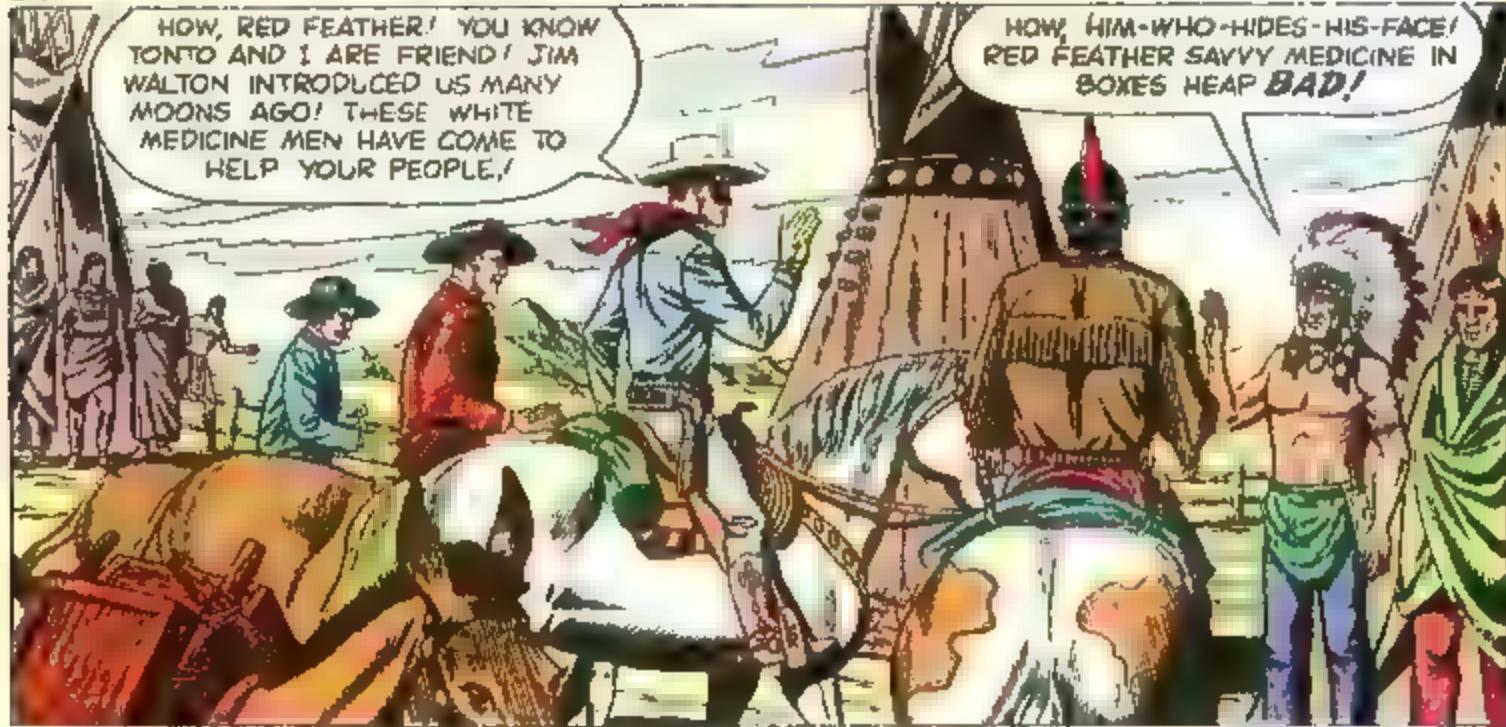


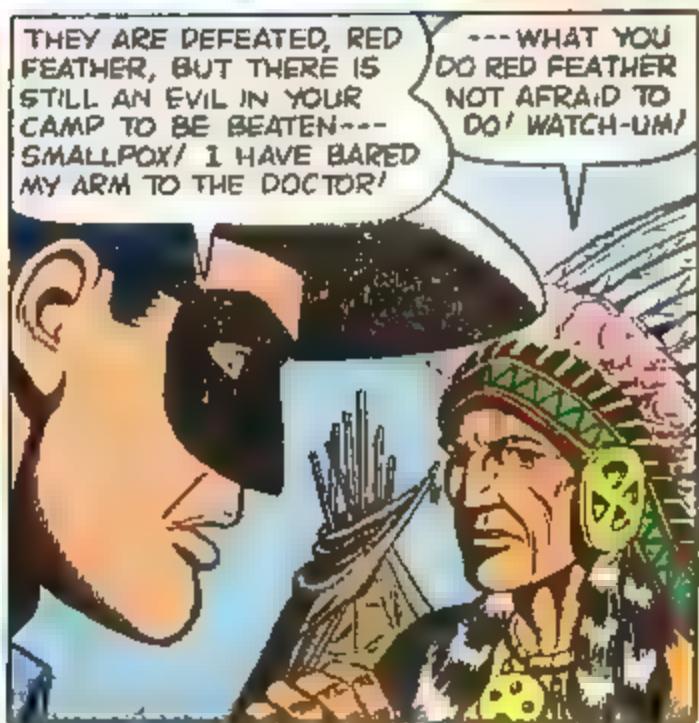
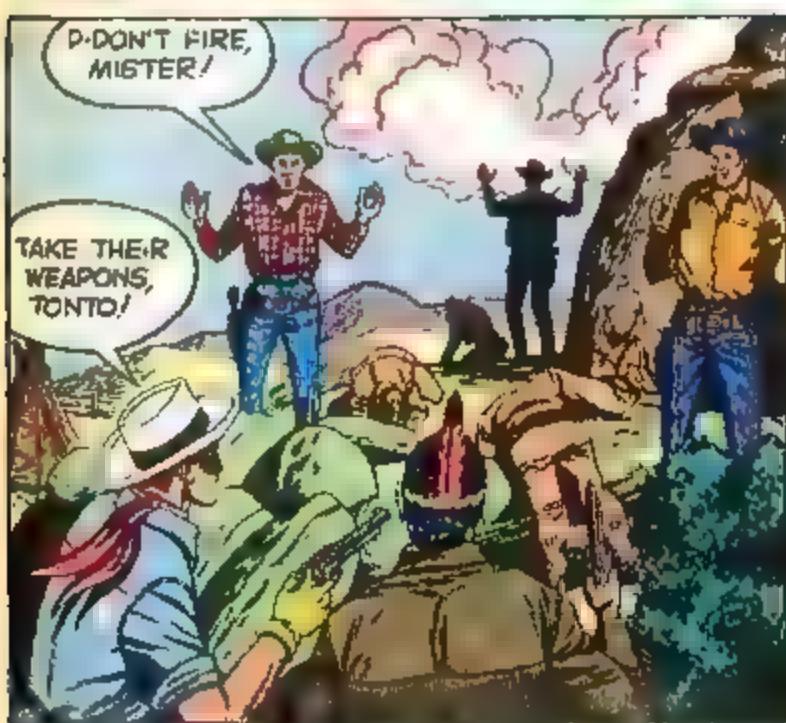
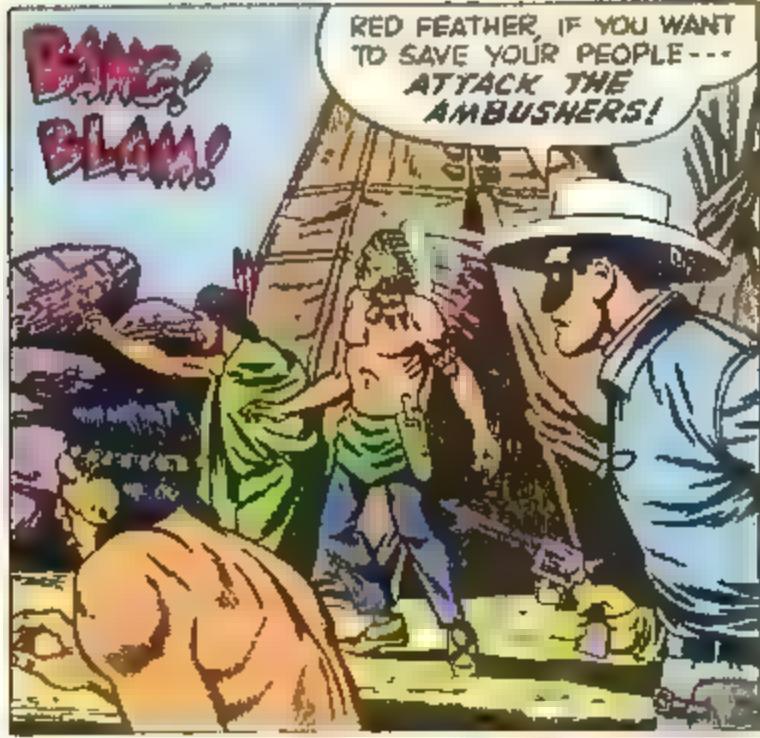
IT'S TOO DEEP FOR THE OXEN! WE'RE FLOATIN' FREE, BUT THE CURRENT'S SWEEPIN' US ALONG!



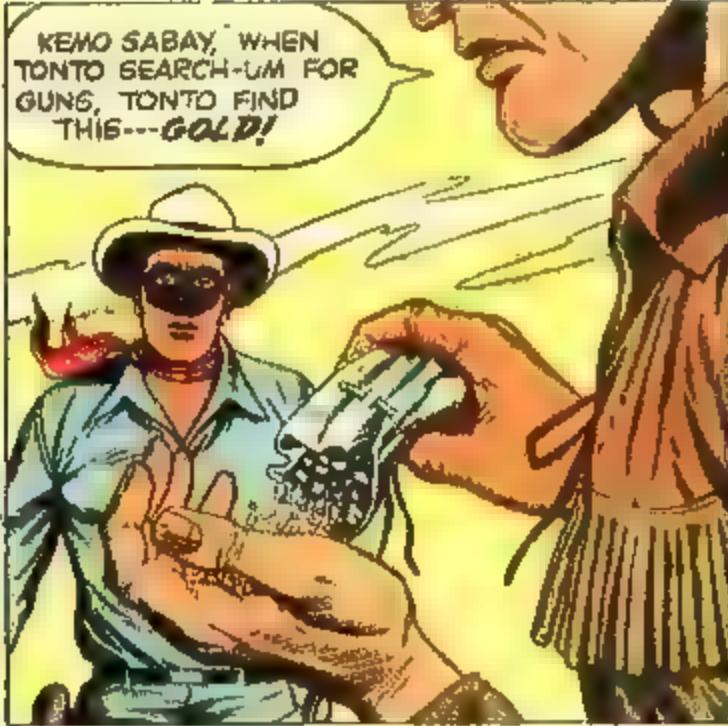








AND AS THE BRAVES SEE THEIR CHIEF VACCINATED--



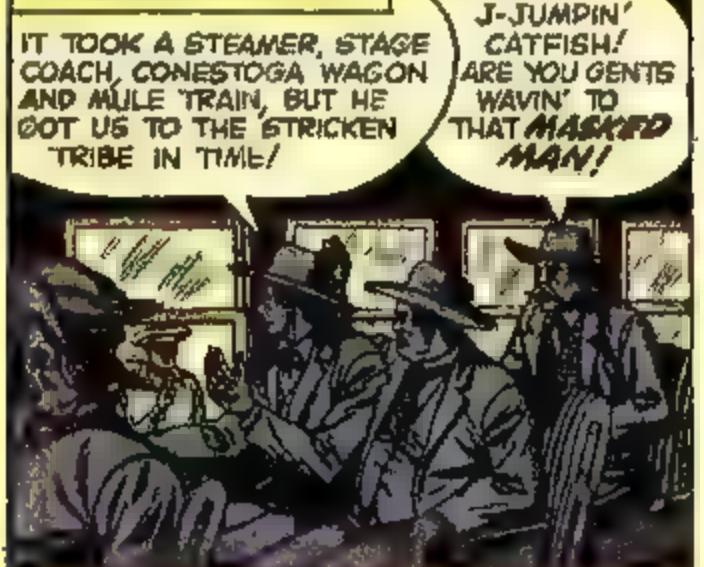
THIS GOLD EXPLAINS WHY THOSE MEN DIDN'T WANT YOUR TRIBE PROTECTED FROM THE DEADLY DISEASE, RED FEATHER! THEY HOPED IT WOULD DRIVE YOU FROM YOUR LAND, LEAVING THE GOLD FOR THEM!



IF THERE GOLD ON RESERVATION, RED FEATHER USE-UM TO HELP WHOLE TRIBE! WHAT TONTO FIND ON FORKED-TONGUED MAN, RED FEATHER GIVE TO WHITE MEDICINE MEN AS THANKS!



TWO DAYS LATER, THE OUTLAWS DELIVERED TO THE MARSHAL, THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO SEE THE DOCTORS OFF ON A WESTBOUND TRAIN---



YES, MISTER! THAT MASKED MAN MADE OUR TRIP WEST POSSIBLE! THERE'S A TRIBE OF SIOUX WHO OWE THEIR LIVES TO--- THE LONE RANGER!



# Lost treasures of the west

At this moment, there are lost treasures in the West, fortunes in gold and silver still waiting to be discovered!



During the 1930's, a Texas farmer uncovered a lead ball with the point of his plow. For years, the ball, about 12 inches in diameter, was used as a plaything by children. Finally, someone recognized its worth and split it open with an axe. Nearly \$14,000 worth of gold nuggets fell out of its hollow interior!

Long ago, rich gold mines had been worked by Spanish colonists along the San Saba and Llano rivers in Texas. Discovered by Don Bernardo de Miranda in 1756, their locations were lost during the Indian Wars and the Mexican War of Independence, and were never rediscovered. One mine was marked with four lead balls filled with lumps of pure gold, each of which was placed at the corner of a square which enclosed a rich mine. Though hundreds of people have searched over many miles of territory since the discovery of the first lead ball, the other three balls have yet to be found.



Doc Bragg, an old prospector, made a fabulous strike in the Tehachapi Mts. of California. He and four friends worked the mine during the 1870's, piling up nearly \$700,000 worth of gold. Doc left the claim one day for a trip to town and on his return found all four of his friends shot to death. He suspected a man named Bronco Charlie, but since Bronco was killed in a gunfight soon after the killings, Doc's suspicions were never proven. The old man became very secretive about the location of his mine and apparently never visited it again. When he died, in 1928, his only close friend tried unsuccessfully to locate the mine. Several years later, a grave was discovered containing the bodies of four men whose clothes and other relics seemed to indicate they were his friends. Though years were spent searching in the vicinity for the mine, which presumably should be near the graves, it has yet to be found.

# Lost treasures of the west

continued



Death Valley is one of the most treacherous regions in the world. Only one man, Death Valley Scotty, was ever supposed to have made a living by prospecting for gold in the dreaded, intensely hot, waterless valley. But Death Valley Scotty regularly turned up with large nuggets of almost pure gold. A man named Breyfogle tried to imitate the old prospector. Soon, Breyfogle's horse died from lack of water and the man trudged on alone with only an old boot filled with water and a few roots for food. Somewhere, he found a rich deposit of gold and he chipped off a few samples. He wandered on across the desert. Many days later, he was found by ranchers on the other side of the valley. He had lost all memory of where he found the gold but the incredibly rich samples in his knapsack proved that he had really found what so many men seek. The prospector spent the rest of his life probing the Death Valley wilderness for his lost gold mine but he died without finding it. Even today, men still look for the fabulous Breyfogle mine.

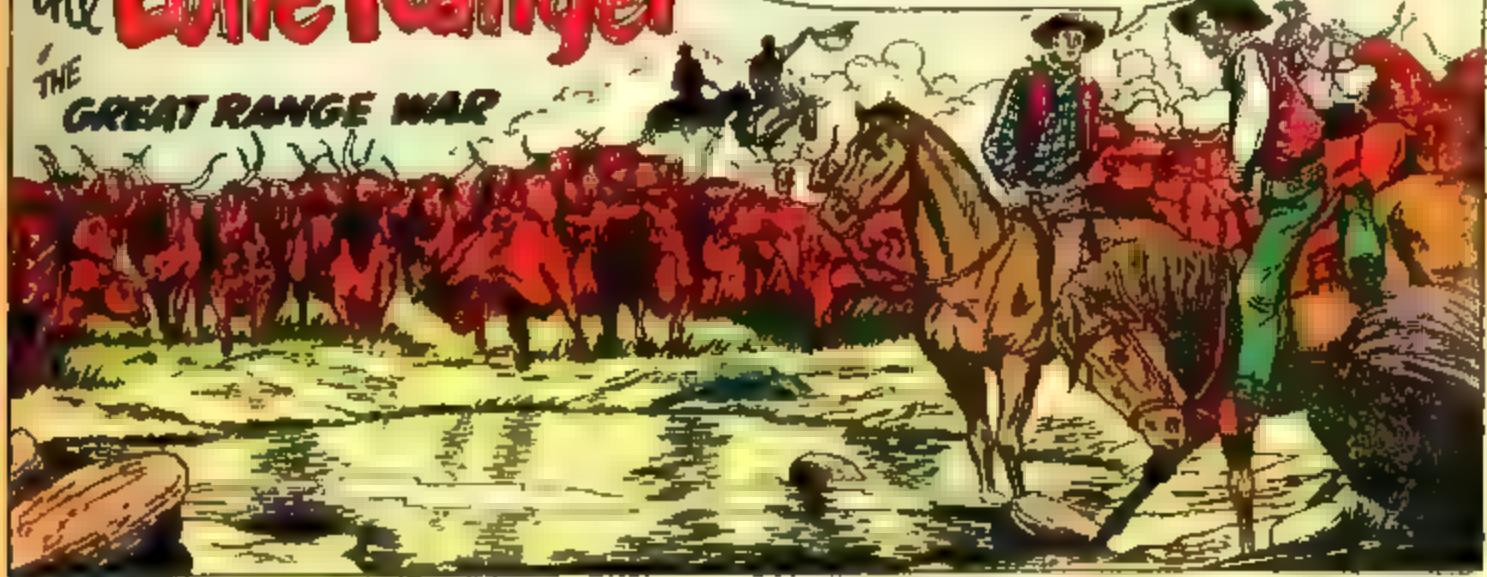


In 1879, four American outlaws, Jim Hughes, Red Curly, Doc Neal and Zwing Hunt joined a Mexican gang of cattle rustlers and thieves lead by Juan Estrada. Crossing the border, they raided the Mexican city of Monterrey, making off with \$800,000 in silver bars. Pursued by Mexican Cavalry, they fled across the Rio Grande back to the U. S. In the Davis Mountains near El Muerto Springs, Texas, the American thieves buried the loot, after having killed their Mexican comrades. Later, all four were killed, either in gunfights or by hanging for the crimes they had committed. Though a map was found that seemed to show the location of the loot and one man spent years of his life digging great pits near it, the fortune in silver is still waiting to be discovered.

# the Lone Ranger

## THE GREAT RANGE WAR

HANK, HAVE THESE STEERS GONE LOCO? THEY SHOULD HAVE A POWERFUL THIRST, BUT THEY'RE **NOT DRINKING!**



WHAT'S WRONG? AFTER THAT LONG, HOT MARCH THIS MORNING, THEY SHOULD BE DYING FOR A DRINK!

LOOK AT THESE TRACKS! THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG---**SHEEP!**



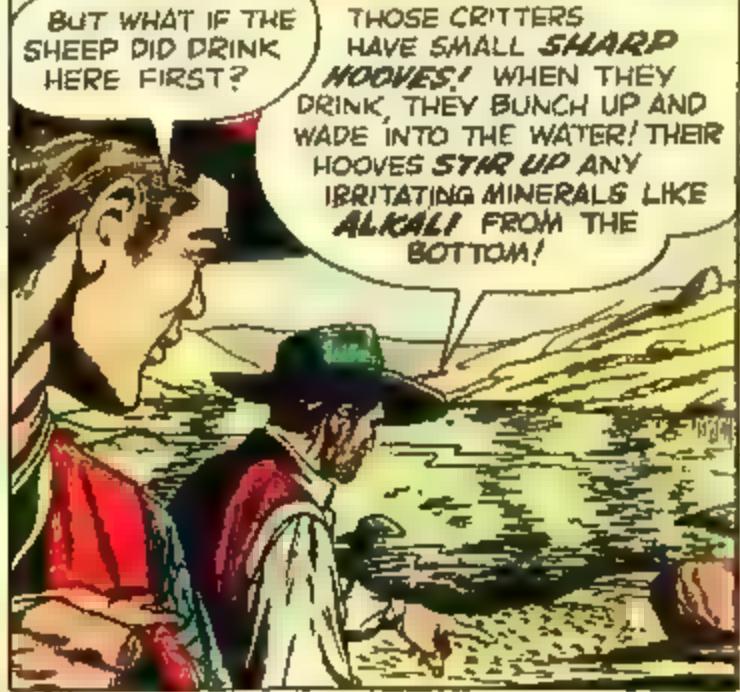
BUT, HANK, NO STEER'D DRINK ALKALI WATER!

THEY NEVER TASTE THE ALKALI LONG AS IT STAYS ON THE BOTTOM! BUT WHEN SHEEP DRINK, THEY STIR IT UP AND POLLUTE THE WATER FOR DAYS!

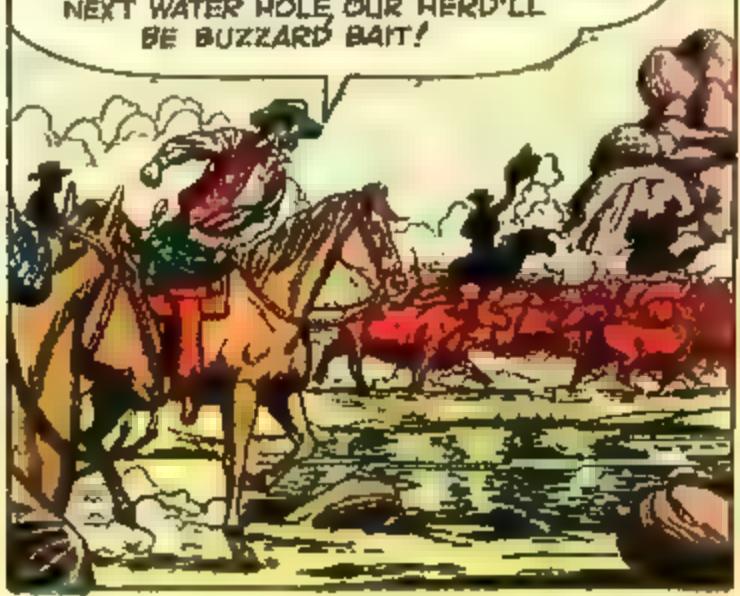


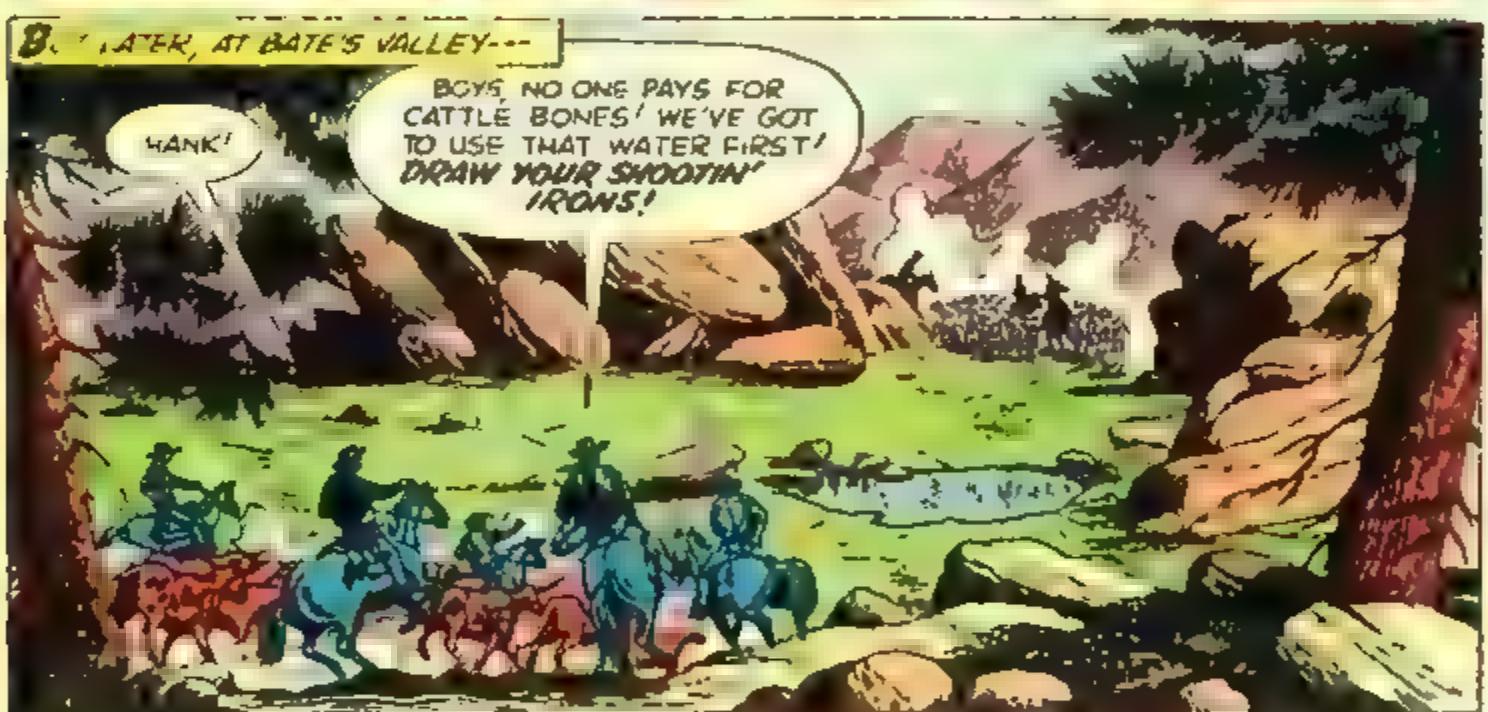
BUT WHAT IF THE SHEEP DID DRINK HERE FIRST?

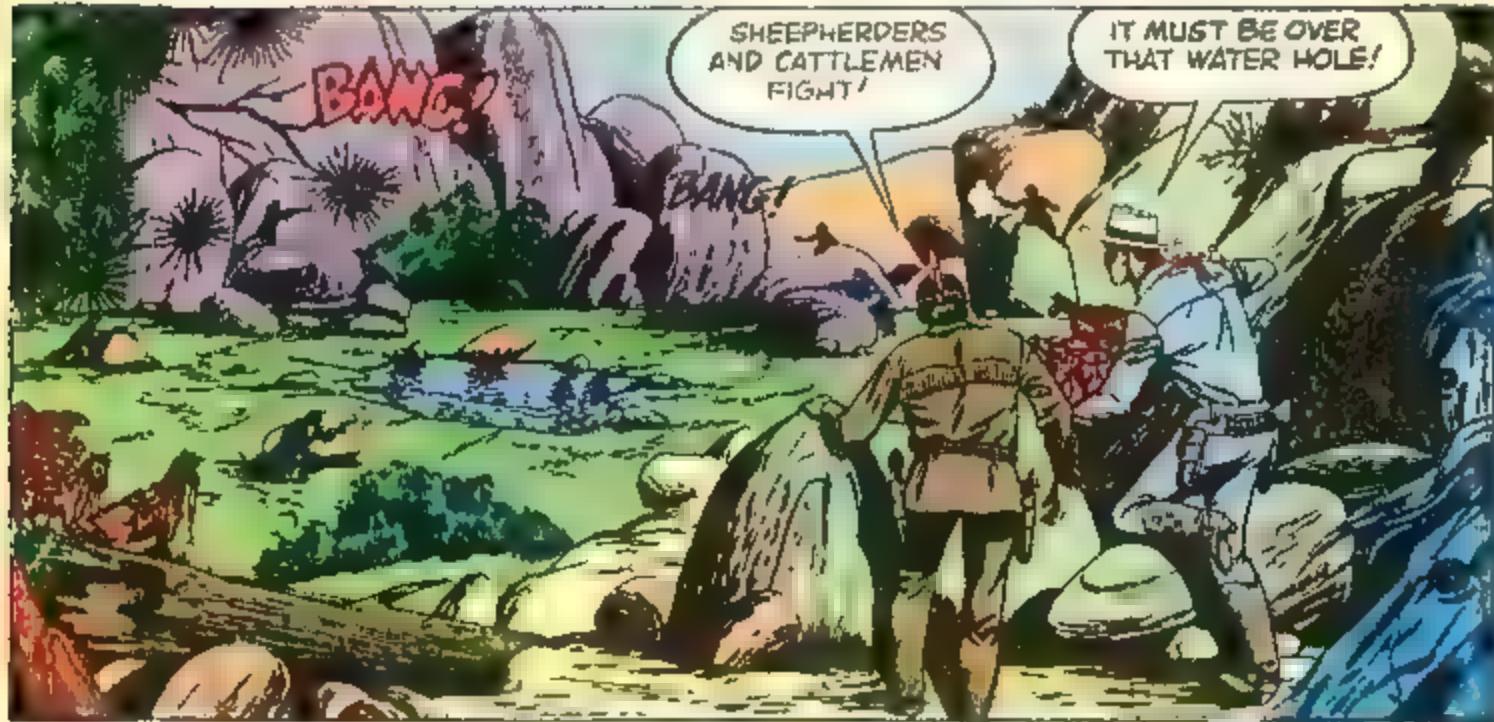
THOSE CRITTERS HAVE SMALL **SHARP HOOVES!** WHEN THEY DRINK, THEY BUNCH UP AND WADE INTO THE WATER! THEIR HOOVES **STIR UP** ANY IRRITATING MINERALS LIKE **ALKALI** FROM THE BOTTOM!



MOVE THE HERD OFF! THEY'LL **NOT** DRINK WHERE SHEEP DRANK FIRST AND IF THE SHEEPHERDERS BEAT US TO THE NEXT WATER HOLE OUR HERD'LL BE BUZZARD BAIT!







NO AMOUNT OF ARGUMENT COULD PERSUADE THEM NOW TO CEASE FIRE! BUT THERE IS **ONE** THING THAT MIGHT STOP THE BATTLE---A **COMMON ENEMY!**---TONTO, STRIP TO THE WAIST AND RIDE DOWN AS A WAR PARTY SCOUT!

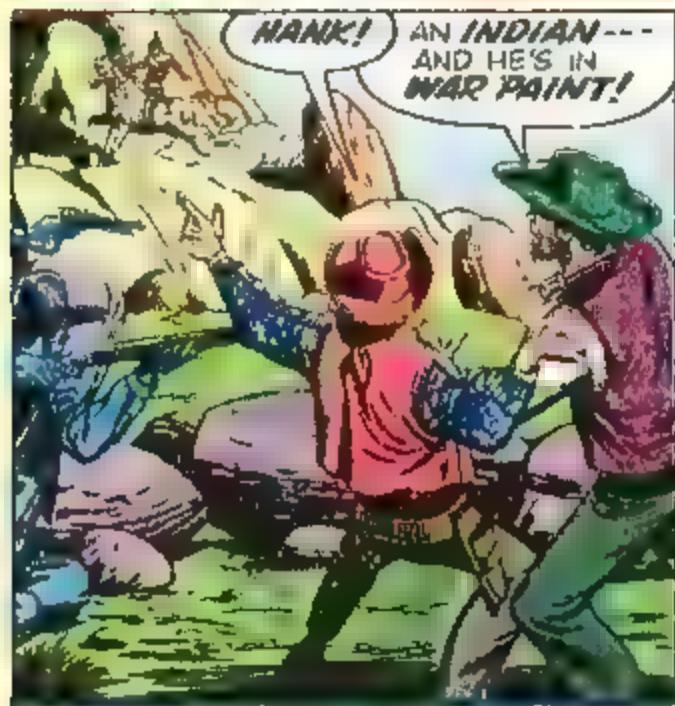


A MINUTE LATER---

WE'VE GOT TO DRIVE THOSE SHEEPERS OUT FROM COVER! GET READY TO RUSH 'EM, BOYS!



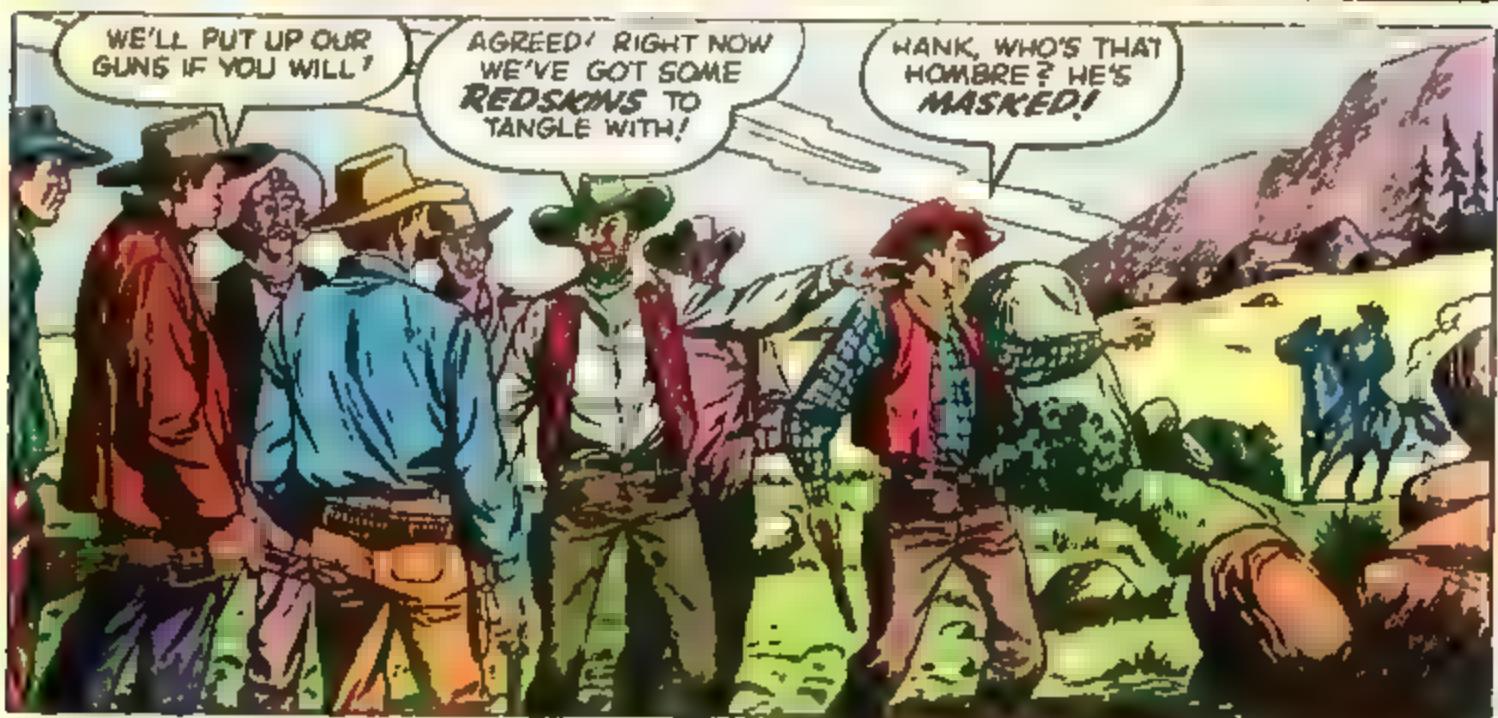
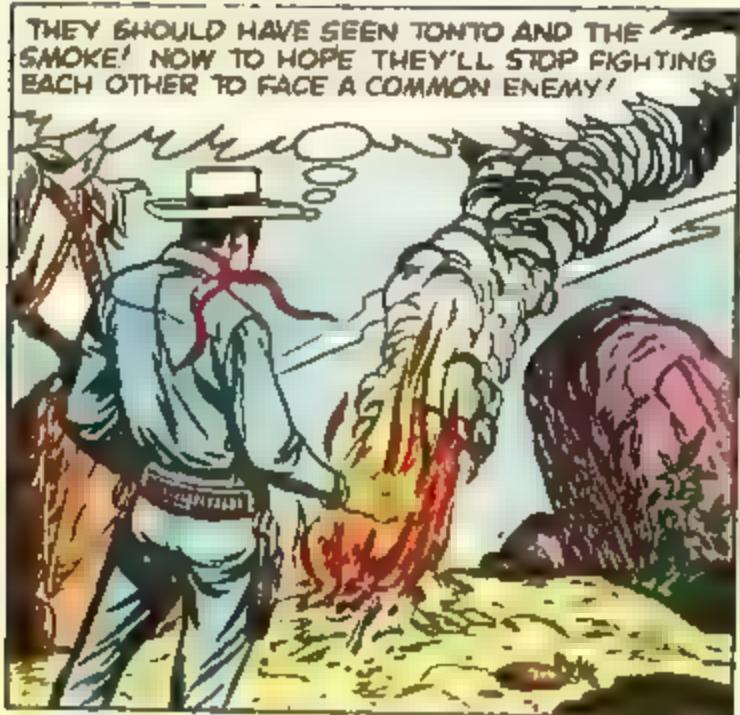
HANK! AN INDIAN--- AND HE'S IN WAR PAINT!

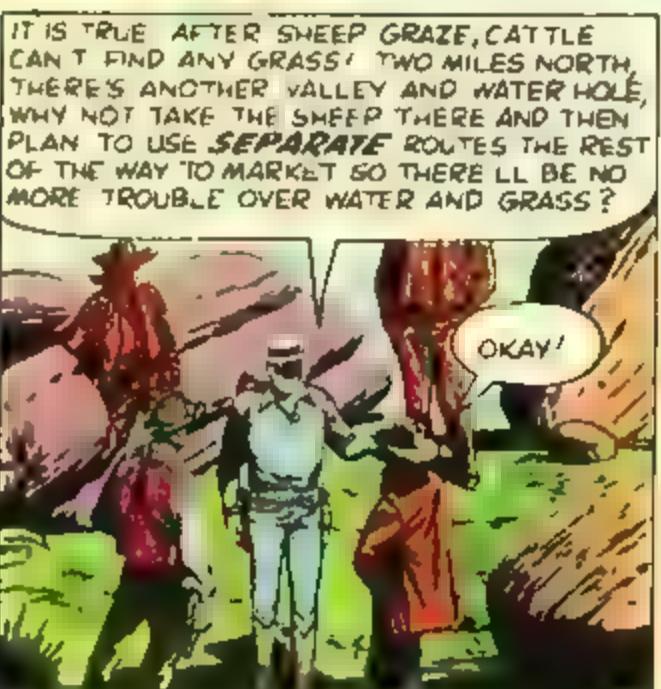
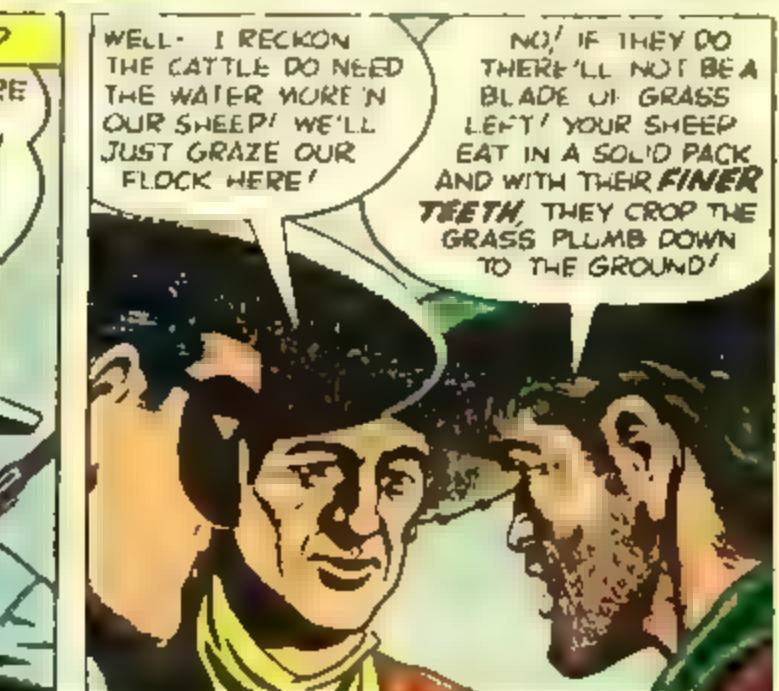
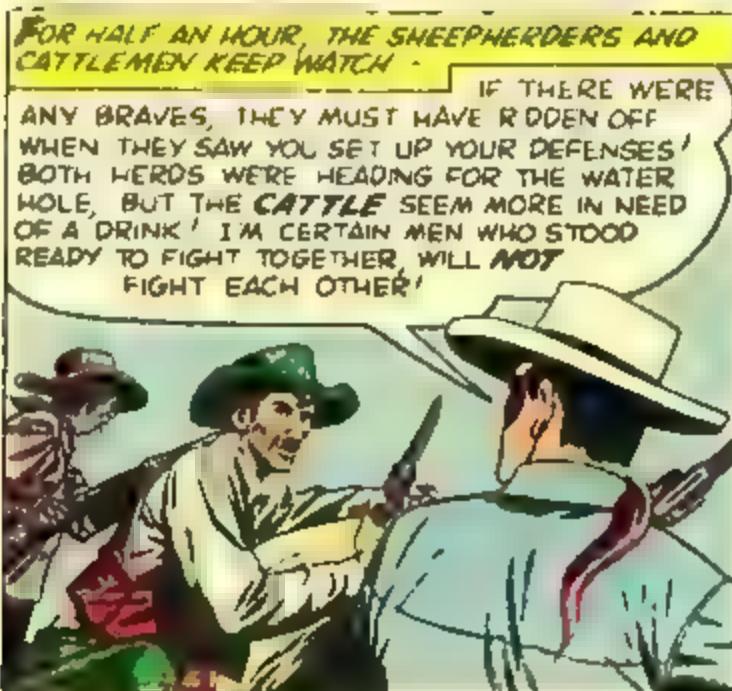


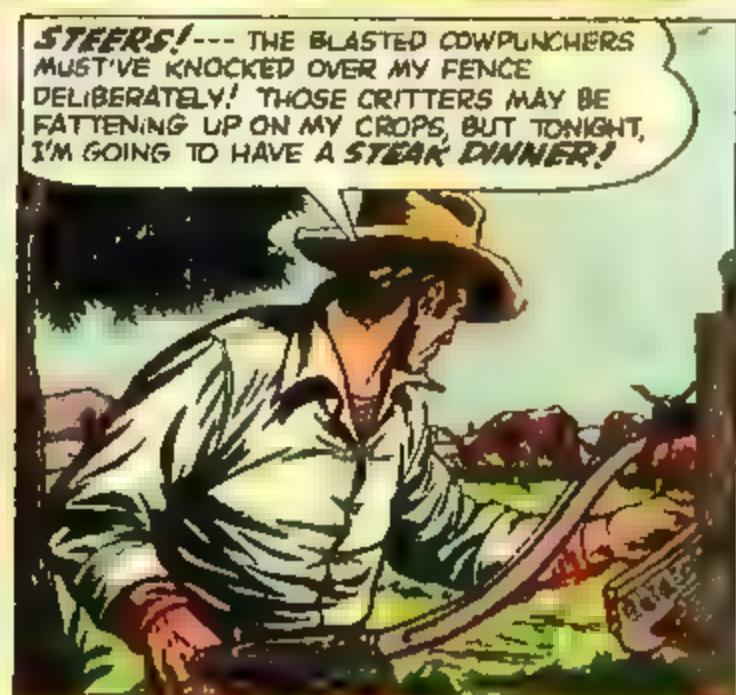
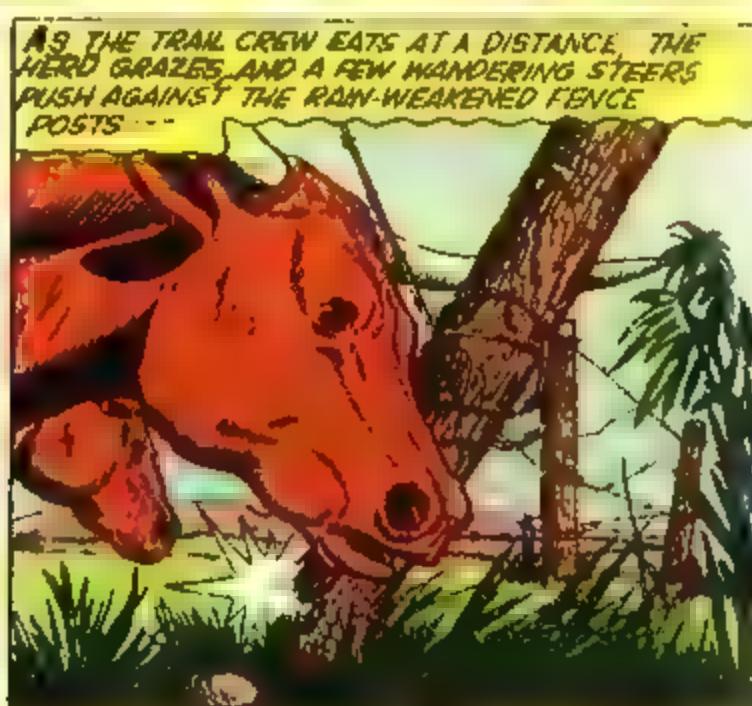
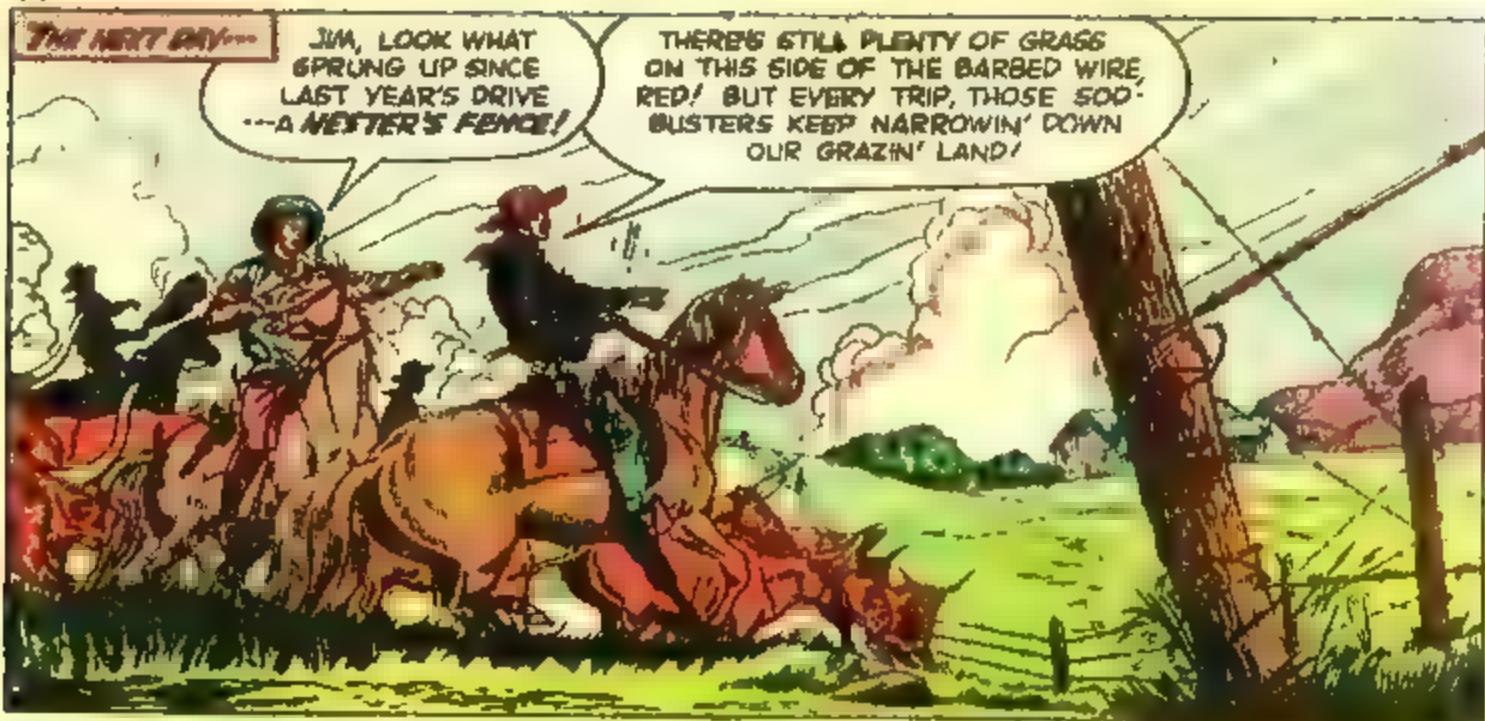
AND LOOK UP YONDER!

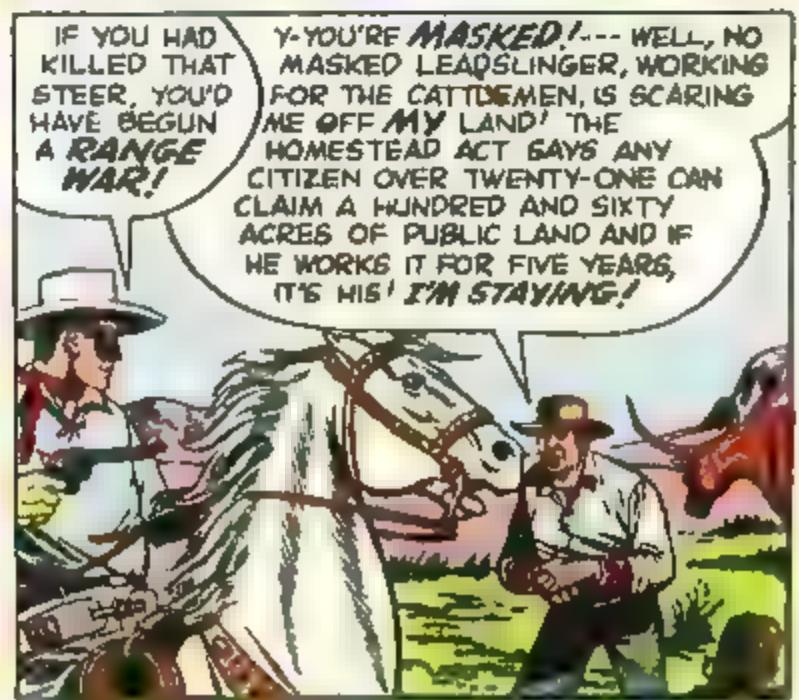
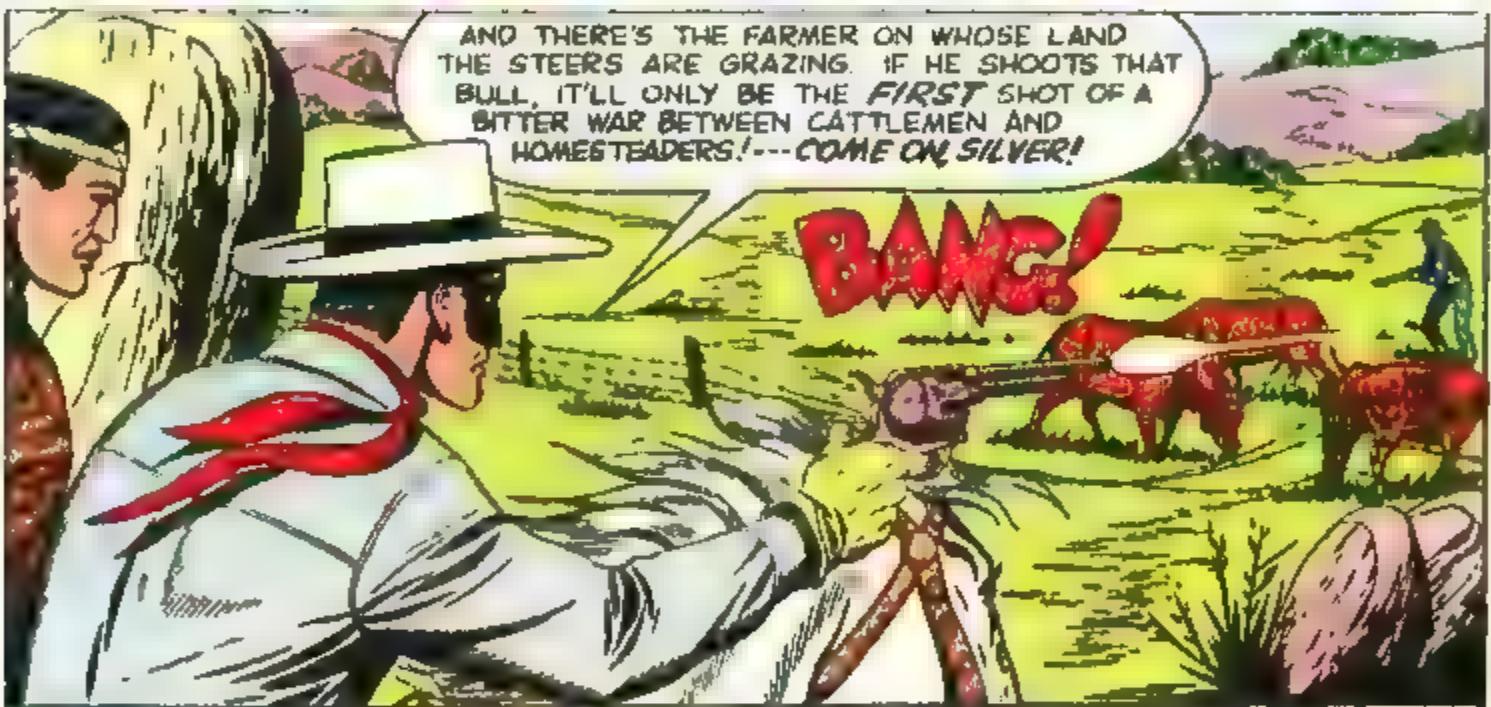
SMOKE!---THERE MUST BE A WHOLE **WAR PARTY** OF 'EM UP THERE SETTIN' THE STAGE FOR A SCALP DANCE THAT'LL FEATURE **OUR TOPKNOTS!**



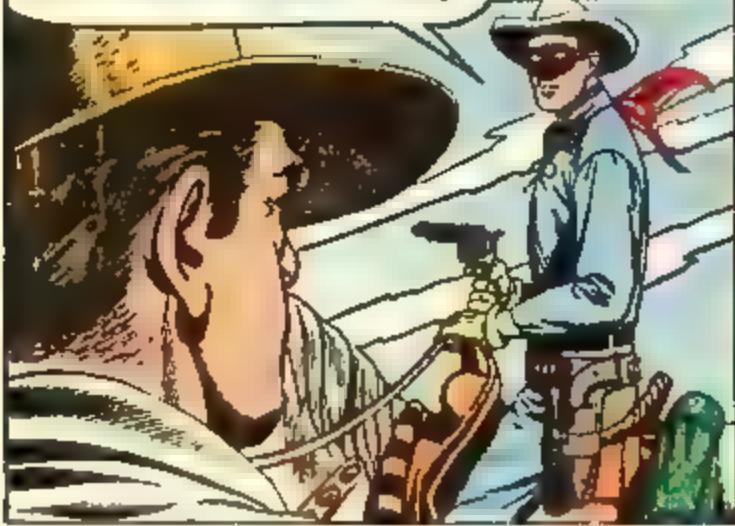




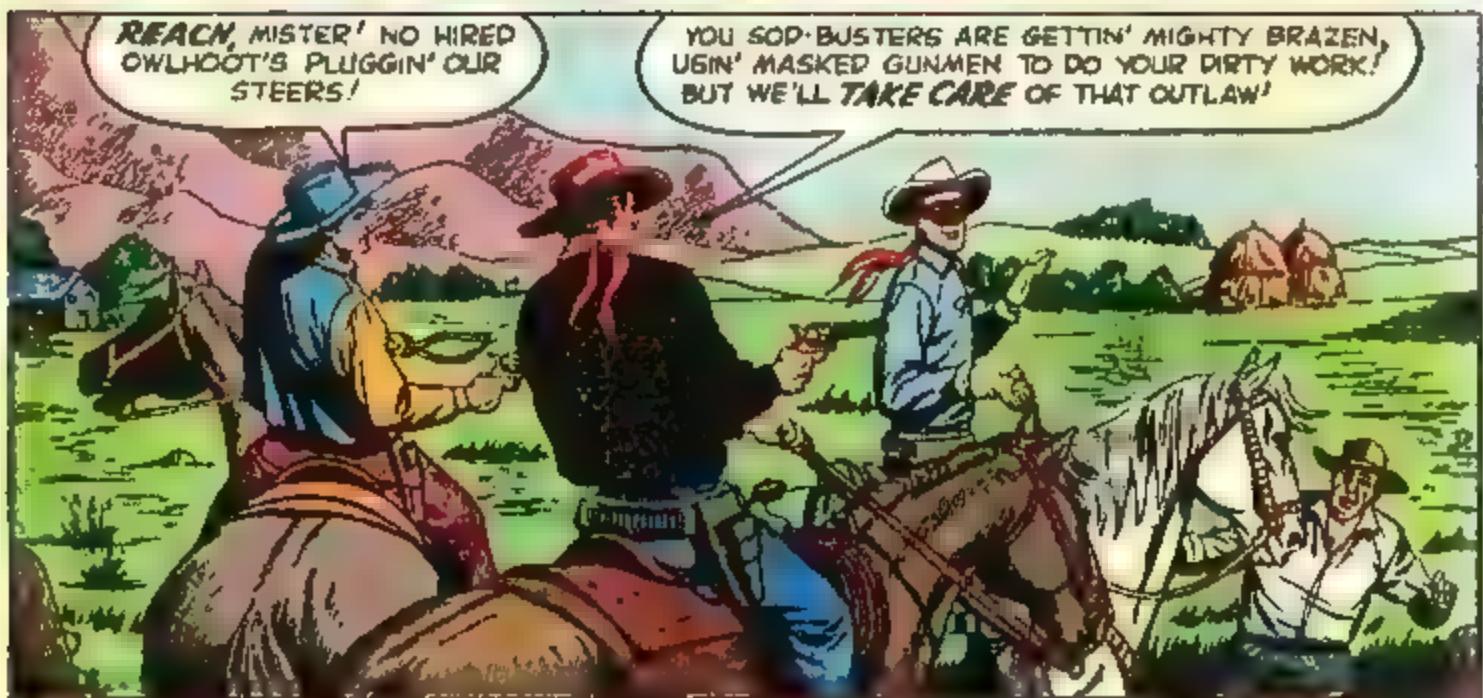
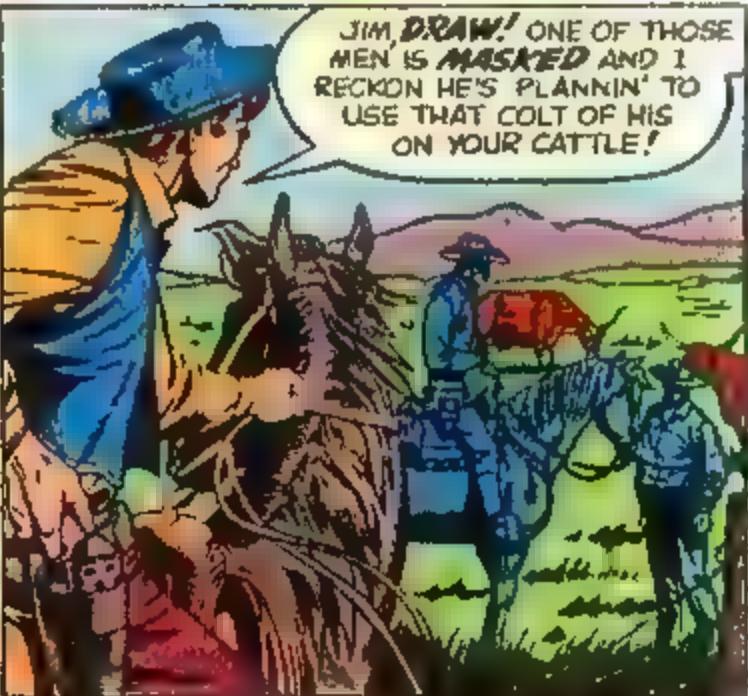
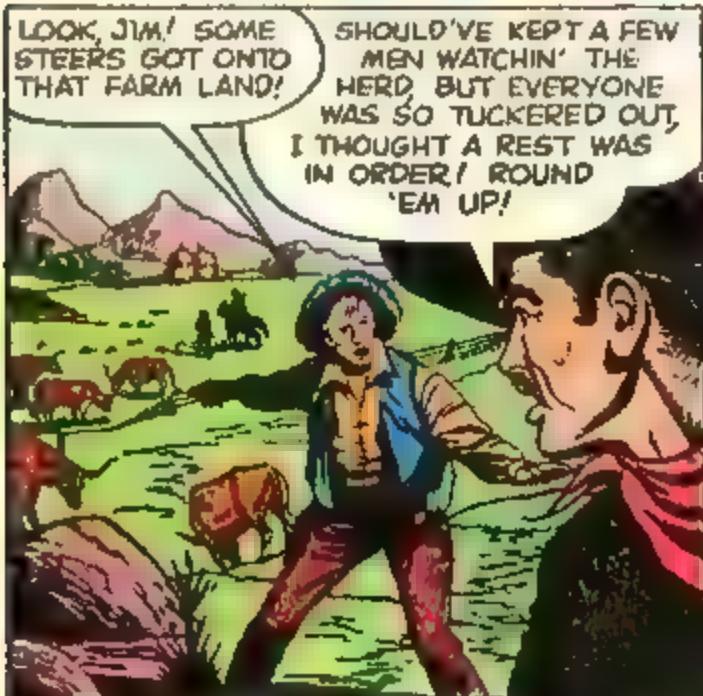


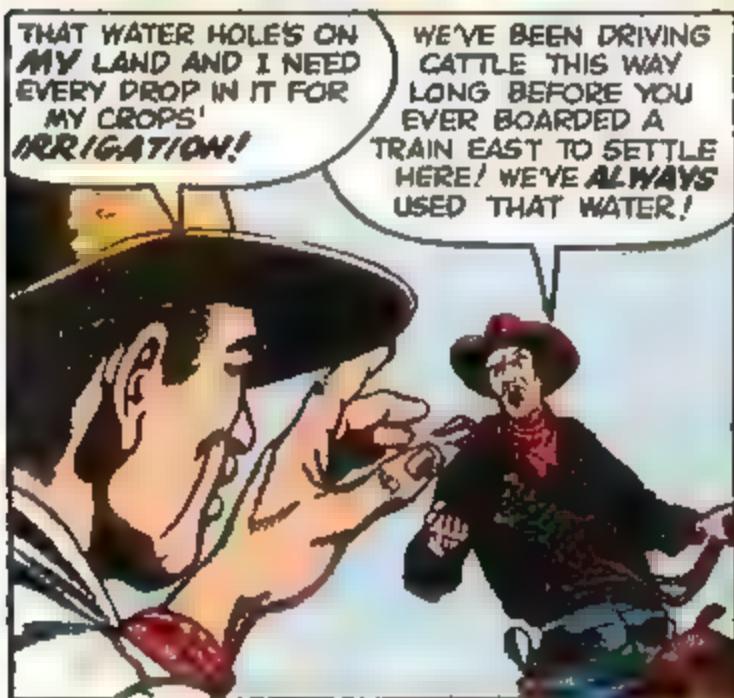
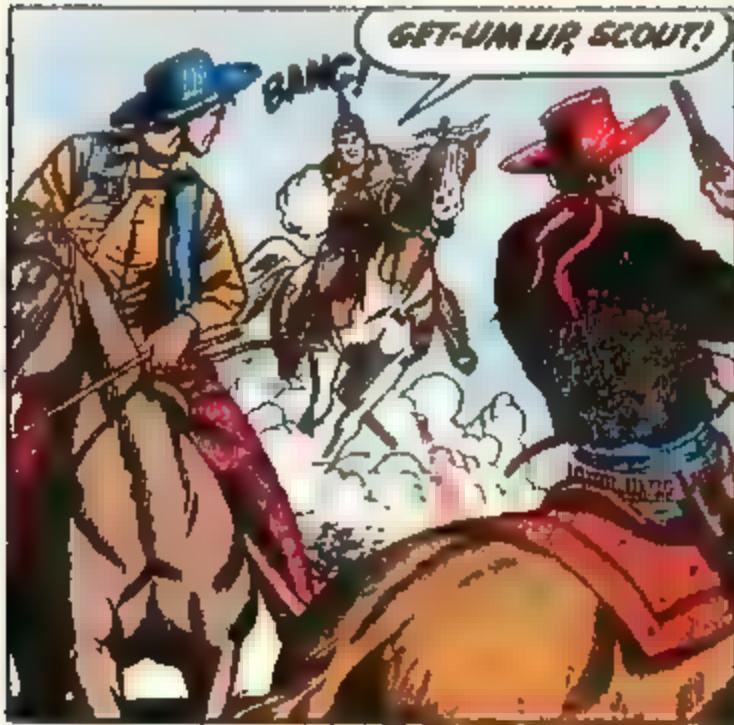


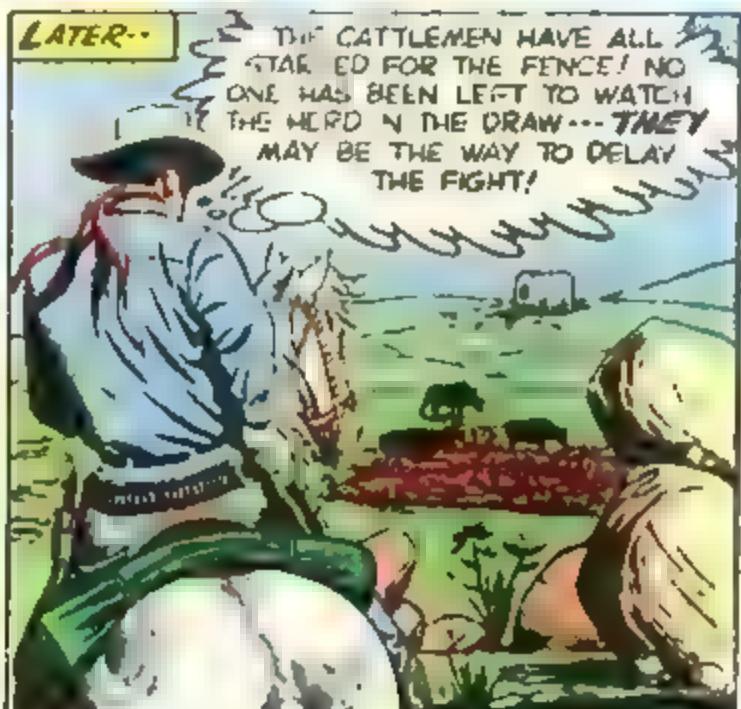
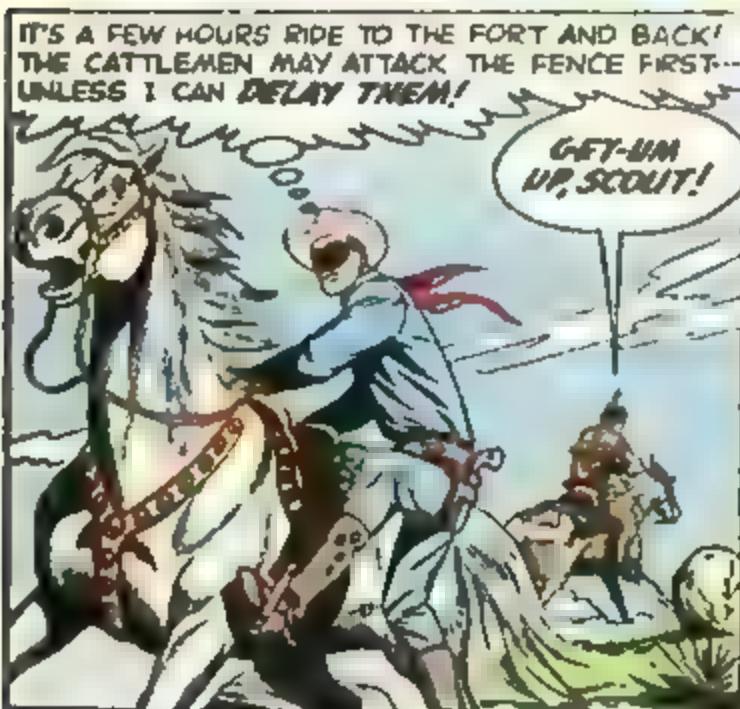
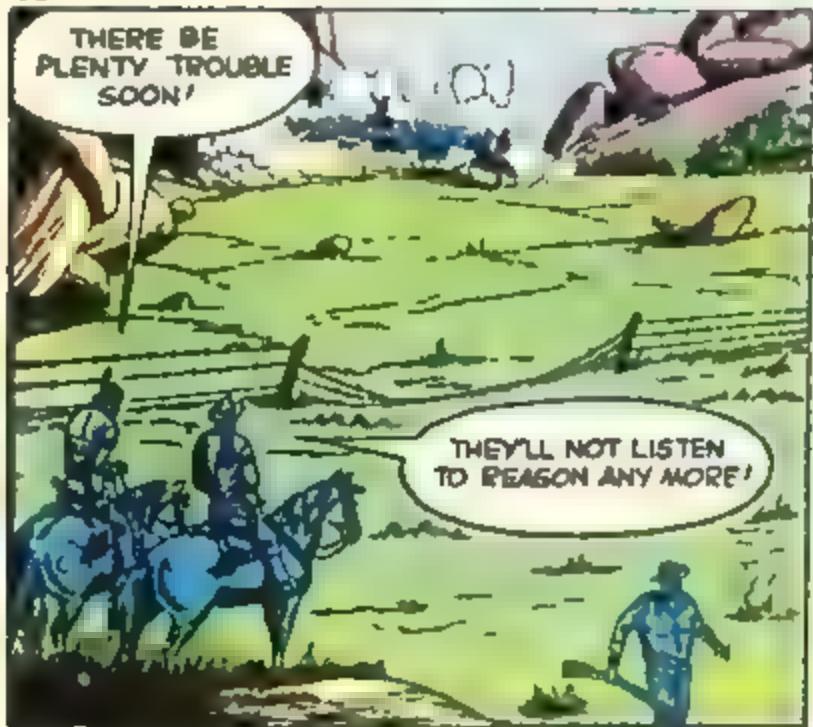
NO ONE IS TRYING TO DISPUTE YOUR HARD-EARNED RIGHT TO THIS LAND! BUT THERE IS ALSO THE **LAW OF THE OPEN RANGE**... EVEN IF A STEER BLUNDERS HIS WAY THROUGH A FENCE AND ONTO YOUR LAND, YOU HAVE **NO LEGAL RIGHT TO HARM HIM!**

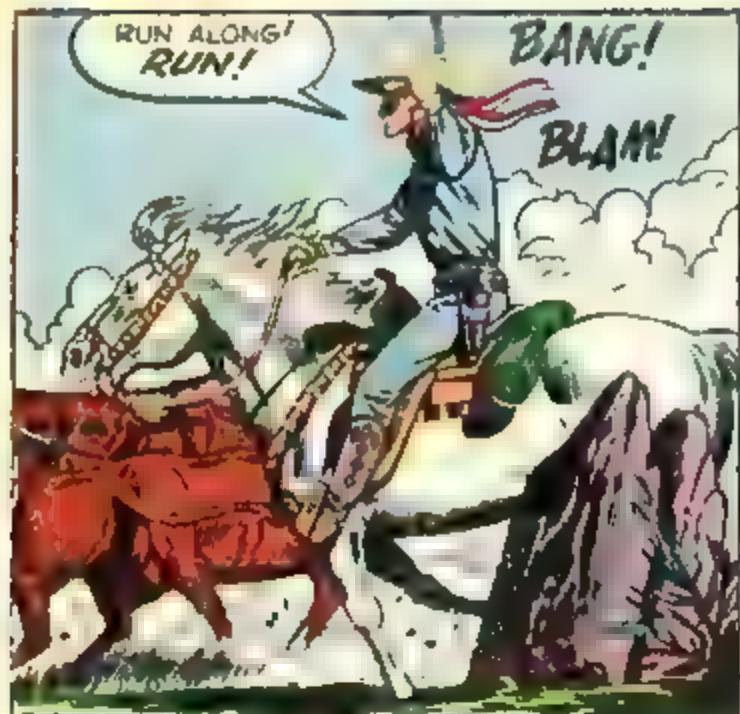


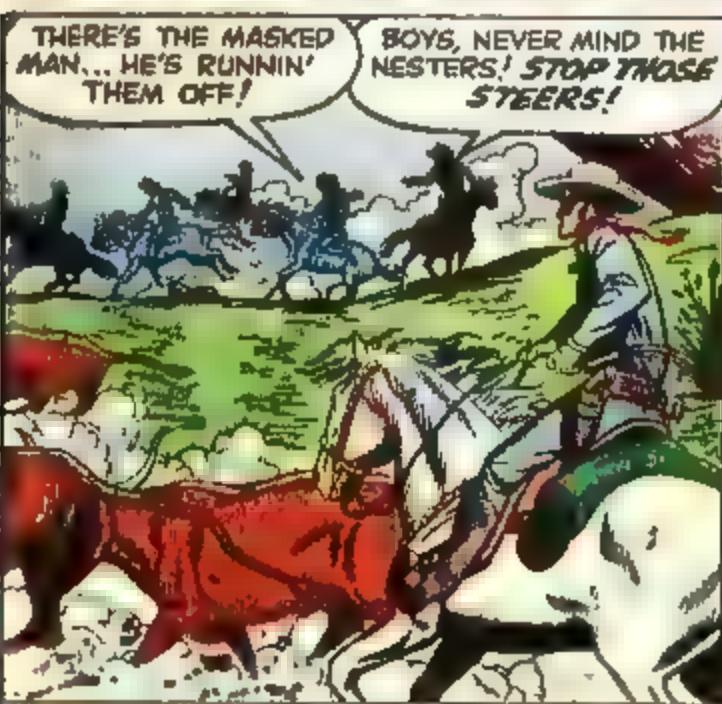
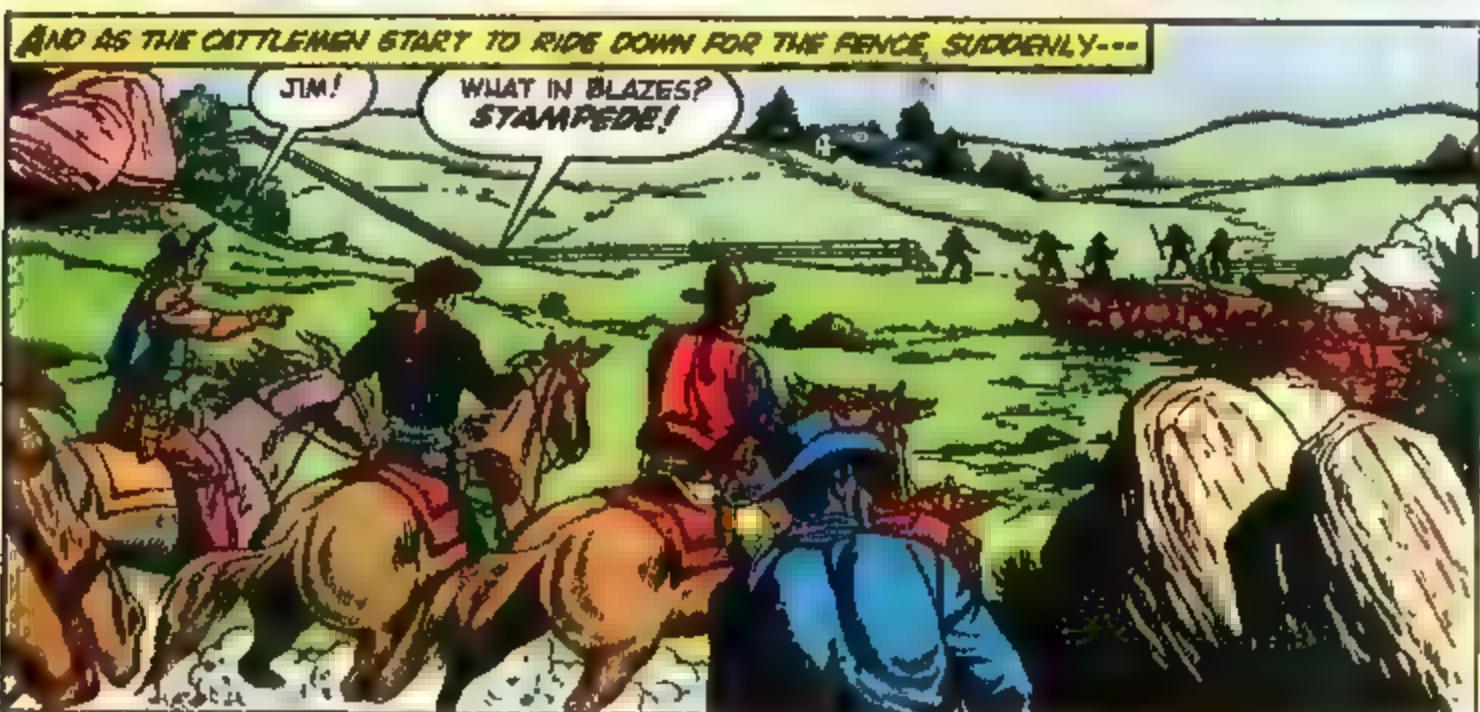
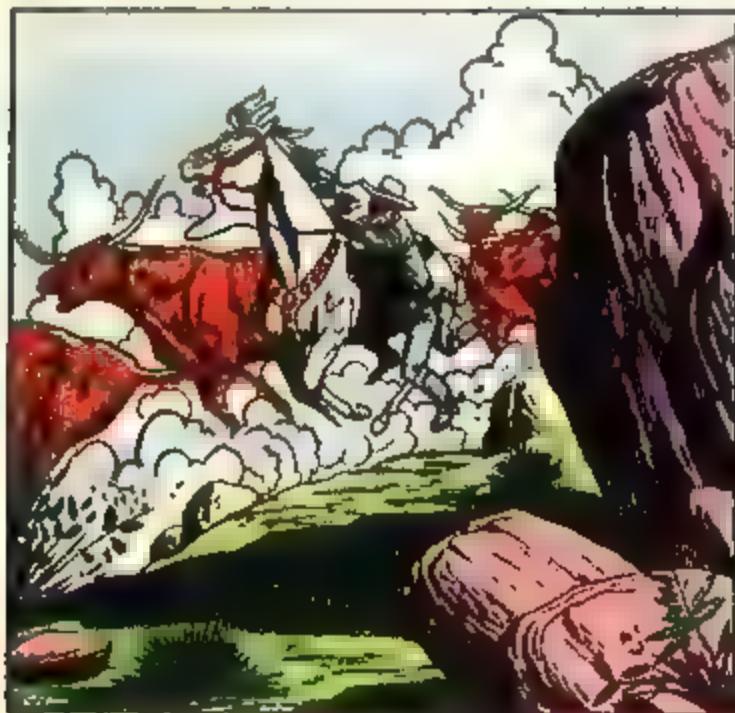
I PLOWED THIS LAND! I FENCED IT! NO ONE'S PUSHIN' ME OFF MY PROPERTY AND IF A STEER COMES ONTO IT, I'LL SHOOT IT DOWN!

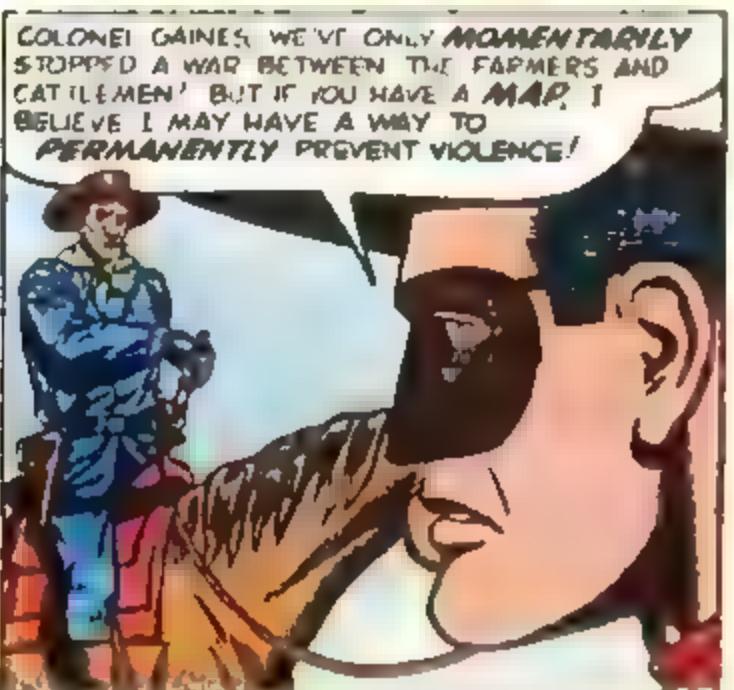
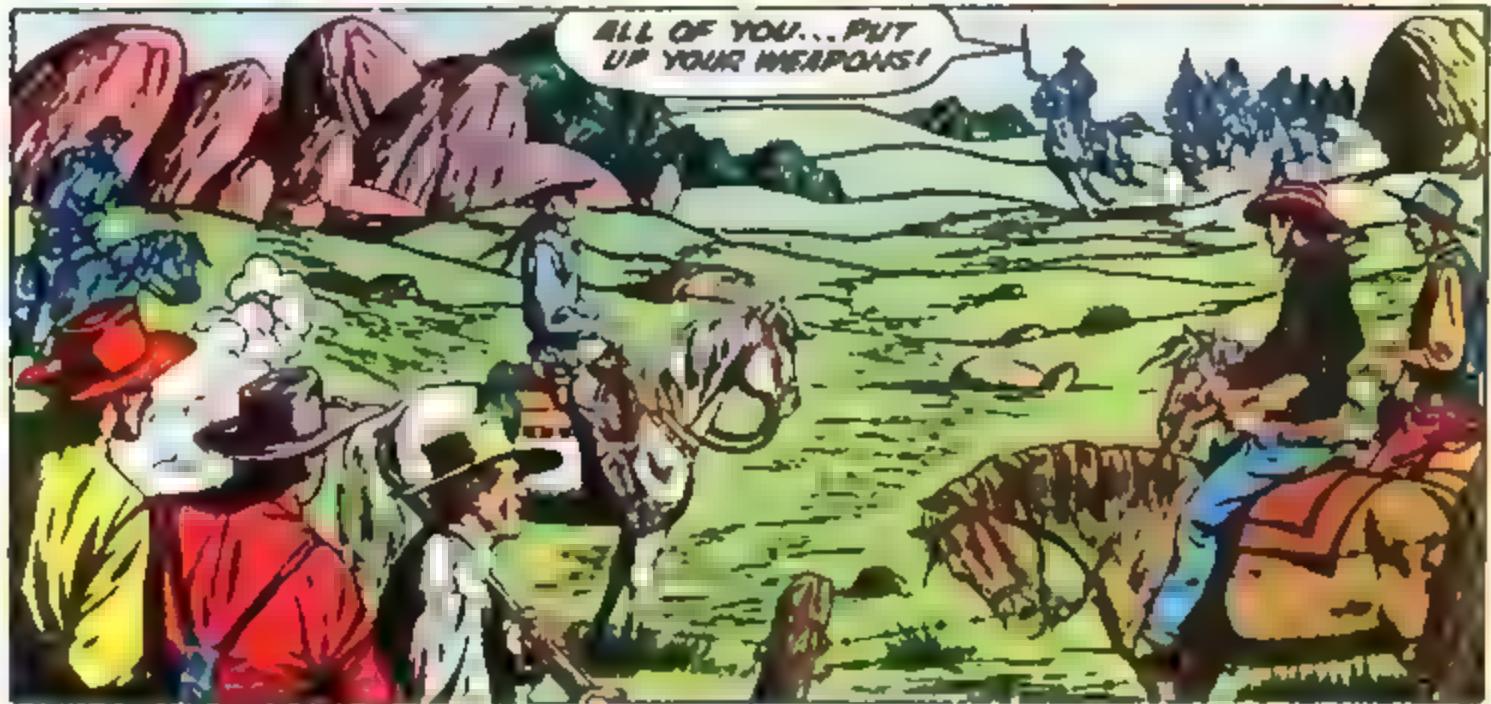












YOU'RE WELCOME TO THIS MAP IF IT WILL HELP END THESE FIGHTS BETWEEN CATTLEMEN, SHEEPHERDERS, AND FARMERS!

MY PLAN WILL MEAN ALL FACTIONS MUST COMPROMISE!

A CERTAIN ROUTE AND ITS WATER HOLES WILL BE USED EXCLUSIVELY BY THE CATTLEMEN. ANOTHER ROUTE WILL ONLY BE FOLLOWED BY THE SHEEPHERDERS! THEY WILL NOT LET THEIR HERDS WANDER FROM THESE ROUTES ONTO THE FARMLANDS AND THE FARMERS WILL SEE TO IT THAT NO NEW HOMESTEADERS CLAIM LAND ACROSS THESE ROUTES!



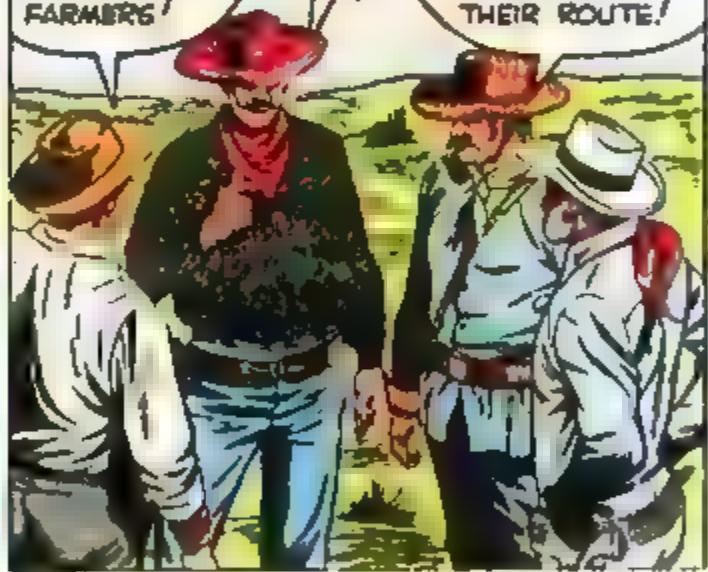
YOU WILL ALL BE GIVING UP SOMETHING, BUT IT IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD AND YOUR COUNTRY'S! IF OUR LAND IS TO GROW AND PROSPER, WE NEED CATTLE AND FARM PRODUCE TO FEED OUR PEOPLE AND WOOL TO CLOTHE THEM! YOUR AGREEMENT CAN GUARANTEE OUR NATION'S PROGRESS!



THE MASKED MAN MAKES SENSE! I'LL SIGN FOR THE FARMERS!

I'LL INITIAL THE CATTLE ROUTE!

AND I'M CERTAIN I CAN GET THE SHEEPHERDERS TO AGREE TO THEIR ROUTE!



AND AS THE ROUTES ARE MAPPED OUT AND SIGNED---

FUNNY THING, I WAS SURE THAT MASKED MAN WAS WORKING FOR YOU COWPUNCHERS!

AND I FIGURED HE WAS A GUNMAN HIRED BY YOU NESTERS!



YOU WERE BOTH WRONG! HE'S WORKING FOR ALL HIS COUNTRYMEN AND FOR THE BETTERMENT OF THE WHOLE WEST! YOU SEE, HE'S THE LONE RANGER!

WY-WAY, SILVER! AWAY!



# Cowboy Words



**AXLE GREASE** butter

**BOIL OVER** ride a horse until it becomes overheated

**BAKE** the pitching done by an unbroken horse

**CABALLERO** horseman, (Mexican-Spanish)

**DOGIE** a motherless calf

**EQUALIZER** pistol or six-gun

**FISH** yellow oilskin slicker raincoat

**GENTLE** tame an unbroken bronc

**HOOSEGOW** jail

**INDIAN SIGN** a hex or curse

**MULEY** steer without horns

**LOCO** Crazy, "teched"

**PICKING DAISIES** reference to a horseman who has been thrown

**NESTER** squatter or homesteader

**ON THE PROD** fighting mad

**REATA** a rope, especially one of rawhide

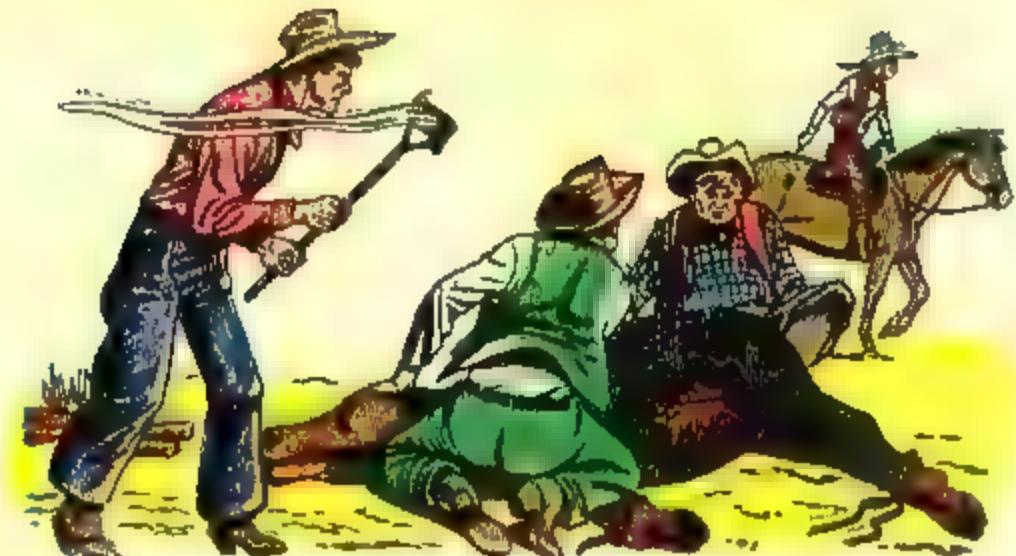
**SPOOKY** scared

**TUCSON BED** out of doors without shelter

**WADDY** a cowboy. One time used of an incompetent cowhand. Also may mean rustler



# Brands and Branding



We are inclined to think of branding cattle, as a means of identifying it, as a rather new custom. It is surprising to learn that it was used in ancient Egyptian days. In North America, it is said that

the followers of Cortez, the great Spanish conqueror, were the first to use brands. The custom gradually gained favor until it became the usual procedure in marking cattle.

## HOW IT IS DONE



The cowboy works a cow and her calf to the edge of the gather.



He ropes the calf by the hind legs and drags it to the branding fire.



Two cowboys, called "flankers," hold down the calf.



The cowboy holding the red-hot branding iron now presses it quickly against the calf's left hip.



Another cowboy cuts the owner's earmark into the calf's left ear.

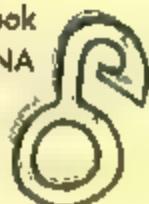


The whole process is over as quickly as possible, causing very little discomfort to the calf.



## Here are some interesting brands:

Fish Hook  
ARIZONA



Music  
NEBRASKA



Dinner Bell  
CALIFORNIA



Keyhole  
TEXAS



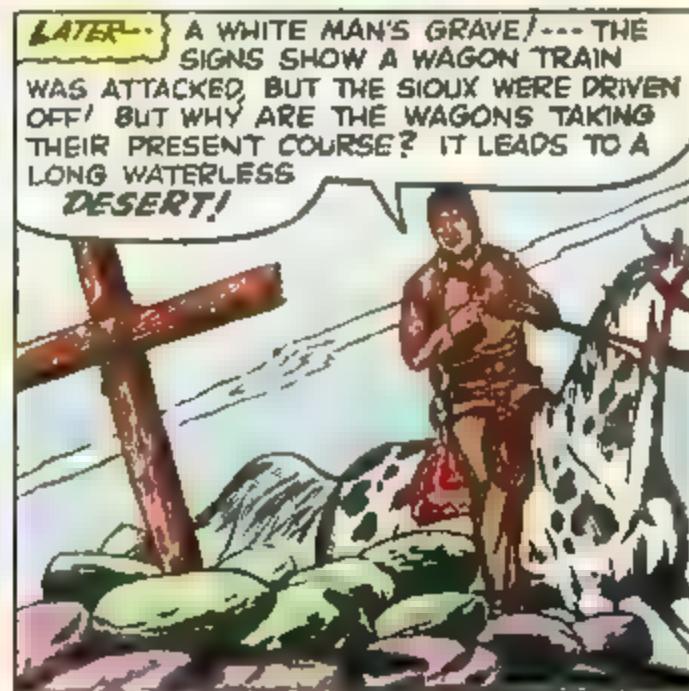
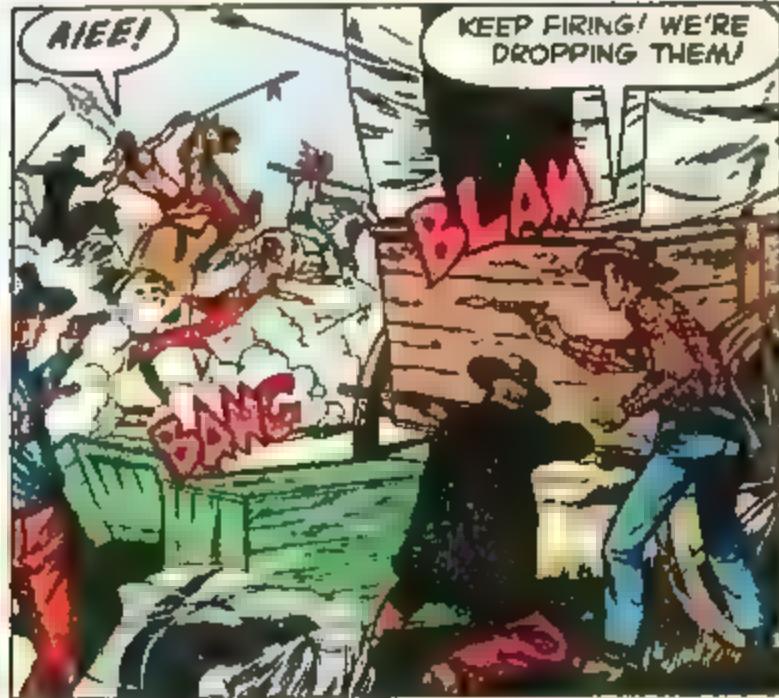
# TONTO

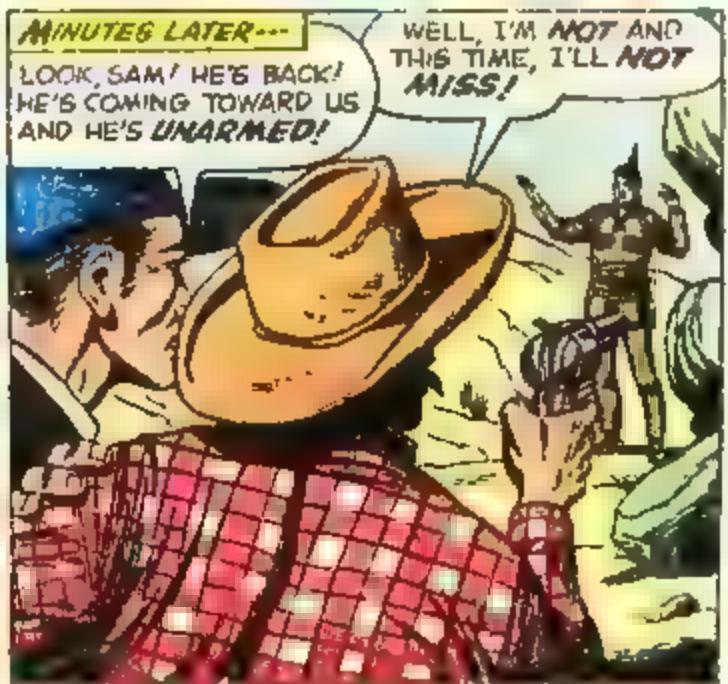
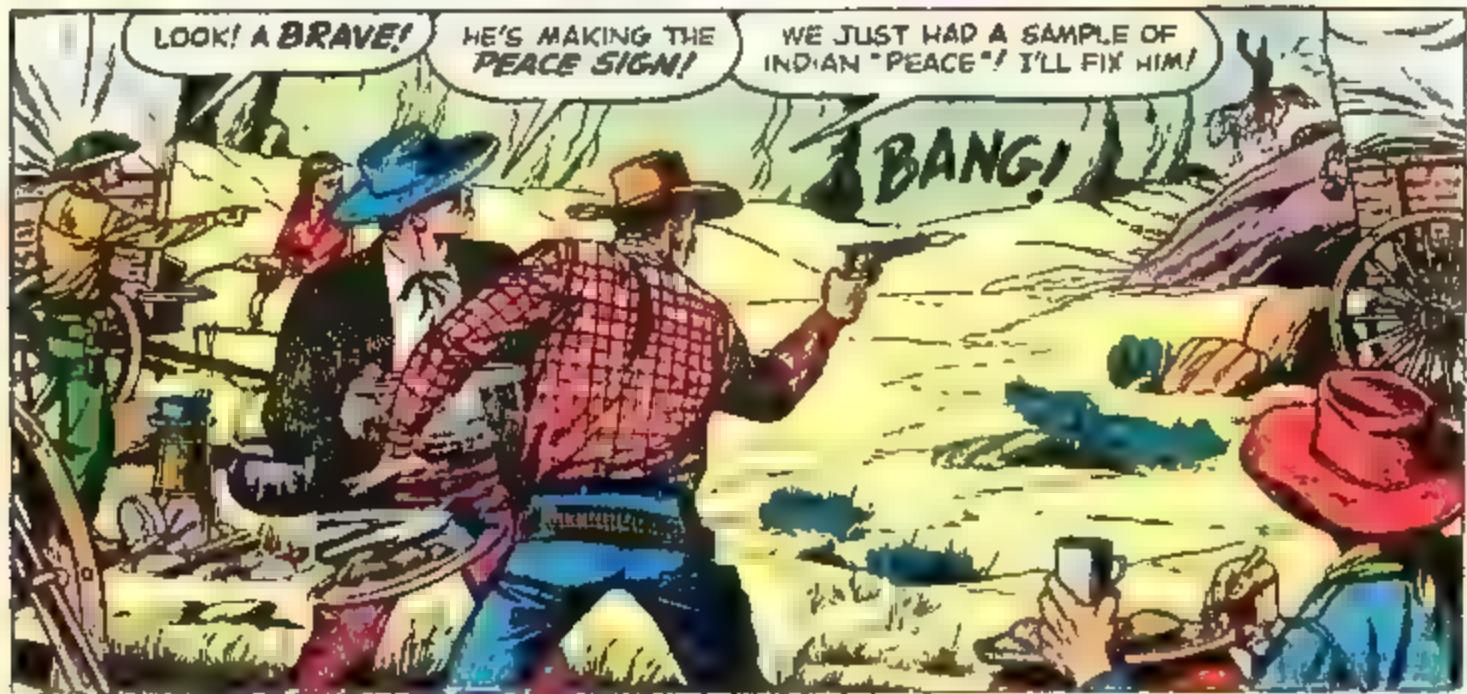
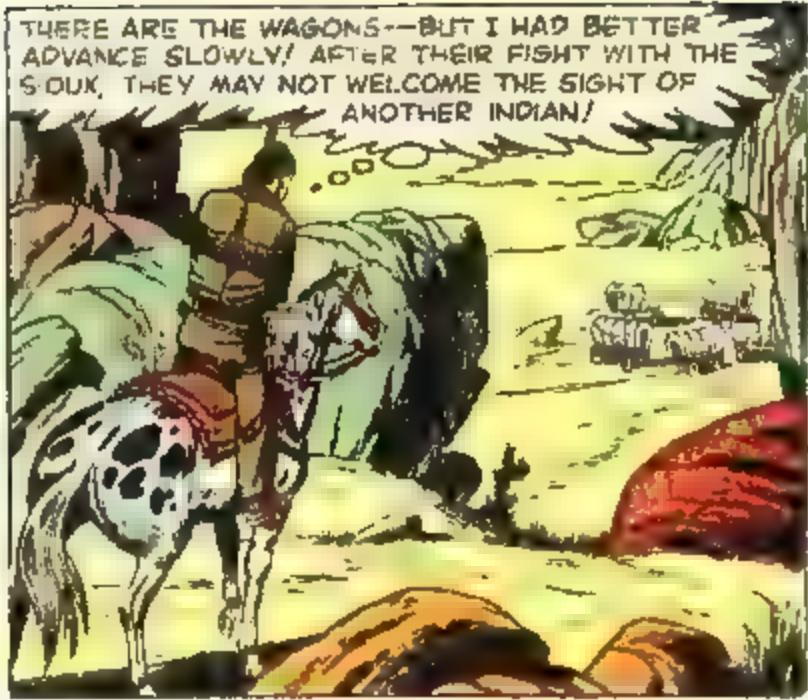
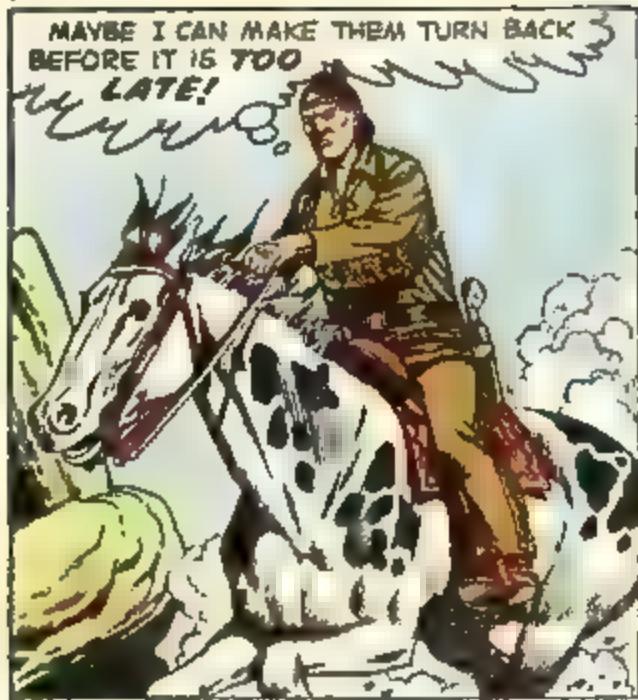
## INDIAN SCOUT

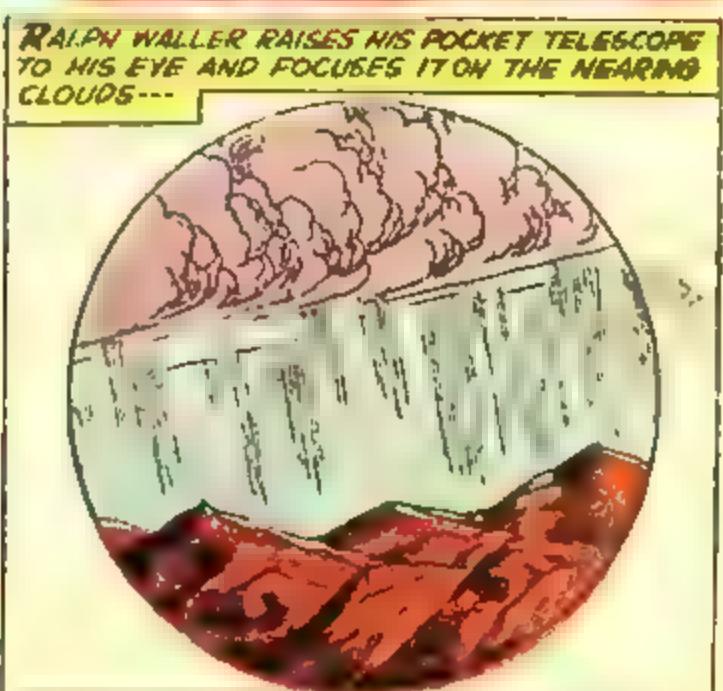
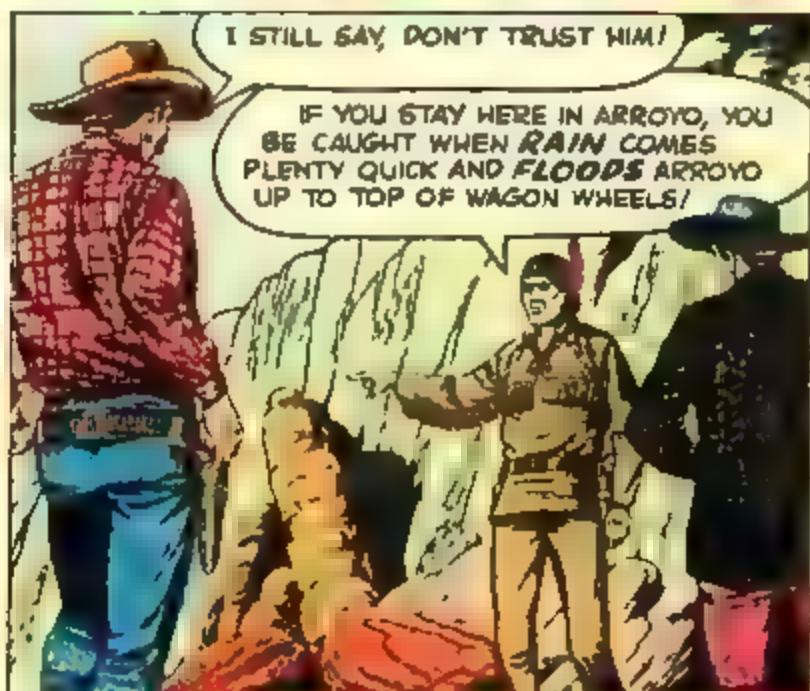
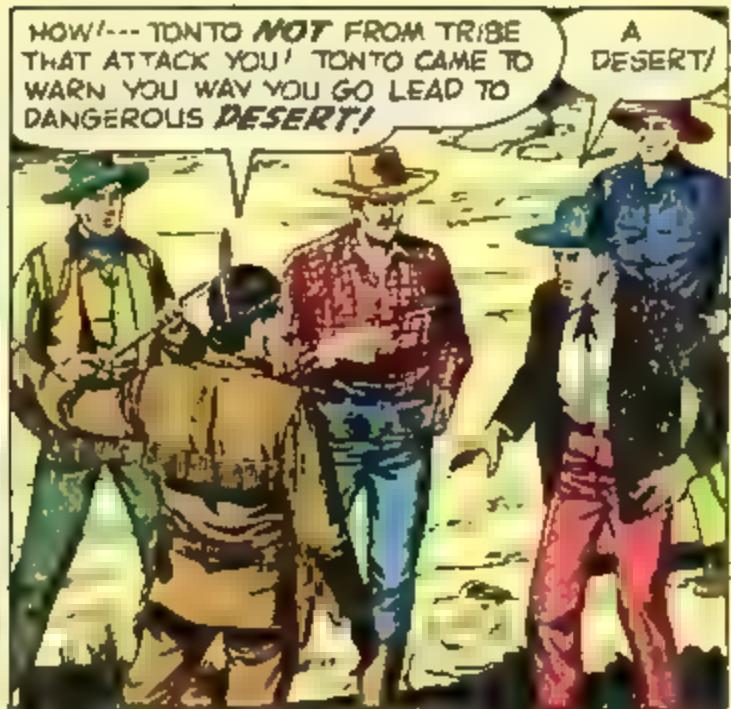
IN THE DAYS BEFORE TONTO MEETS THE LONE RANGER, A WAGON TRAIN OF EASTERN IMMIGRANTS PUSHES WESTWARD ACROSS THE PLAINS AS SUDDENLY ---

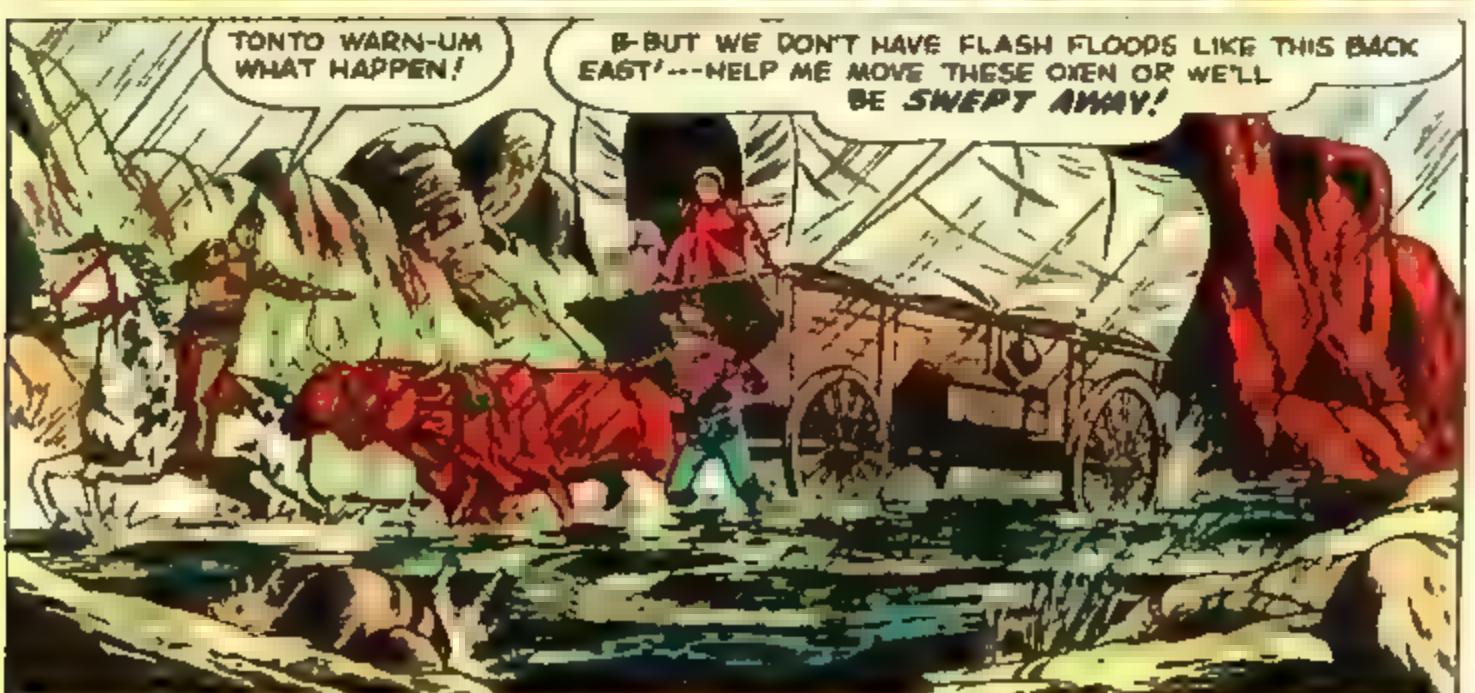
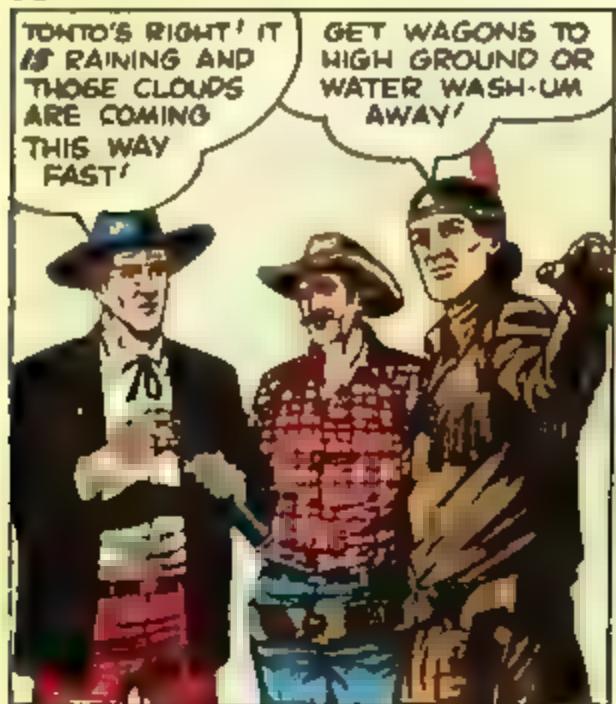
REDSKINS! CIRCLE THE WAGONS AND BURN POWDER!

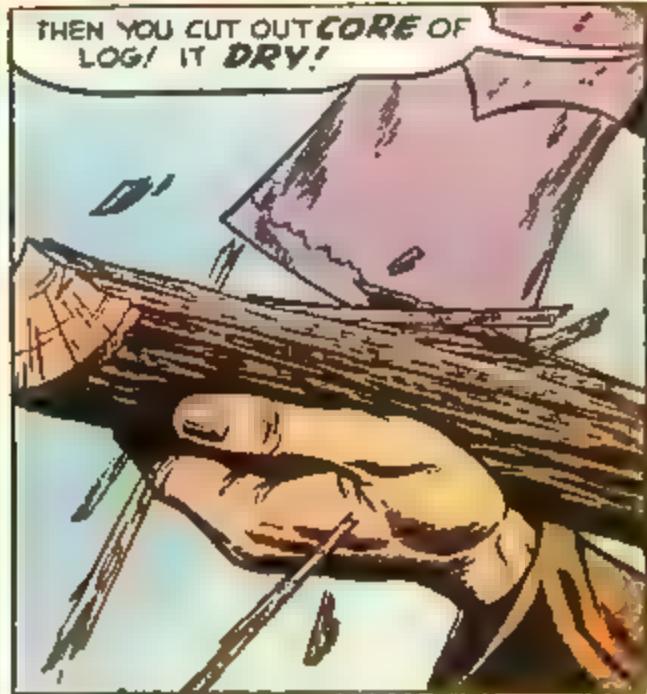
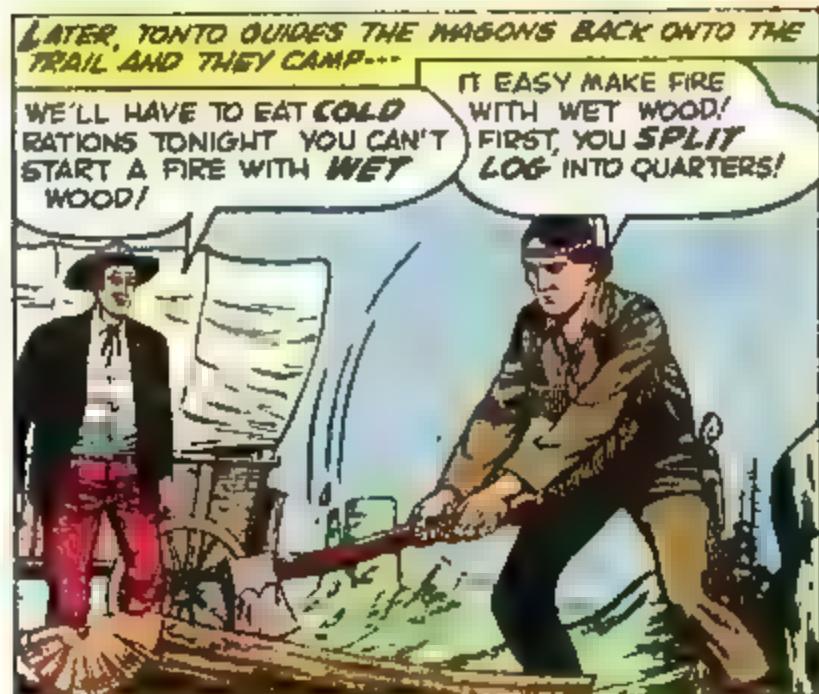
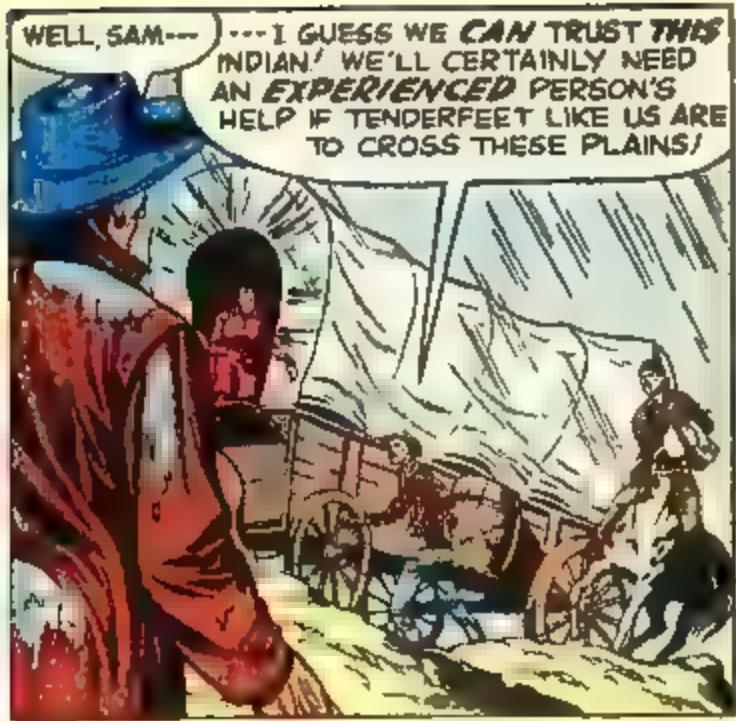
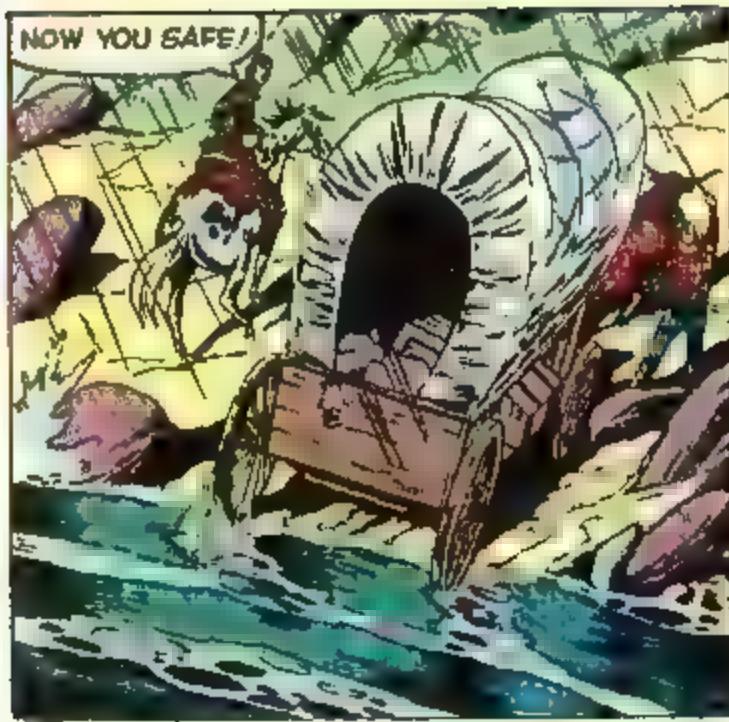
WHOOP! WHOOP!

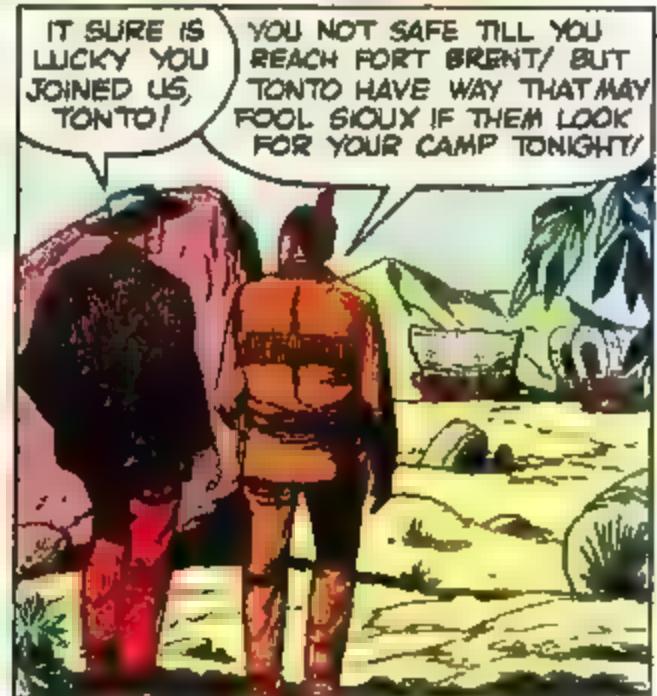
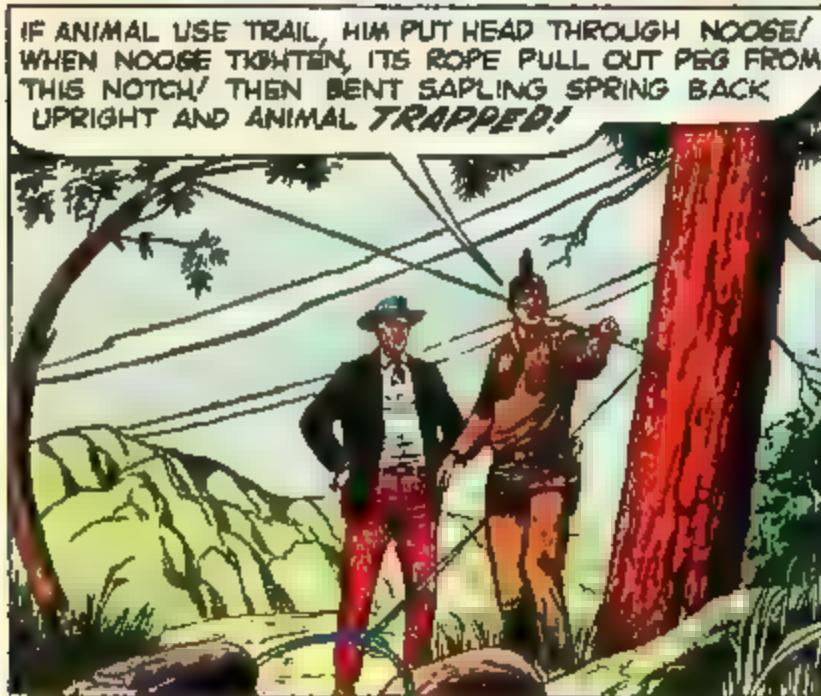
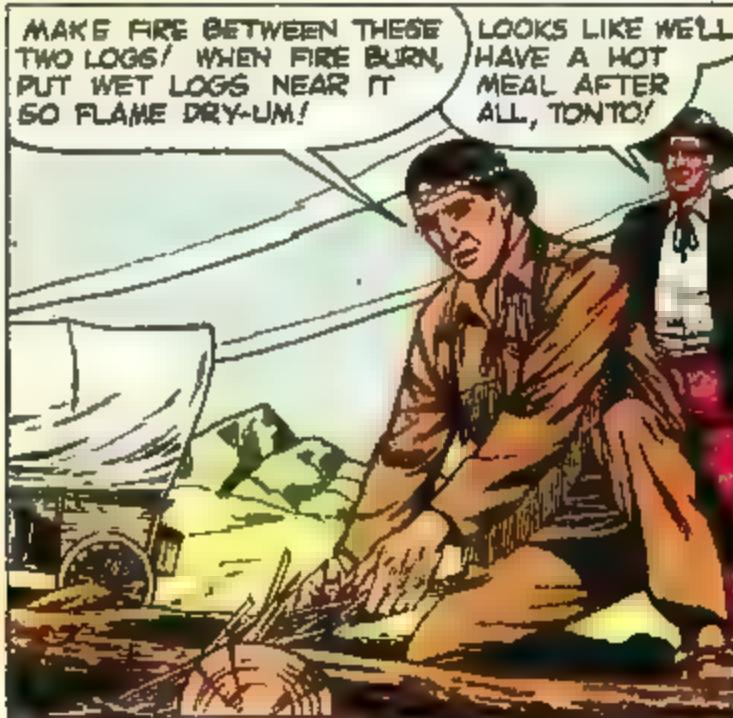


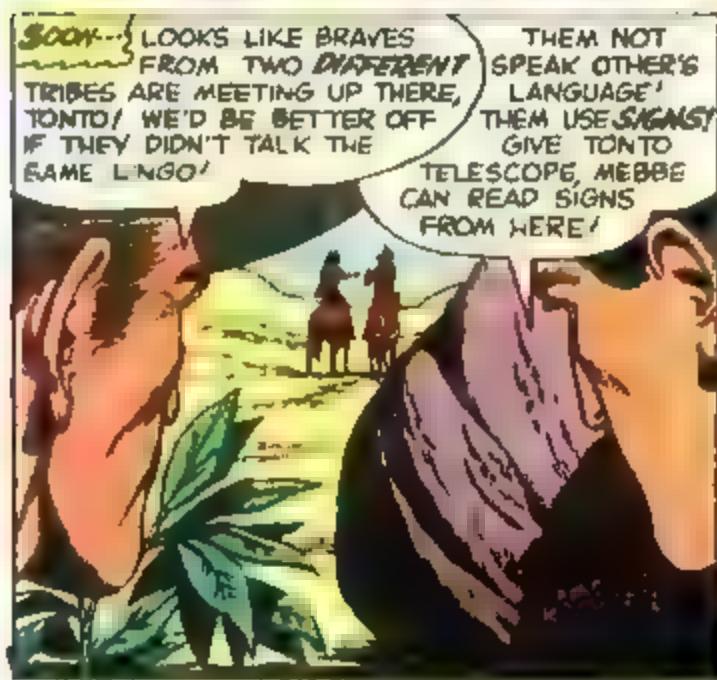
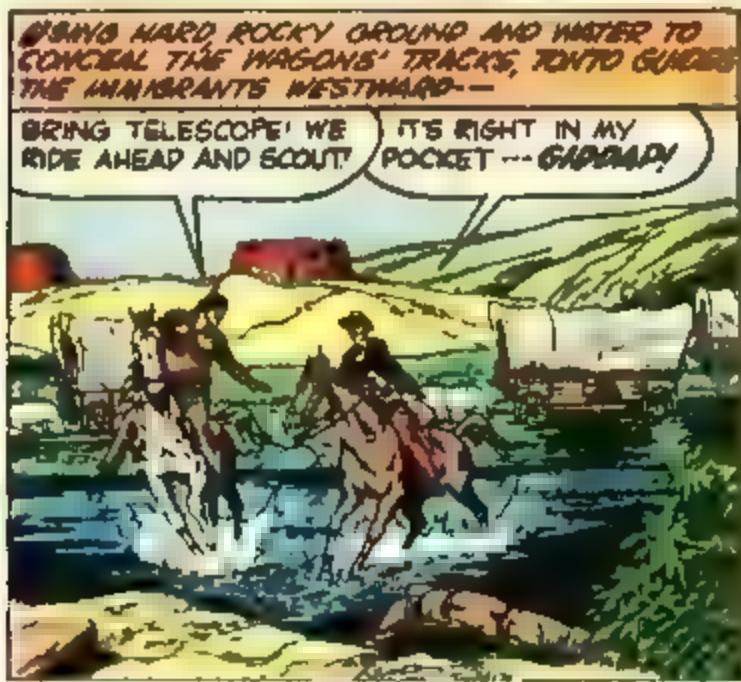


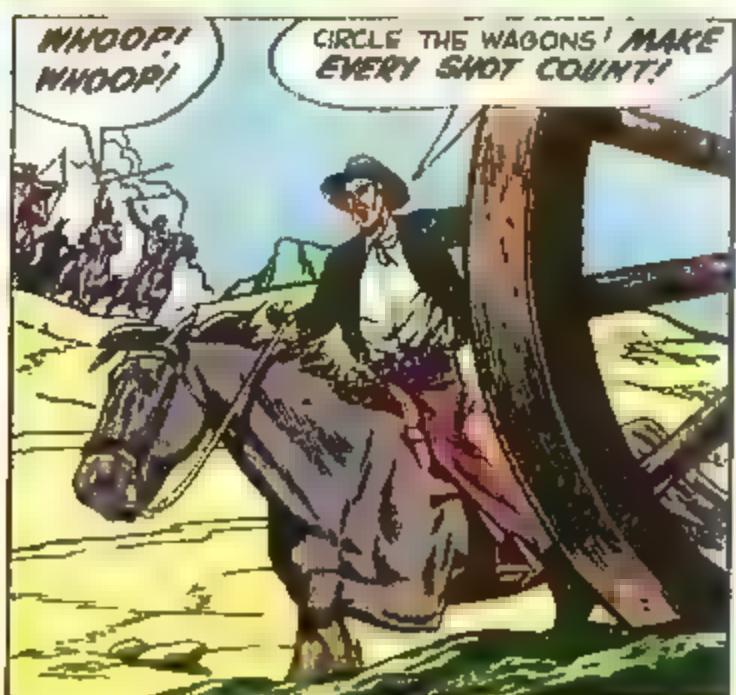
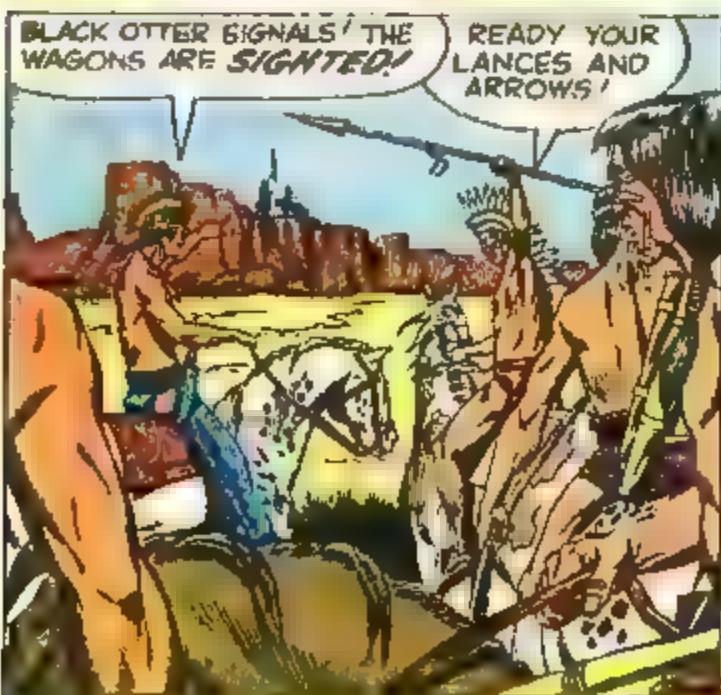
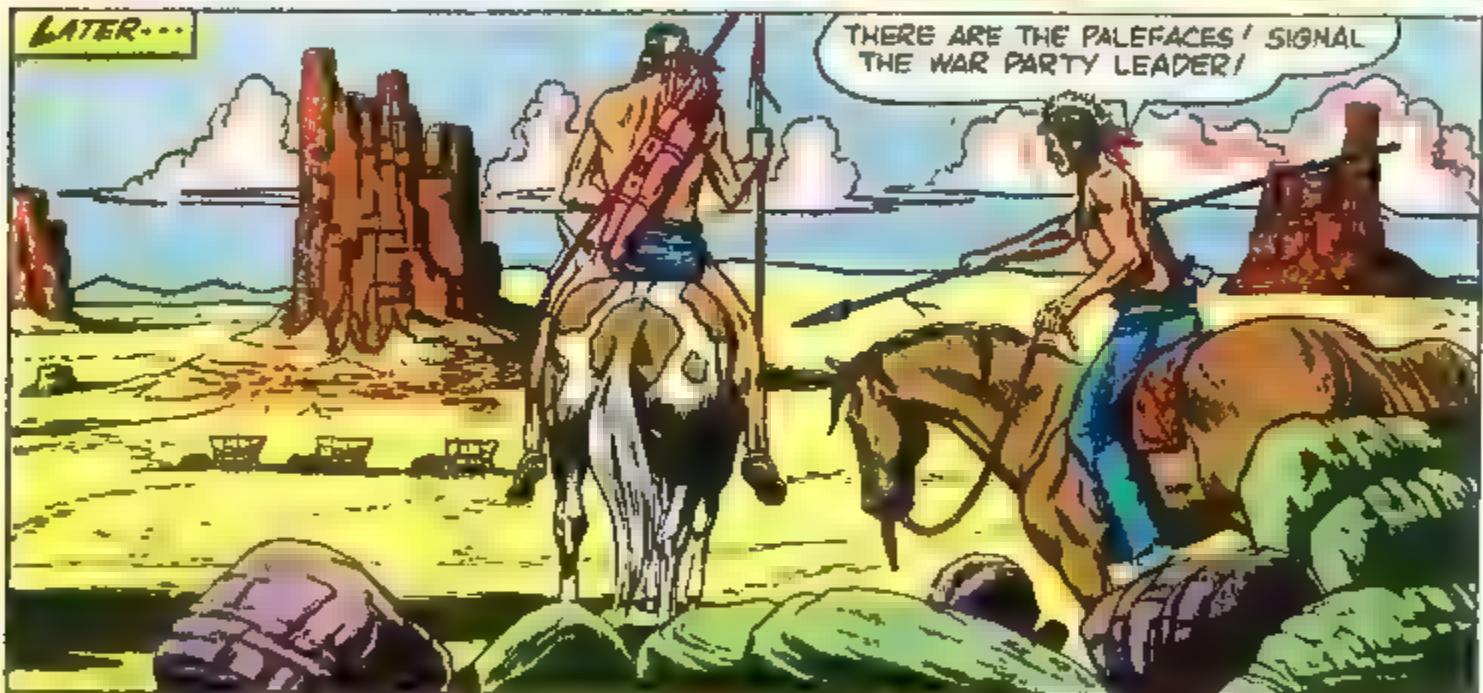
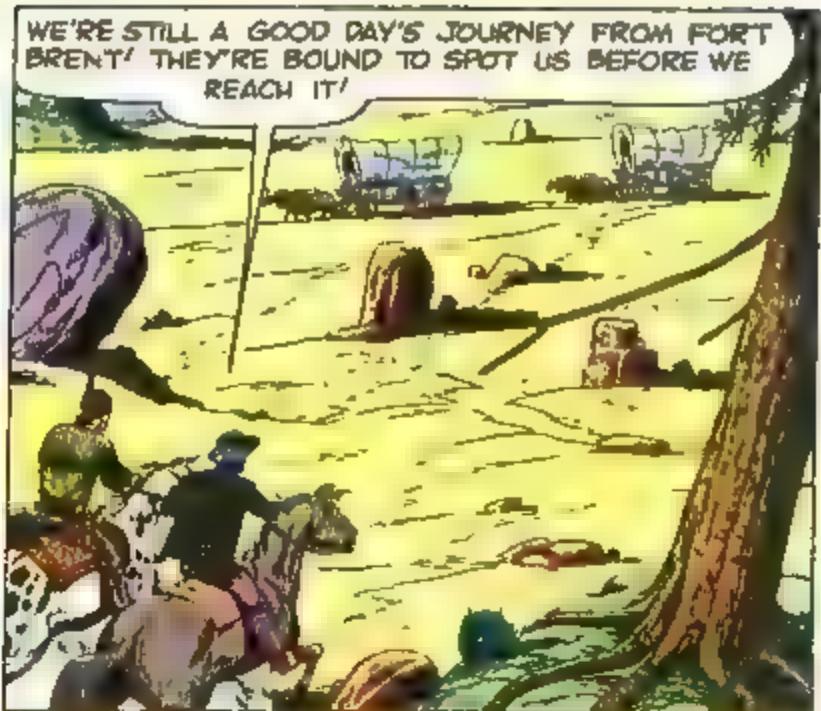


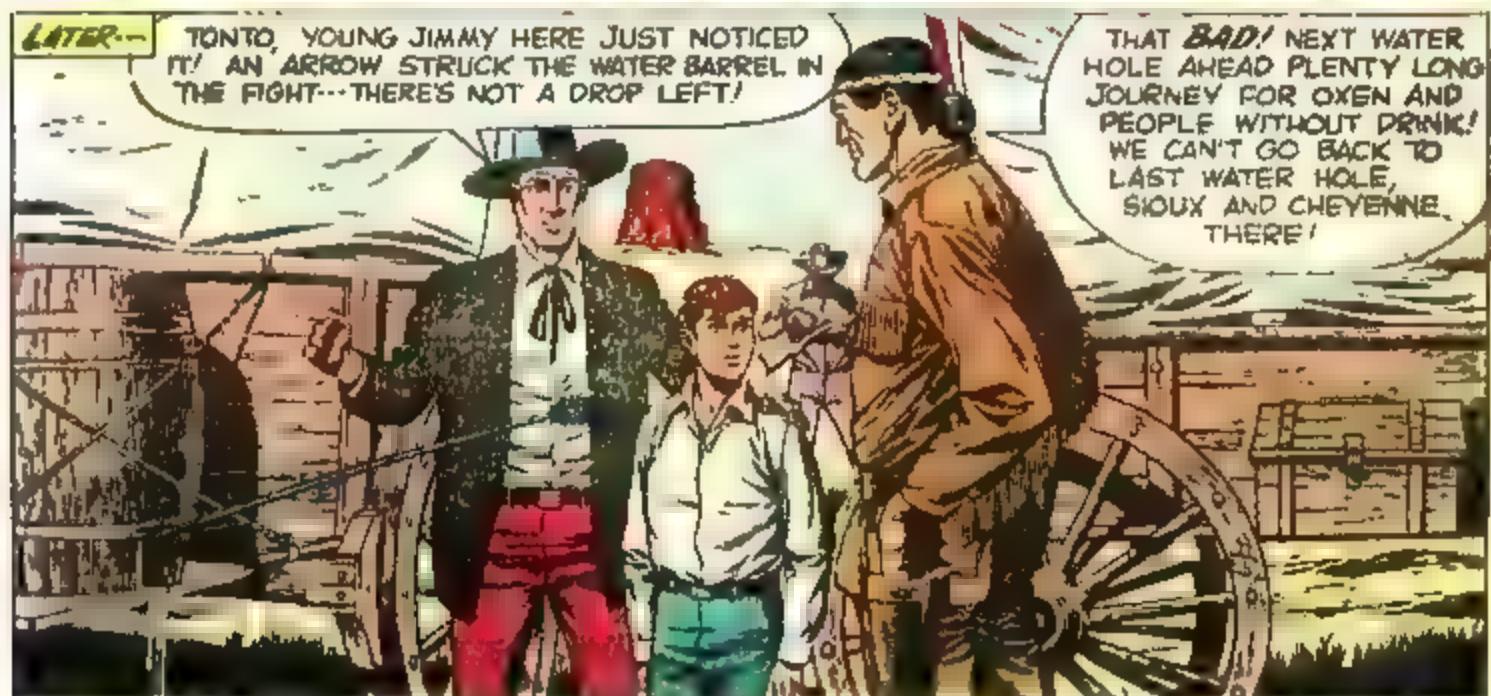
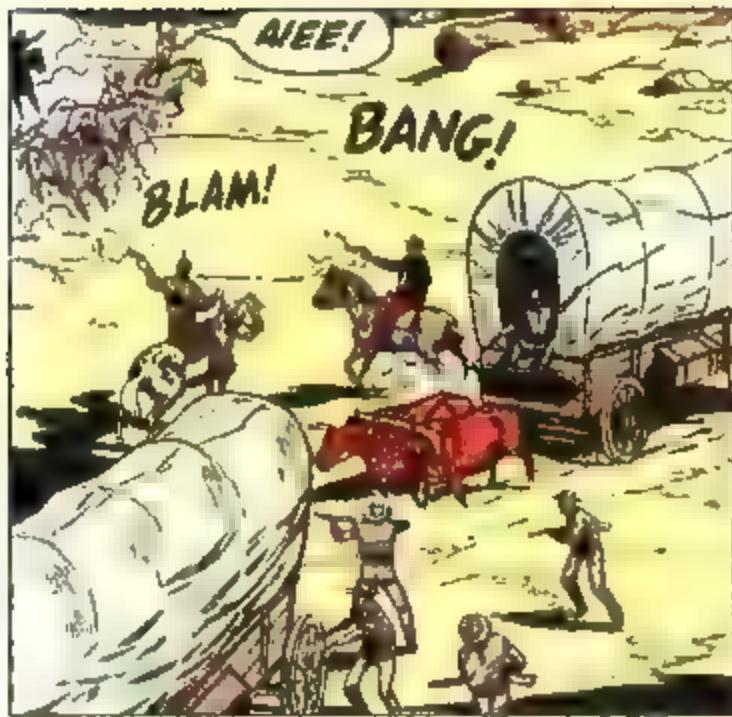


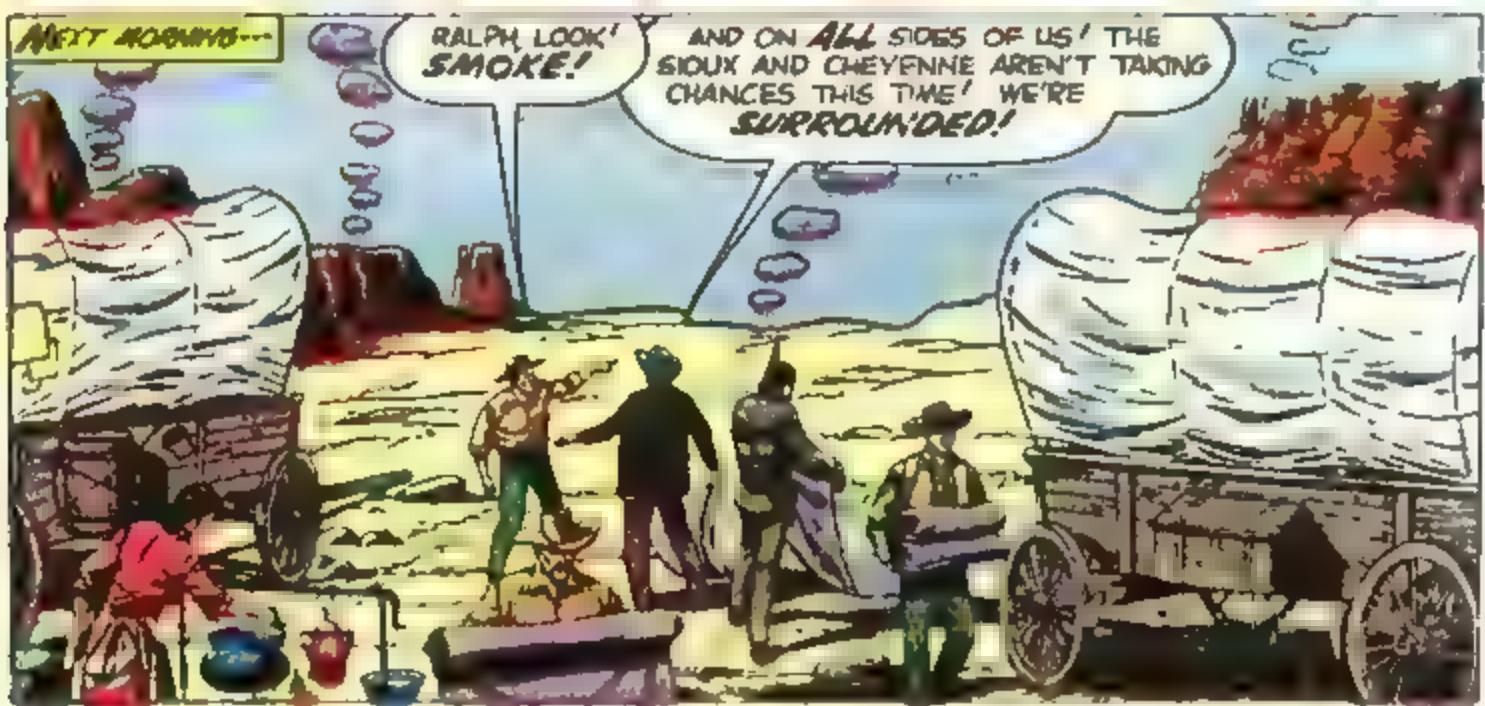


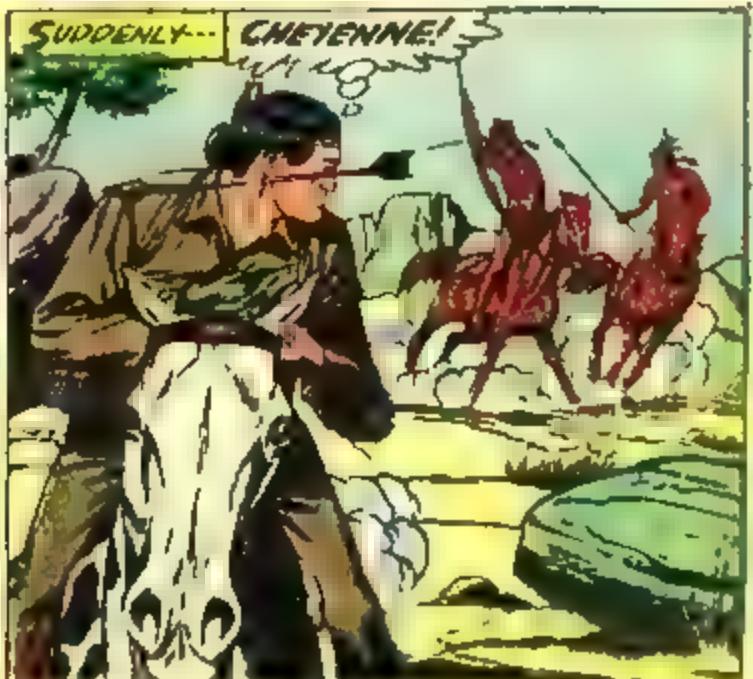
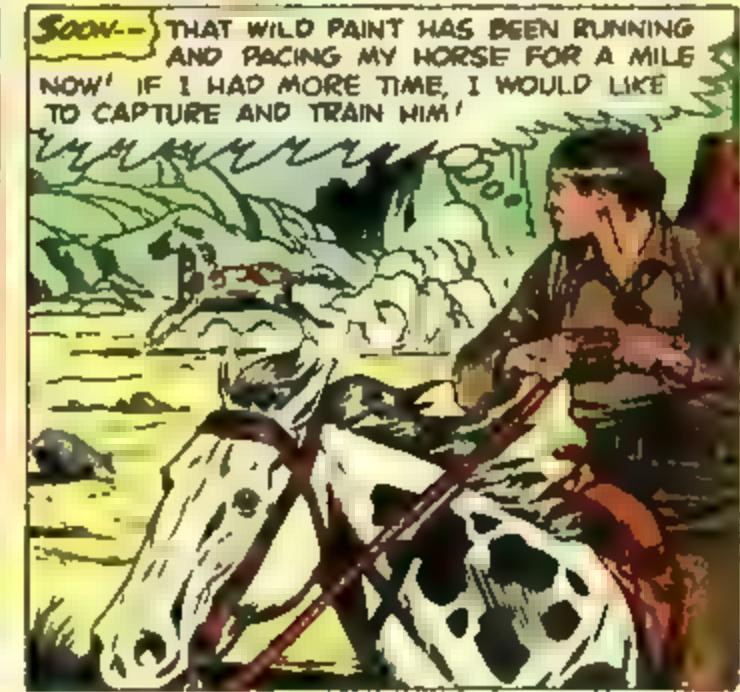
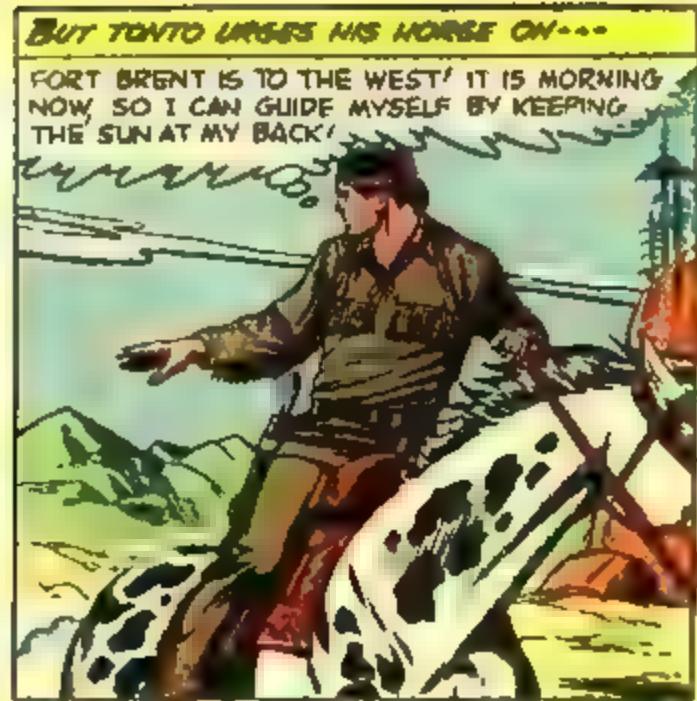
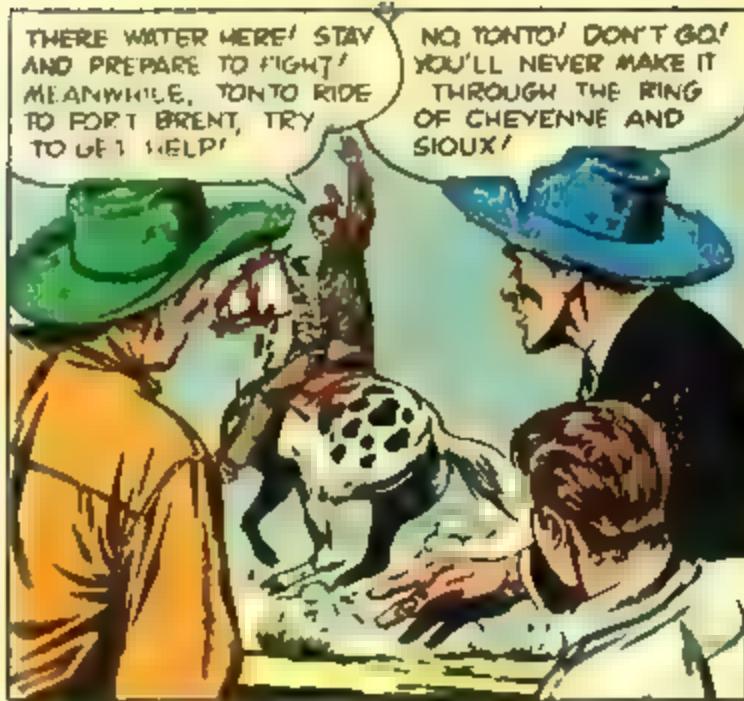


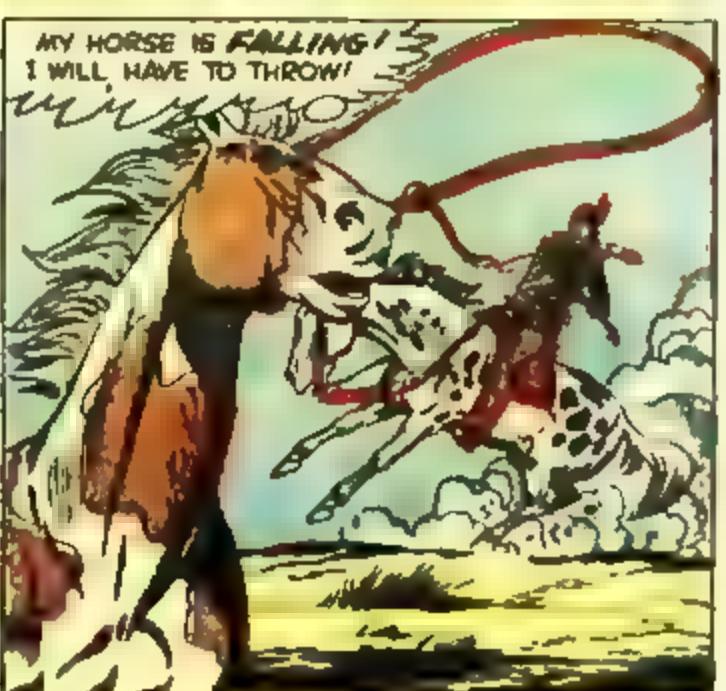
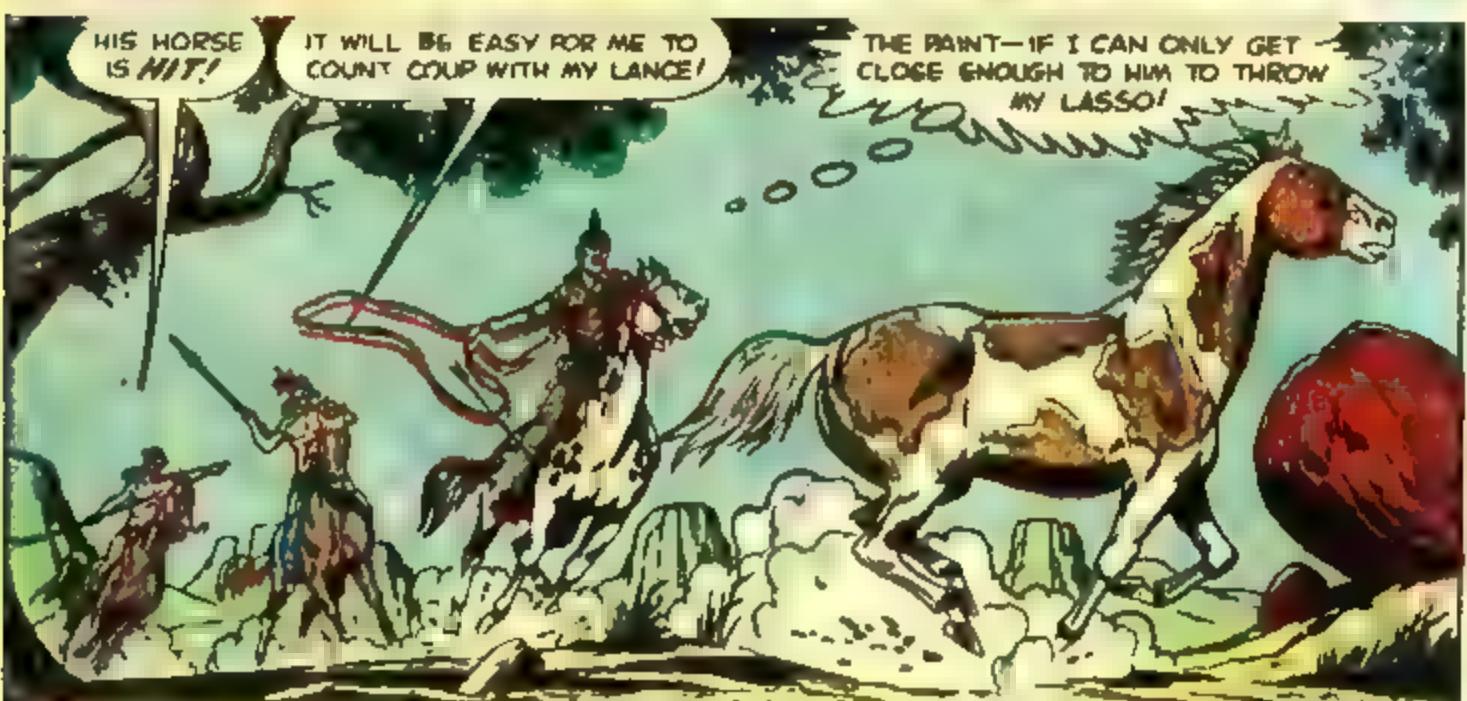
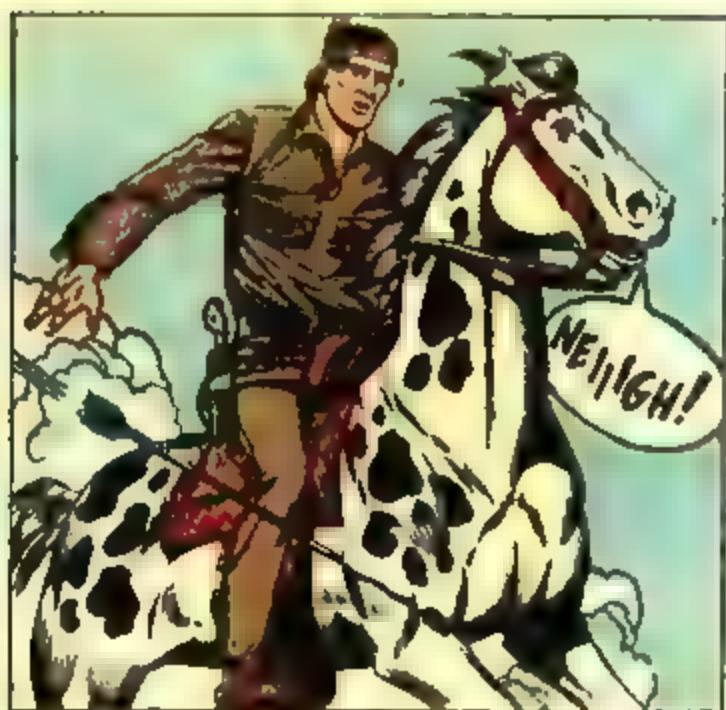


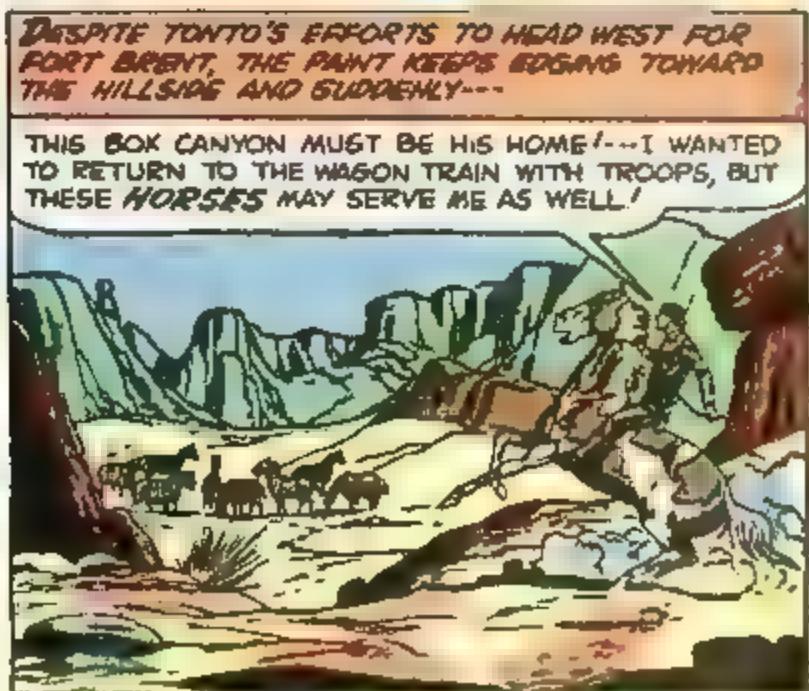
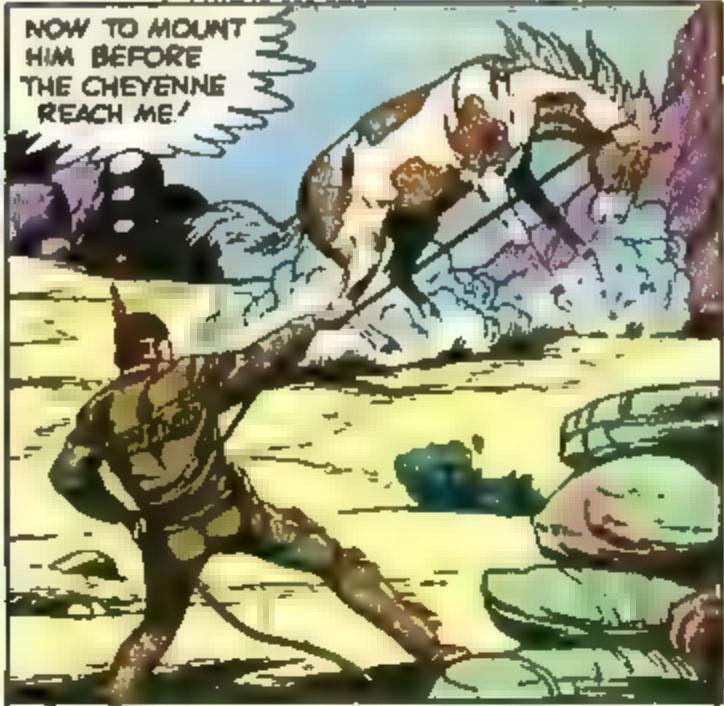
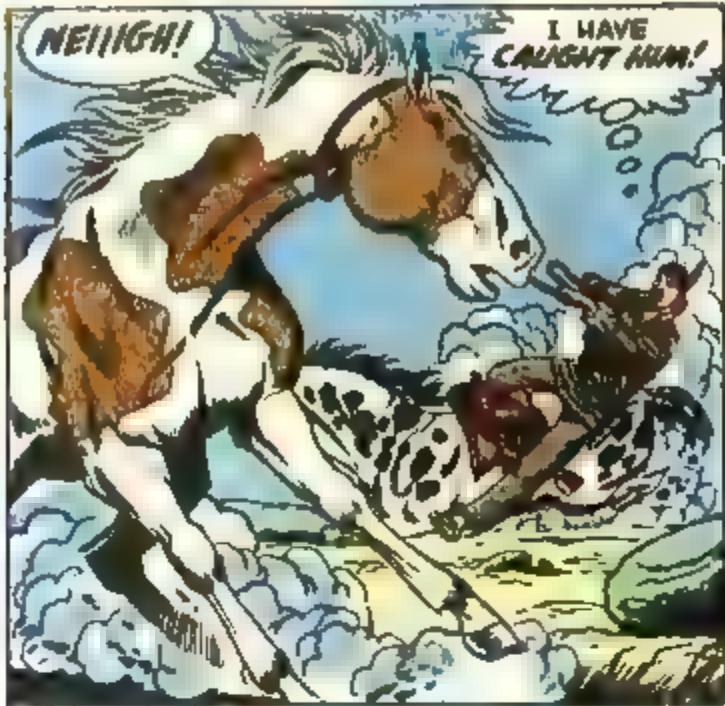


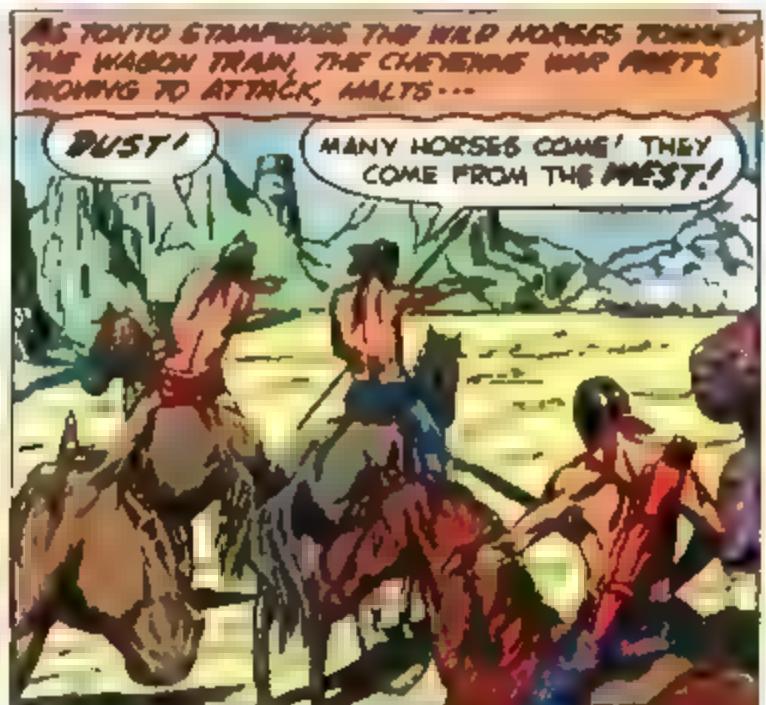




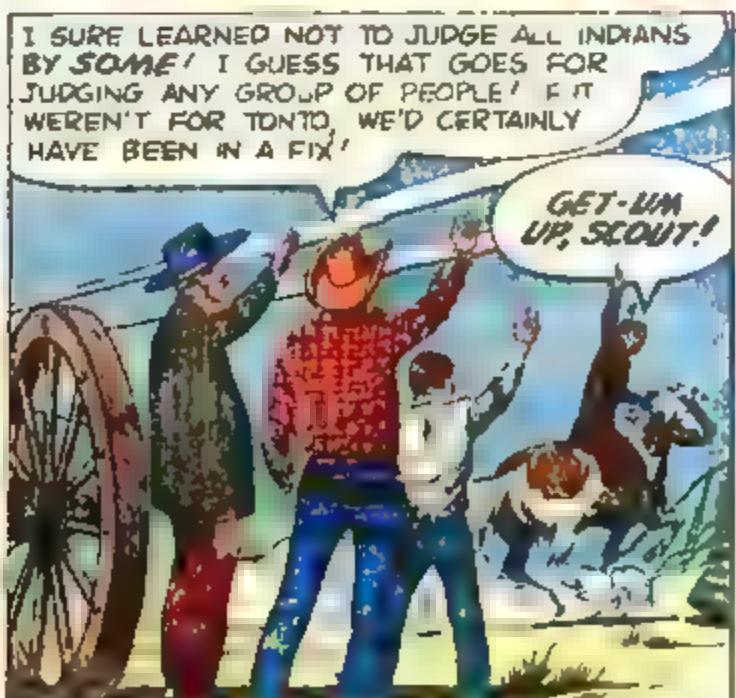
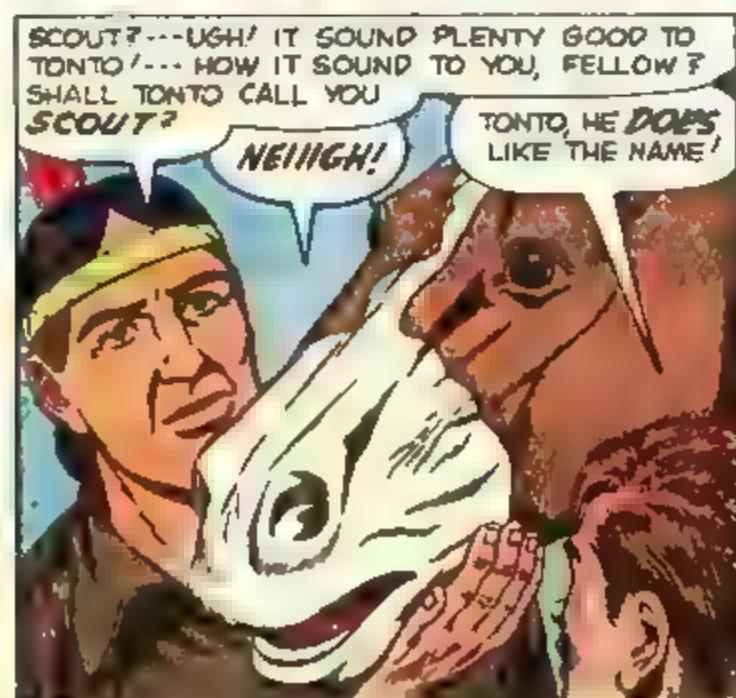
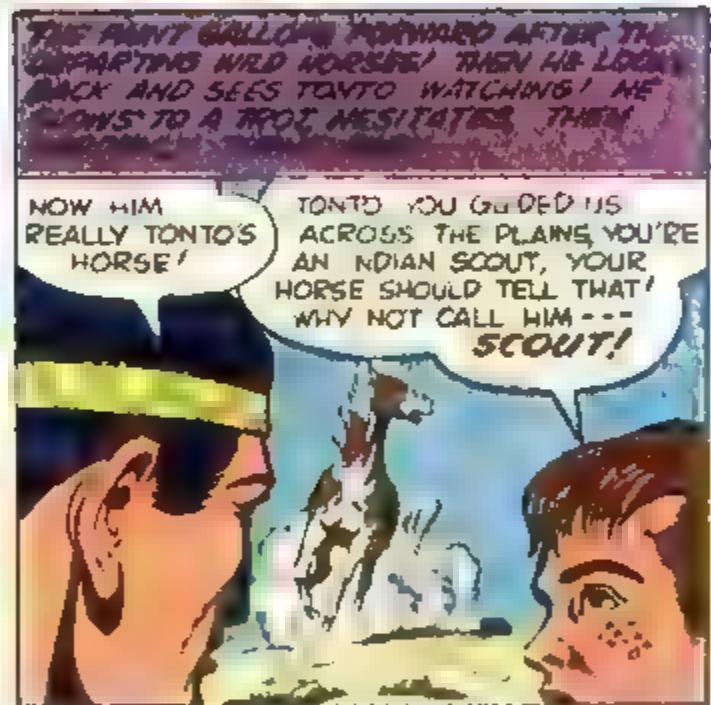
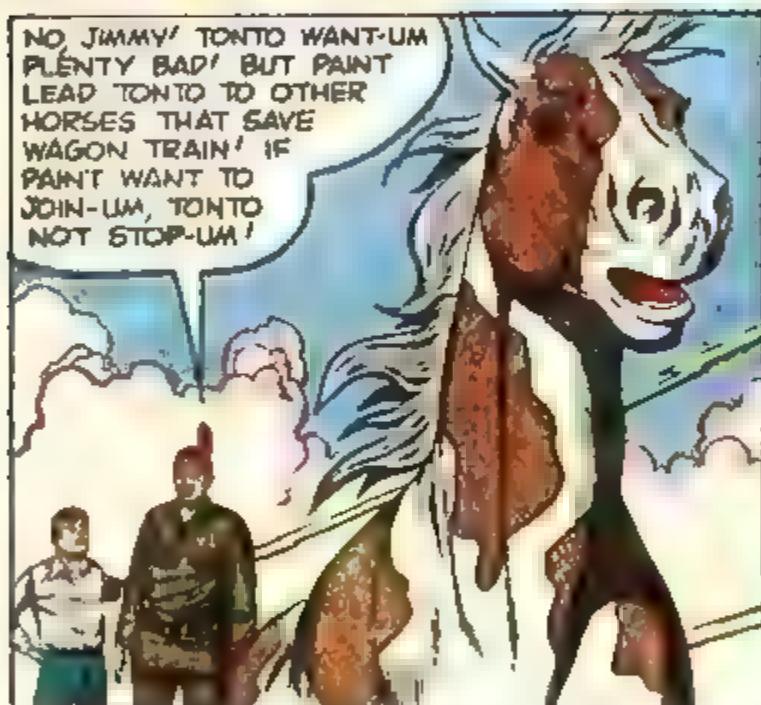
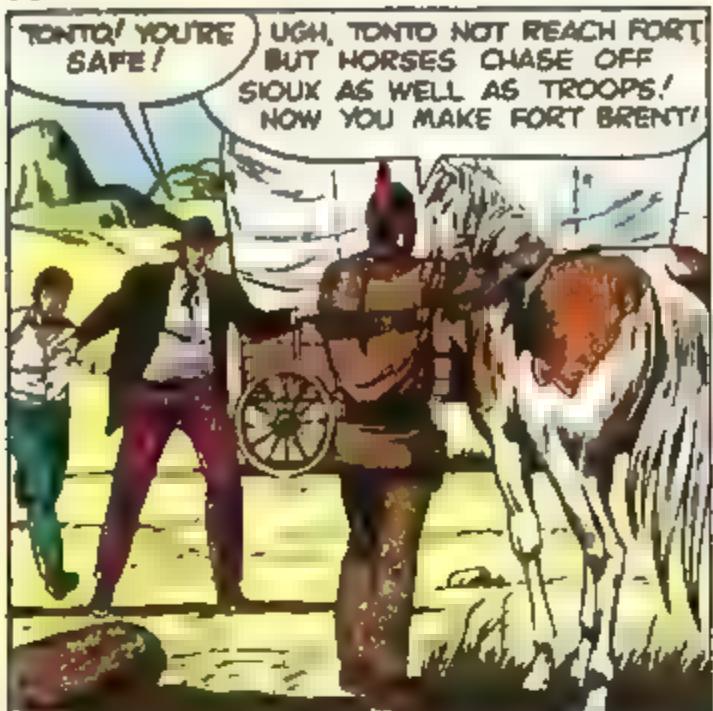


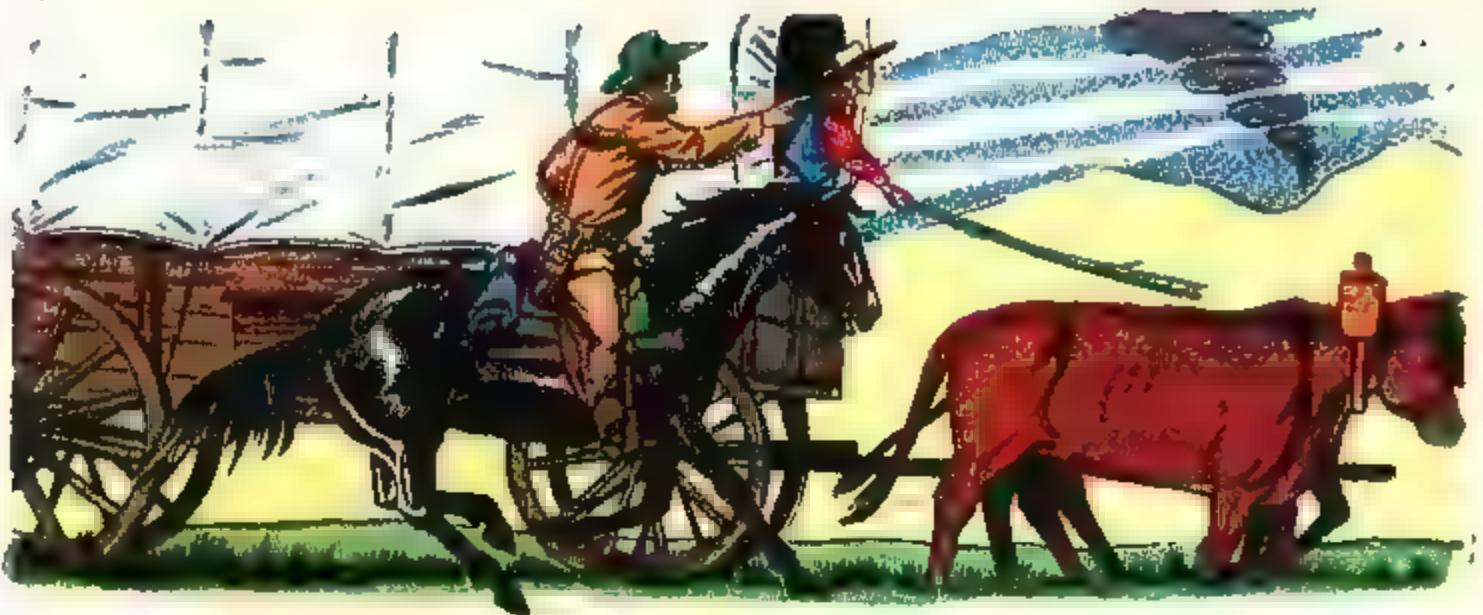










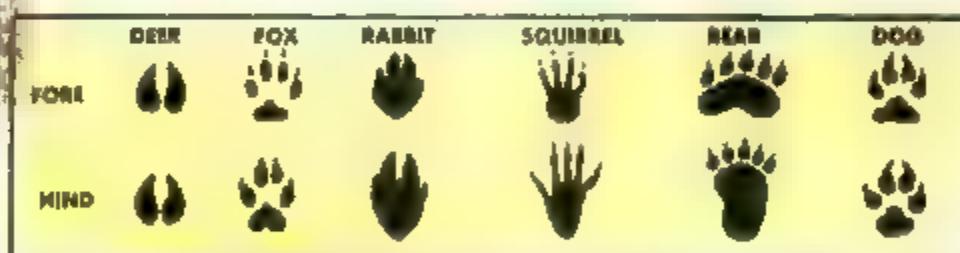


## The Western Scout

Pioneers, laboring across the great Western Plains in their prairie schooners, might never reach their destinations safely were it not for the work of the scout. Experienced in the ways of the wilderness, he is the eyes and ears of the train, guiding it safely through dangers from natural causes, Indians and wild animals.



**Moccasin tracks** are a sign of Indians, and by their shape identify the tribe of the wearer.



**Animal tracks** tell when the wild, dangerous types are near, or where small game may be found for food.



**Trail signs**, used by both Indians and pioneers, are used to mark the trail. They are made with materials at hand such as stones, twigs and grass knotted into small tufts.



**Smoke** from quick, small fires is used for signalling. One column means "The Camp is here." Smoke from two separate fires, rising in parallel columns, means "Come to Council." Three columns mean "Help."

# The Western Scout

(continued)

Shelter from the elements at the least affords a measure of comfort, but in the extreme can mean the difference between life and death.

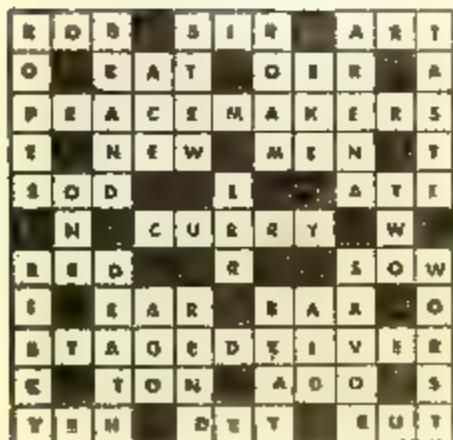
## HOW TO BUILD A LEAN-TO

Insert two forked sticks in the ground near a rock or an earth bank.



2. Place one end of a stick in each fork and extend the other end to the ground.

3. Lay branches across sticks and cover with brush.



ANSWER TO CROSSWORD CORRAL

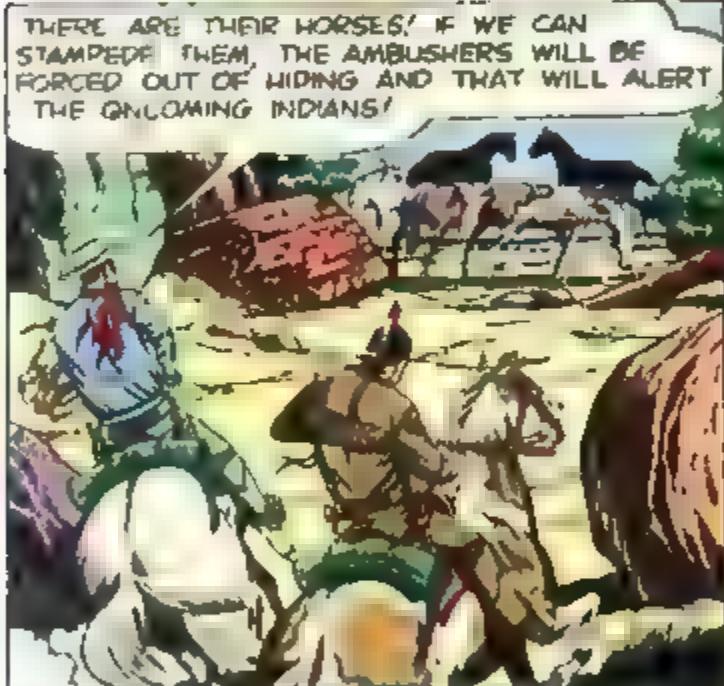
# SILVER

RANSOM FOR  
SILVER



KEMO SABAY,  
LOOK NEAR BOULDERS'

THOSE BRAVES ARE IN  
WAR PAINT, TONTO! IT  
IS AN AMBUSH!



THERE ARE THEIR HORSES! IF WE CAN  
STAMPEDE THEM, THE AMBUSHERS WILL BE  
FORCED OUT OF HIDING AND THAT WILL ALERT  
THE ONCOMING INDIANS!



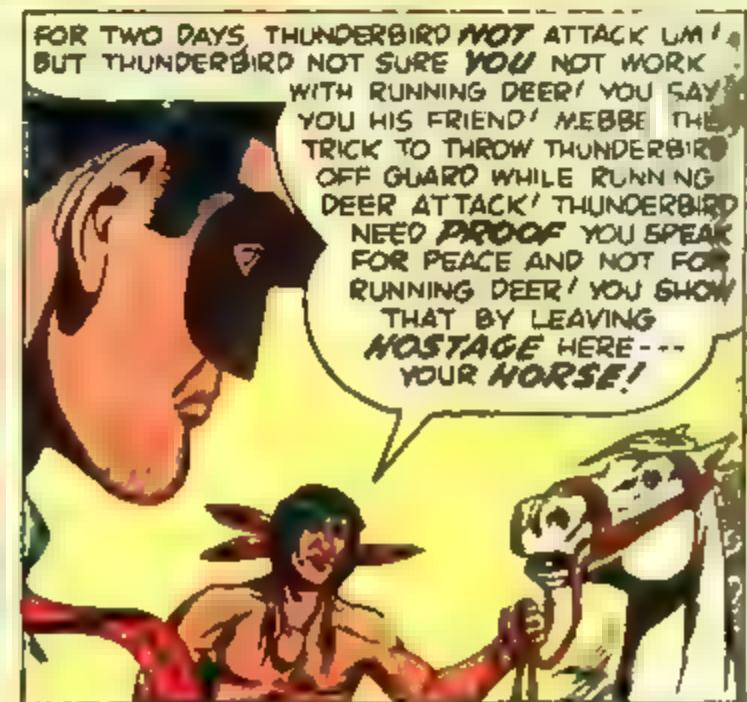
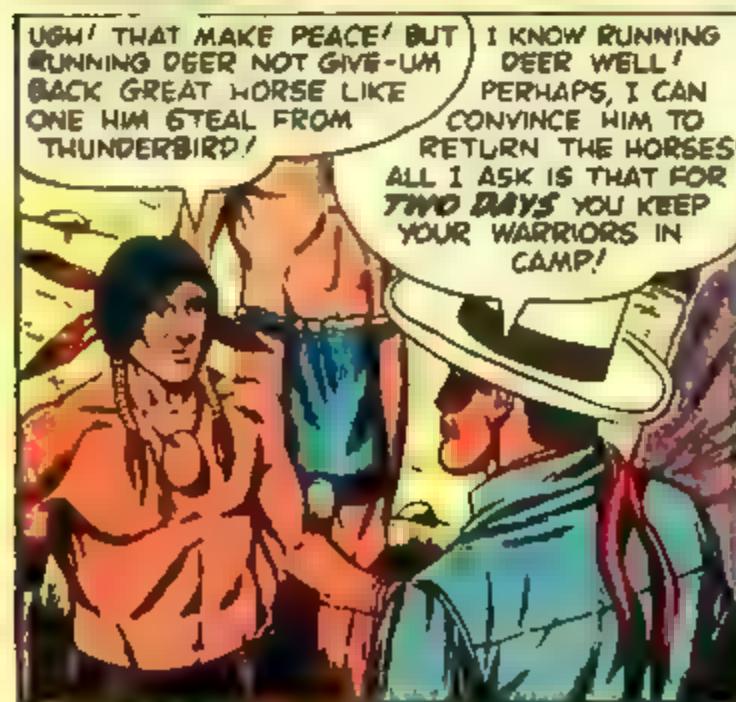
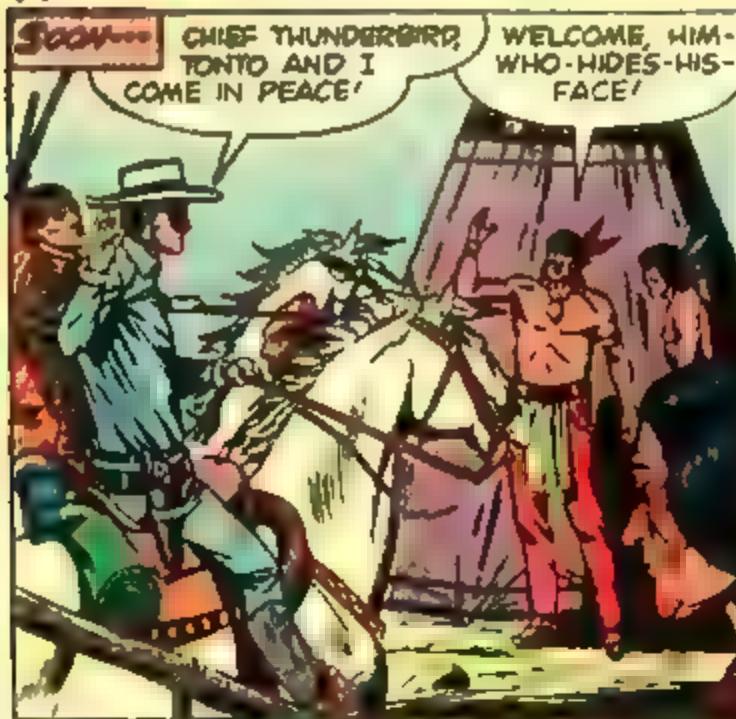
THEM  
LEAVE  
AMBUSH  
NOW!

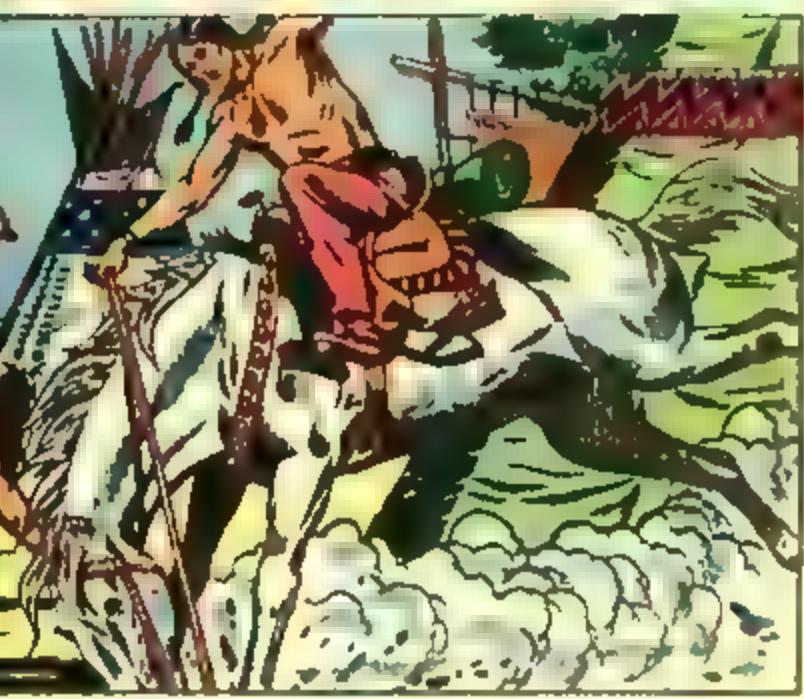
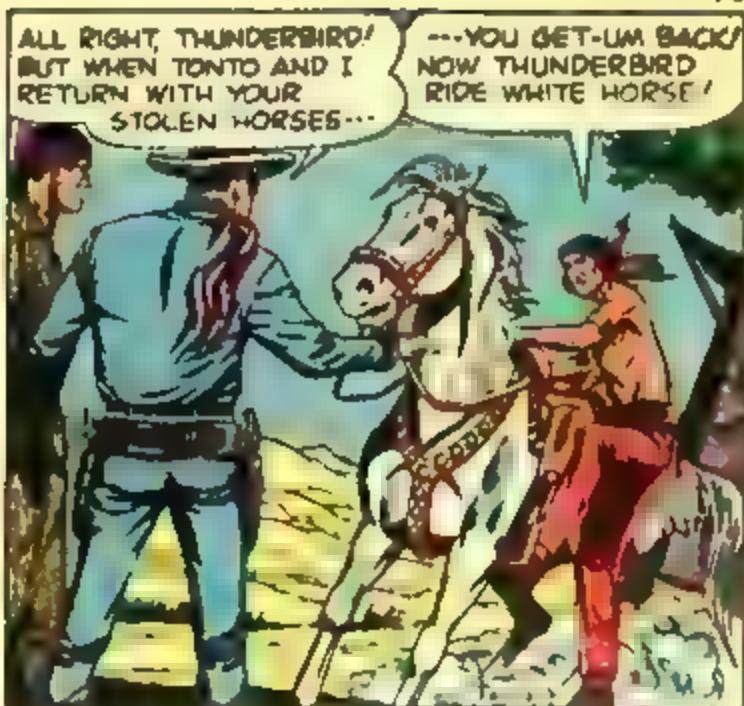
WE DON'T WANT TO  
BE SEEN BY THEM,  
TONTO! RIDE!

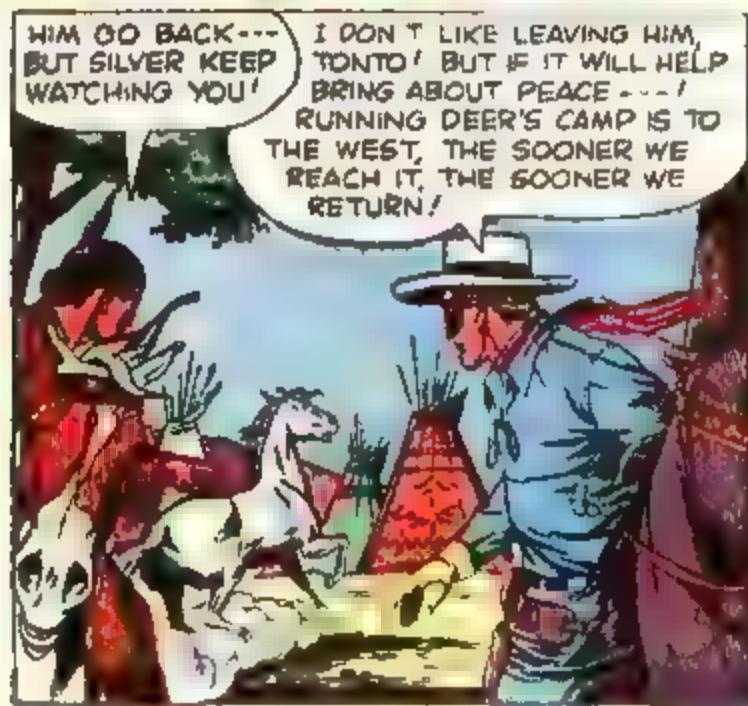
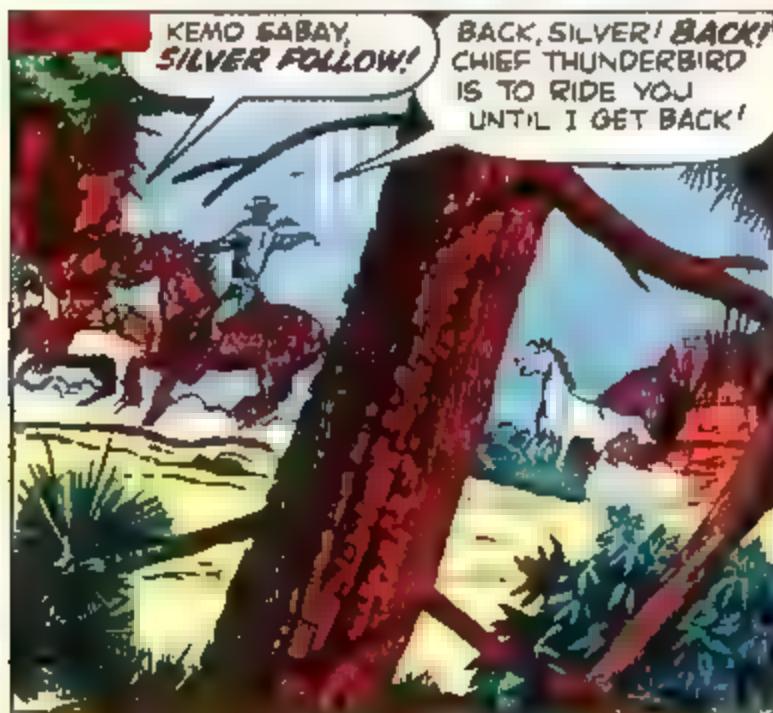
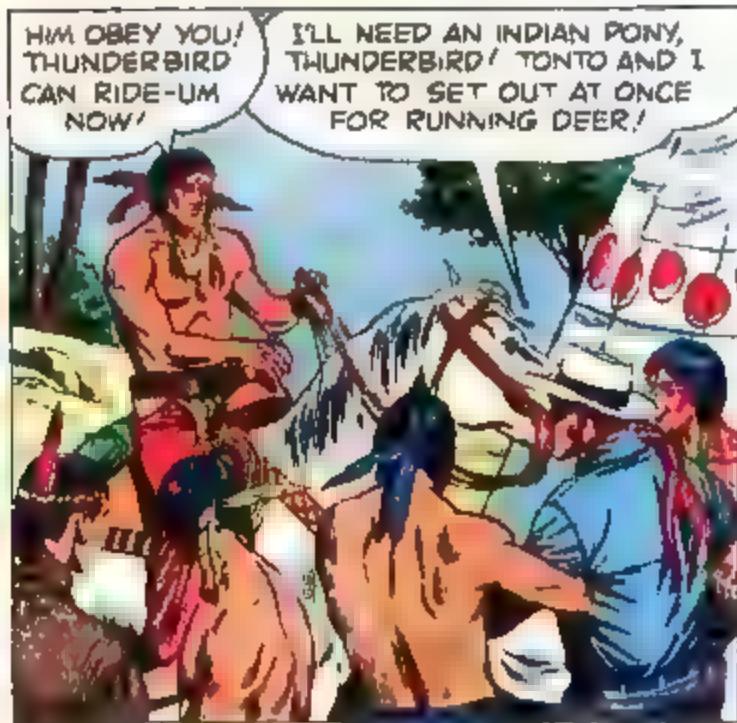


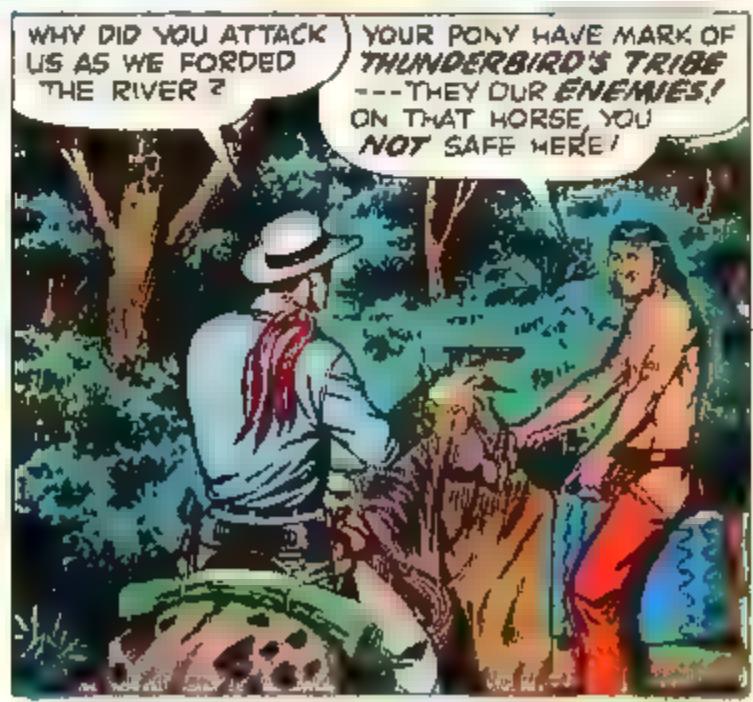
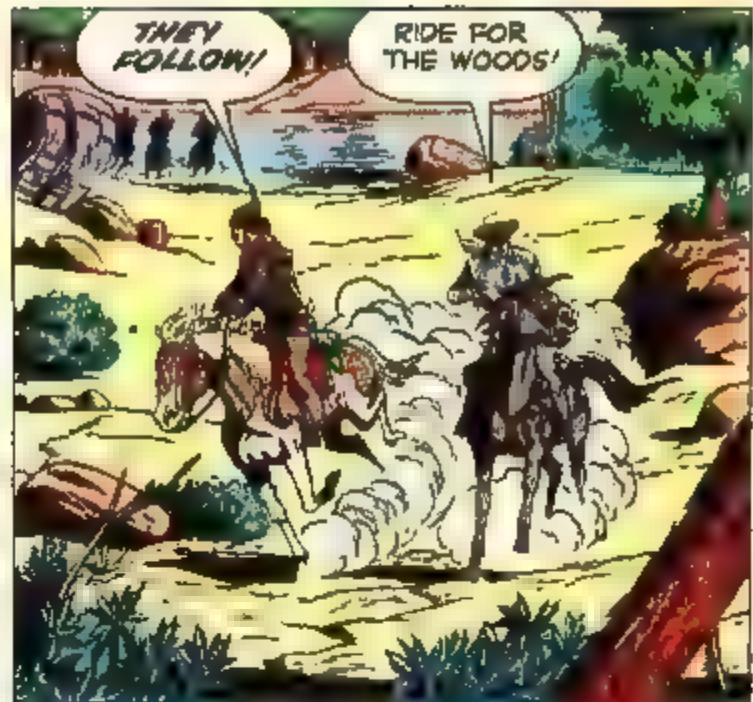
COME ON,  
SILVER!

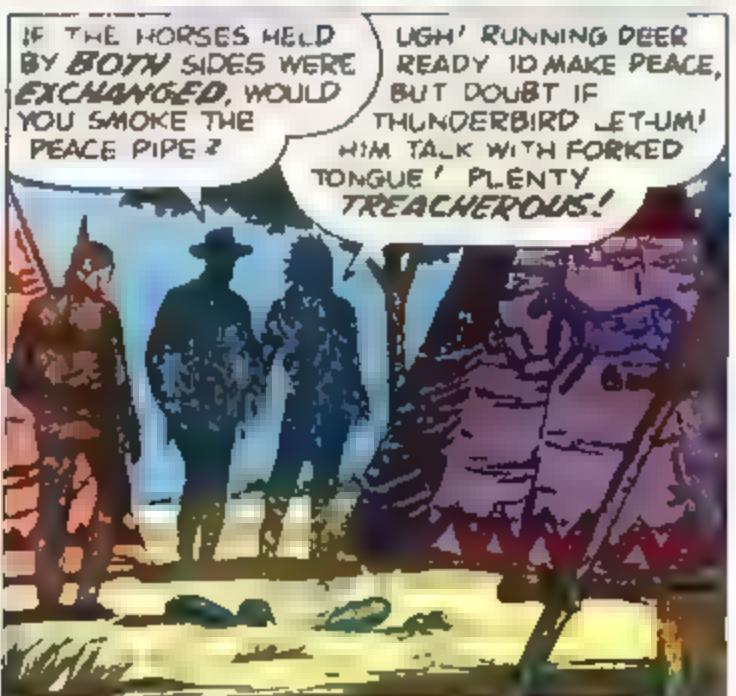
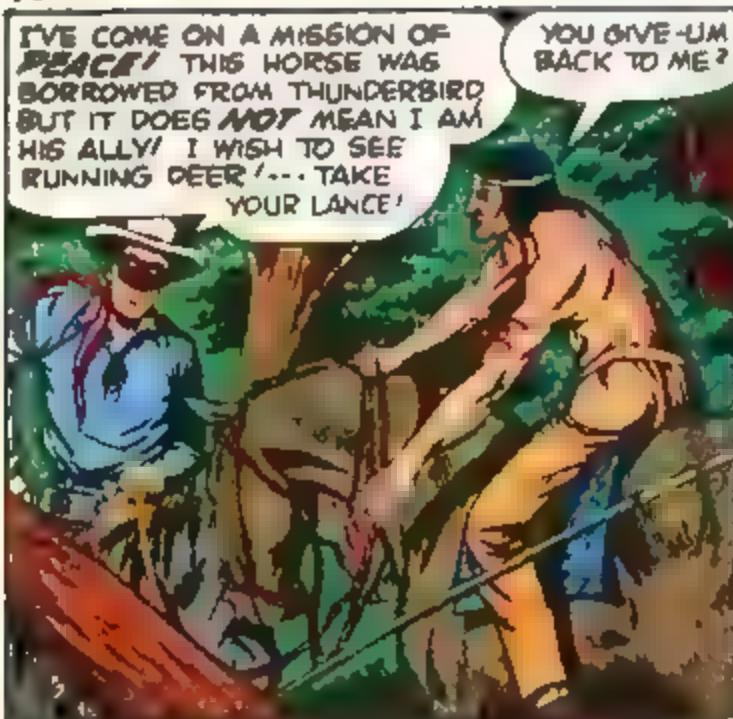
GET-UM  
UP, SCOUT!

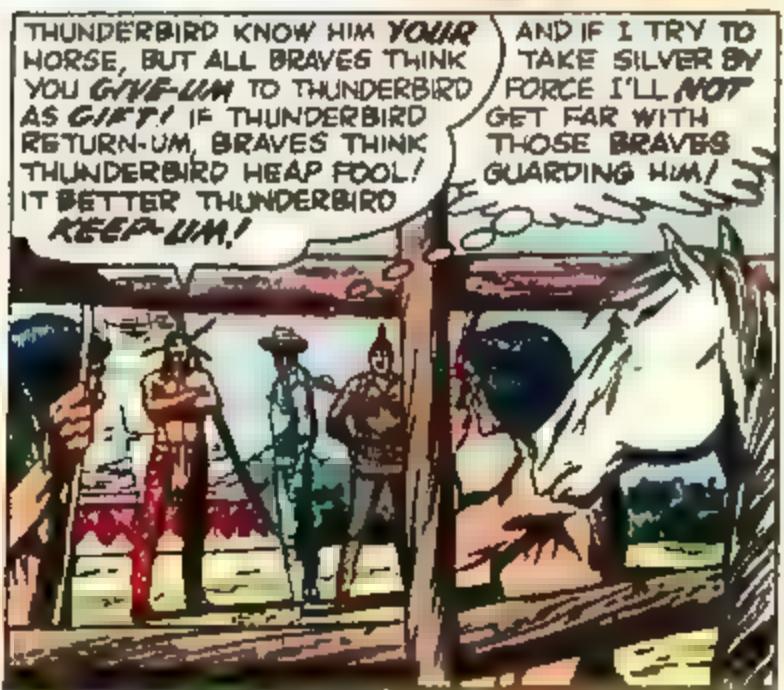
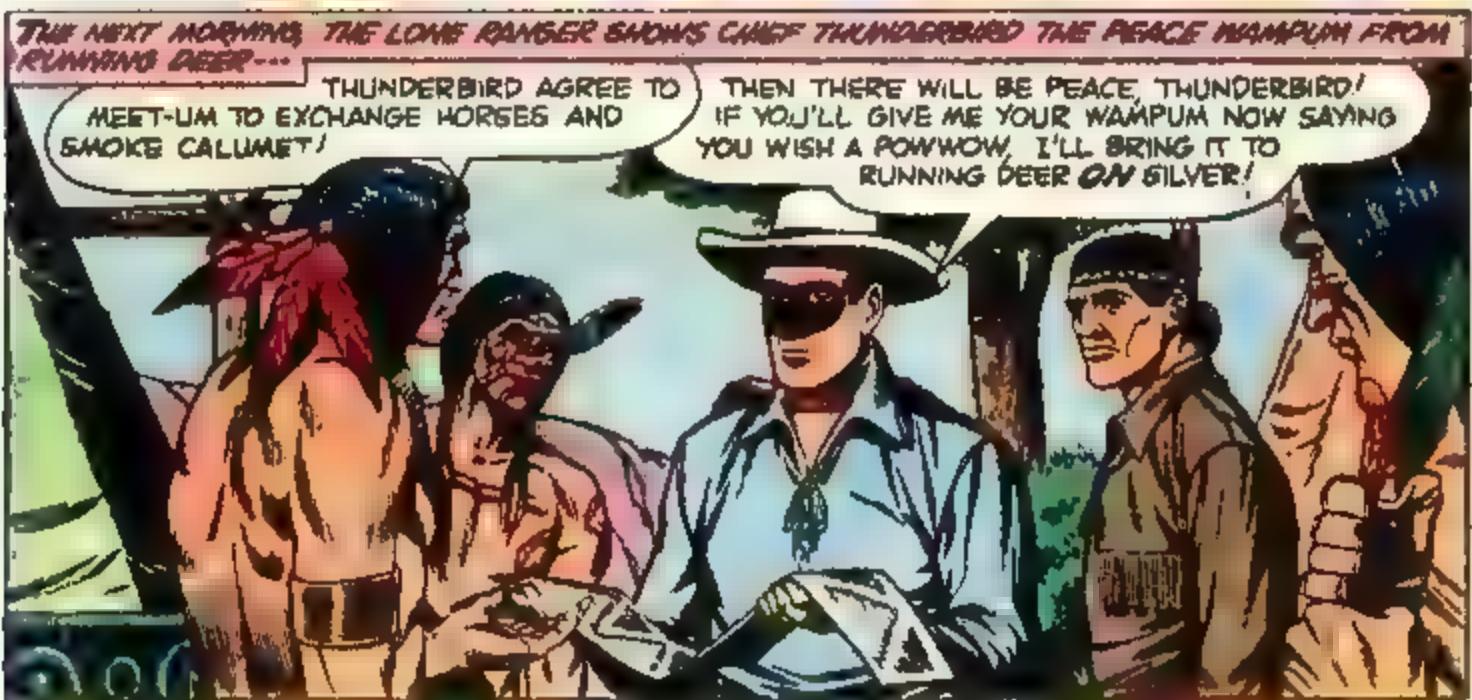
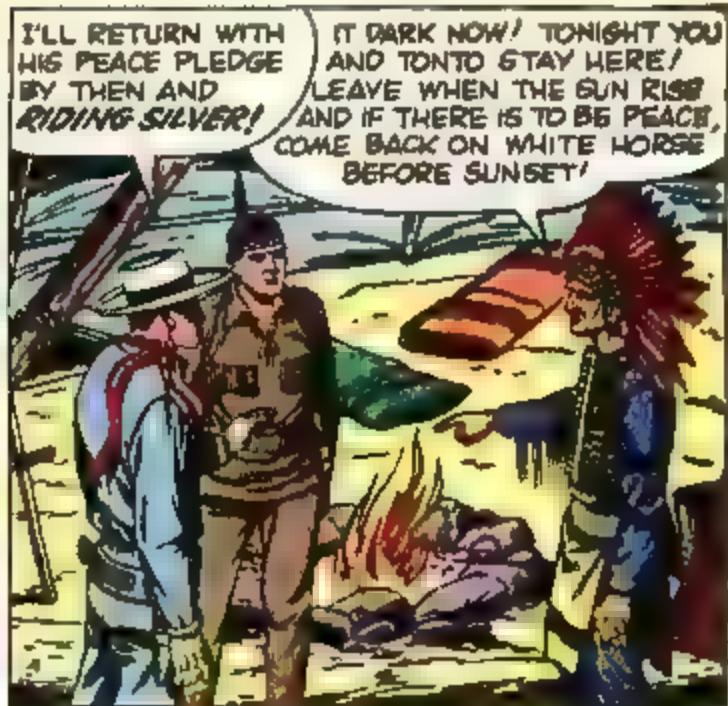
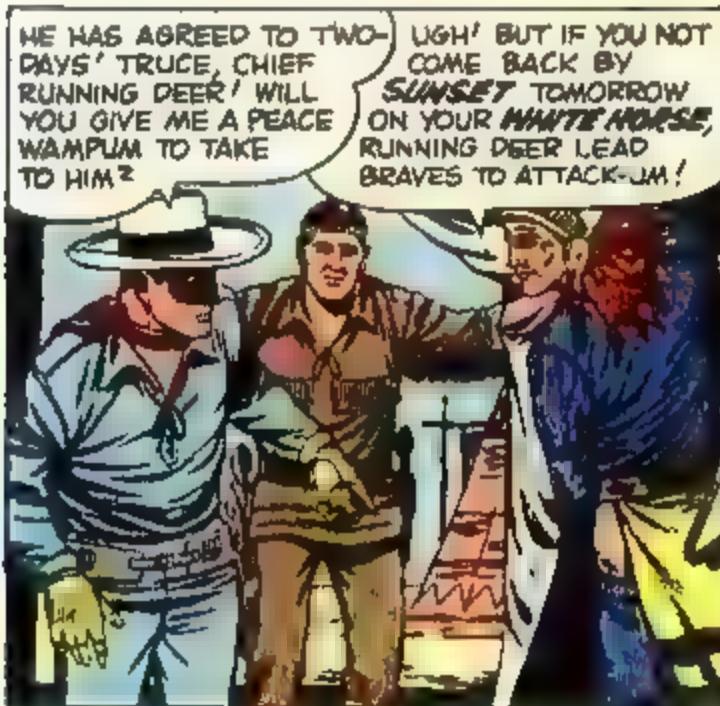












THUNDERBIRD, I TOLD RUNNING DEER WHEN I RETURNED TO LET MY BRAVES HIM, I WOULD BE RIDING SILVER! I MUST HAVE HIM BACK---BUT YOU OR THERE WILL BE NO PEACE!

I CANNOT SEE ME GIVE-UM BUY-UM!



BUY SILVER BACK? --- WHAT IS YOUR PRICE, THUNDERBIRD?

MANY SUNS AGO, DEER CARCASS WASHED DOWN ROARING RAPIDS RIVER! NOW ONLY HEAD LEFT THERE ON ROCK IN MIDDLE OF RAPIDS! THAT HEAD REAL PRIZE ---ONLY THING THUNDERBIRD CAN TAKE FOR WHITE HORSE!



EASY FELLOW---DON'T WORRY, TONTO AND I WILL GET THE DEER'S HEAD FOR THUNDERBIRD! WE'LL BE RIDING TOGETHER SOON, SILVER!

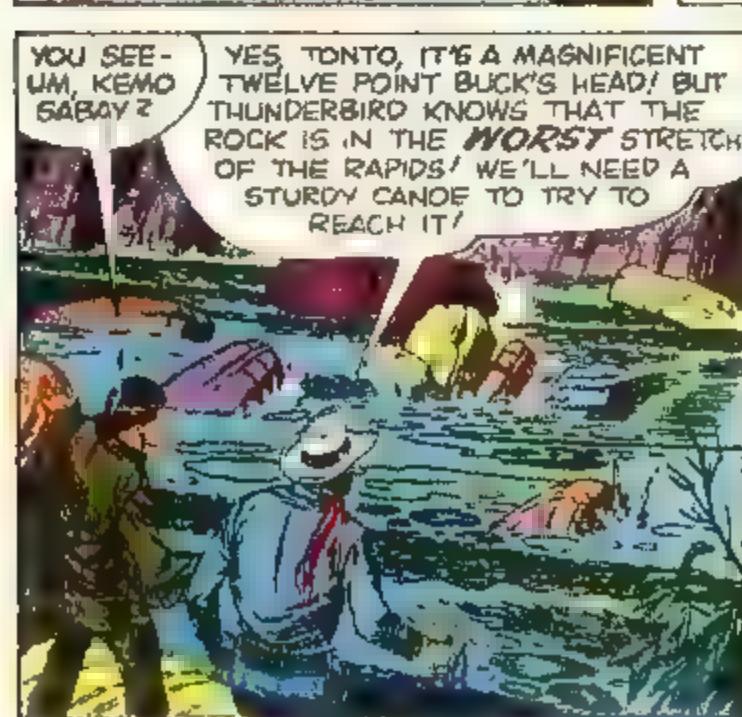


SOON AFTER, FROM THE TOP OF A STEEP GORGE, THE LONE RANGER FOCUSES HIS BINOCULARS ON A ROCK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WILDLY SWIRLING ROARING RAPIDS---



YOU SEE-UM, KEMO SABAY?

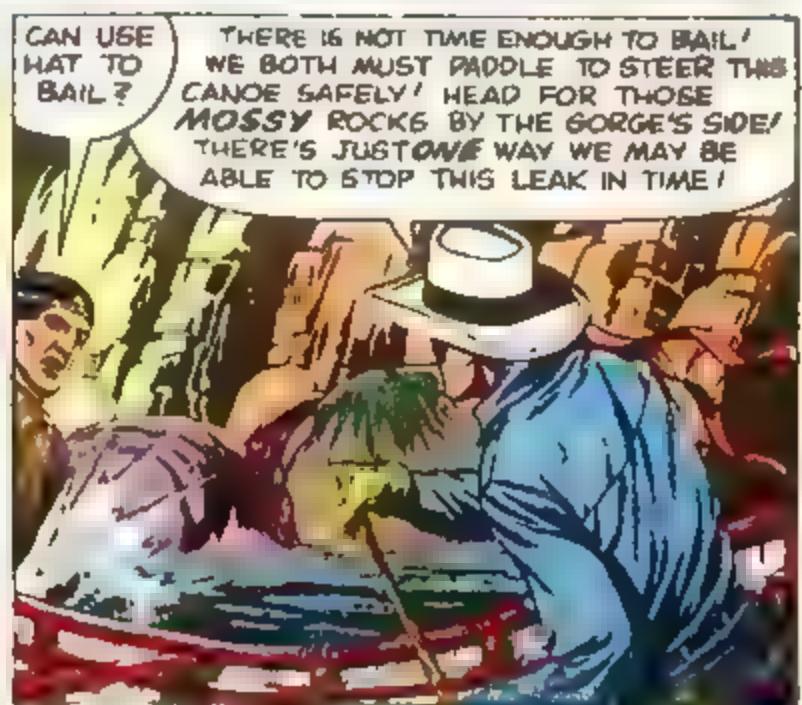
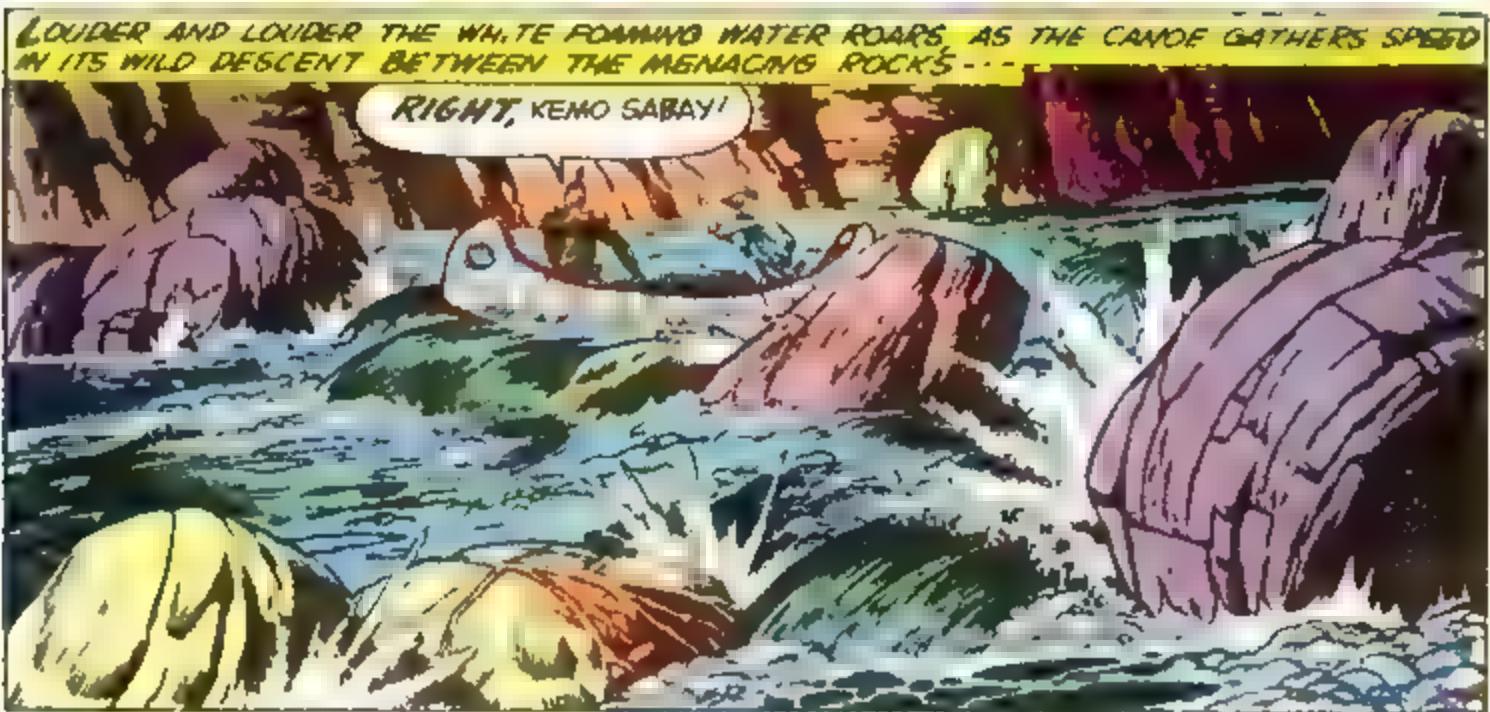
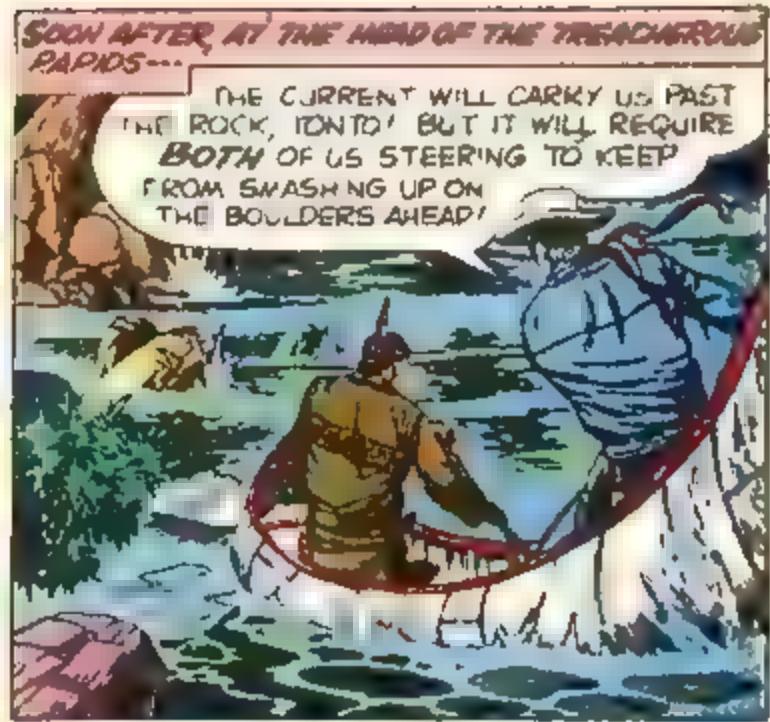
YES, TONTO, IT'S A MAGNIFICENT TWELVE POINT BUCK'S HEAD! BUT THUNDERBIRD KNOWS THAT THE ROCK IS IN THE **WORST** STRETCH OF THE RAPIDS! WE'LL NEED A STURDY CANOE TO TRY TO REACH IT!



MEANWHILE---

WHEN THEY RETURN AND ASK FOR A CANOE, THIS WILL BE THE ONE I SHALL OFFER THEM! THEN THE WHITE HORSE WILL BE MINE, FOR THEY WILL NOT DISCOVER THE LEAK UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE!





AND AS THE CANOE RACES BY THE MOSS-COVERED ROCK WALL, THE LONE RANGER RIPS THE SOFT, POROUS MOSS FROM THE STONE---



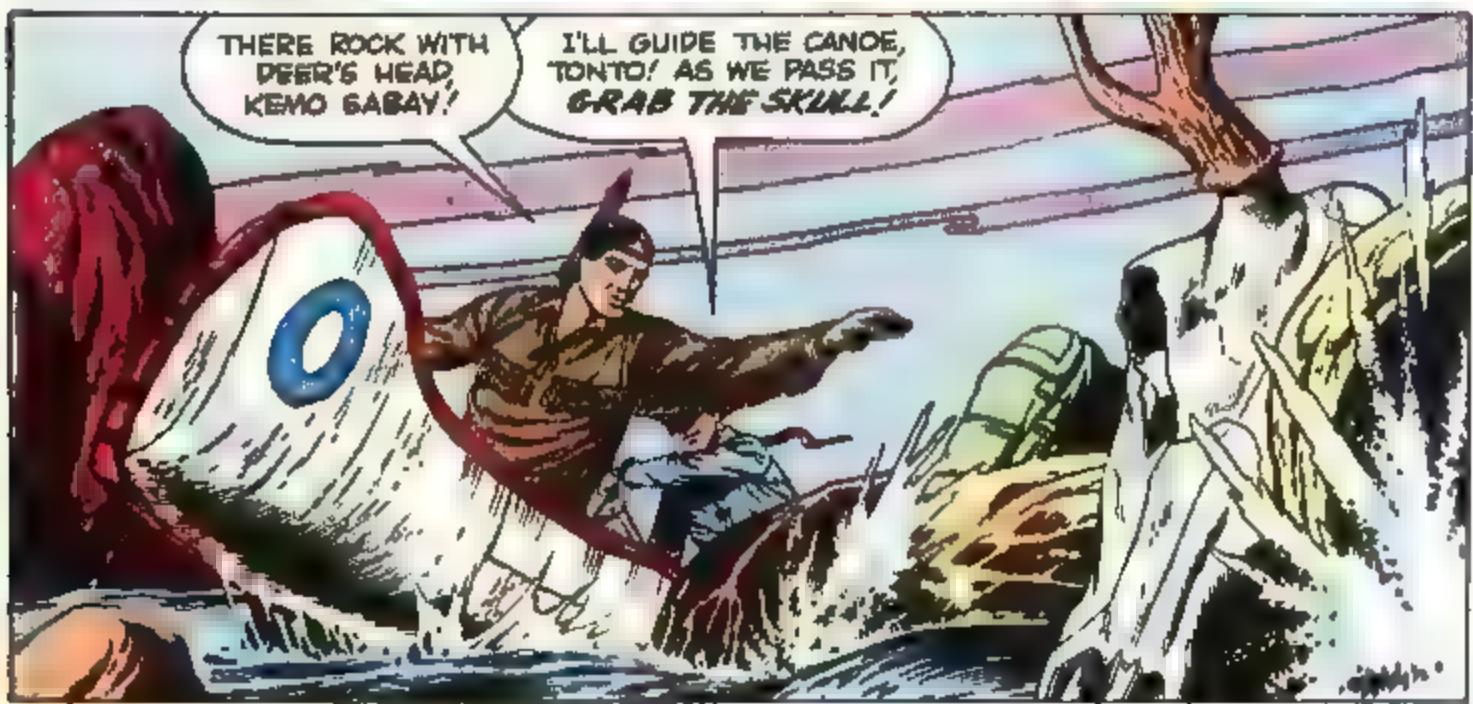
THEN WITH HIS BOOT HEEL, HE FOUND THE PLIABLE MOSS INTO THE HOLE---

THERE! THE MOSS WILL KEEP MOST OF THE WATER OUT! BUT THAT PLUG WILL NOT STAY IN PLACE LONG!



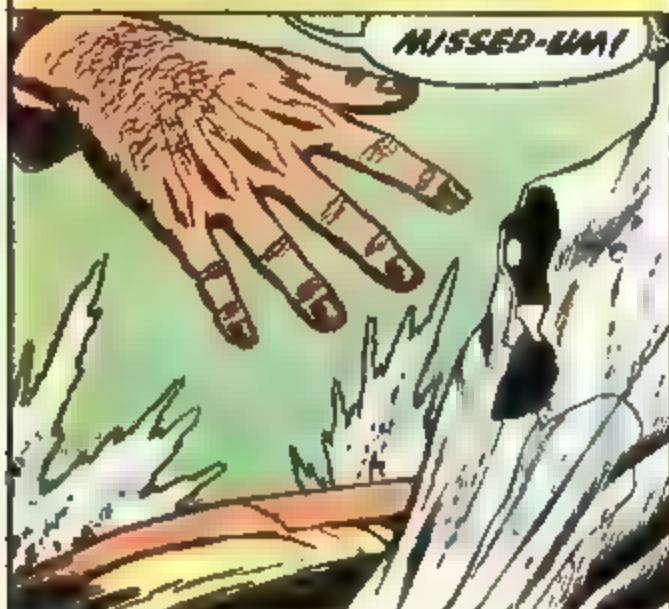
THERE ROCK WITH DEER'S HEAD, KEMO BABAY!

I'LL GUIDE THE CANOE, TONTO! AS WE PASS IT, GRAB THE SKULL!



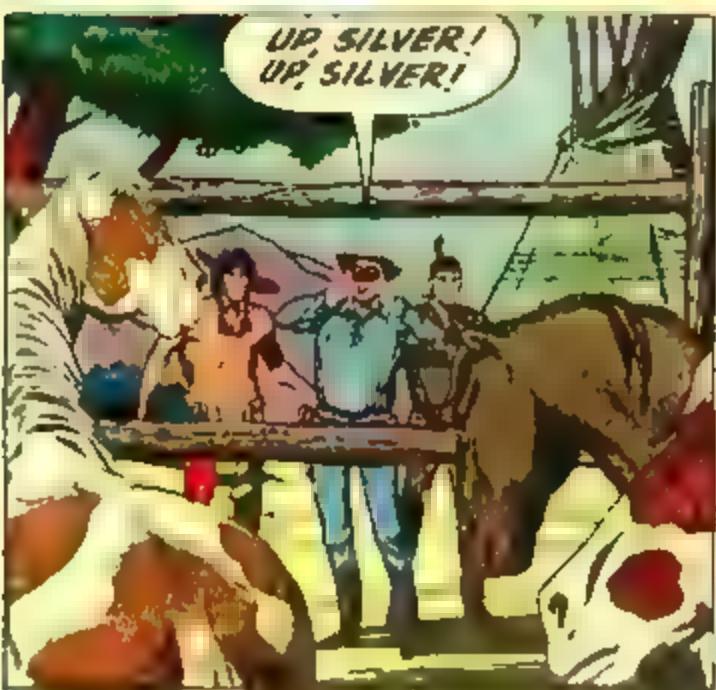
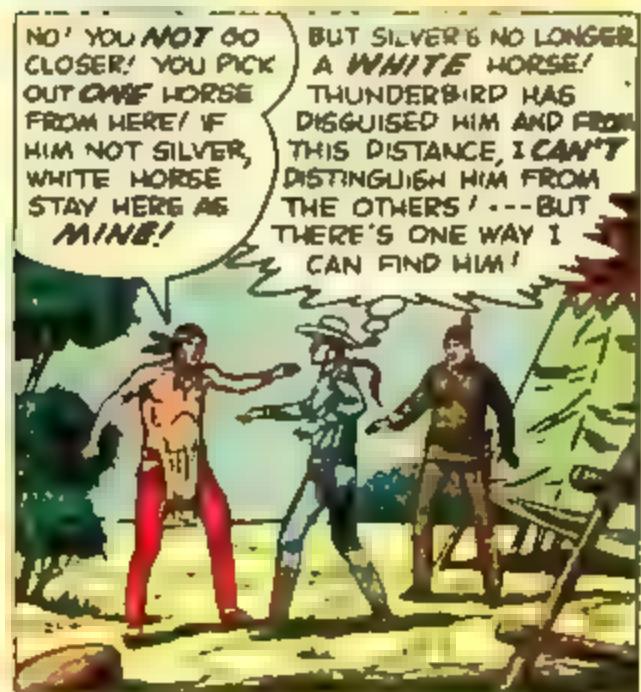
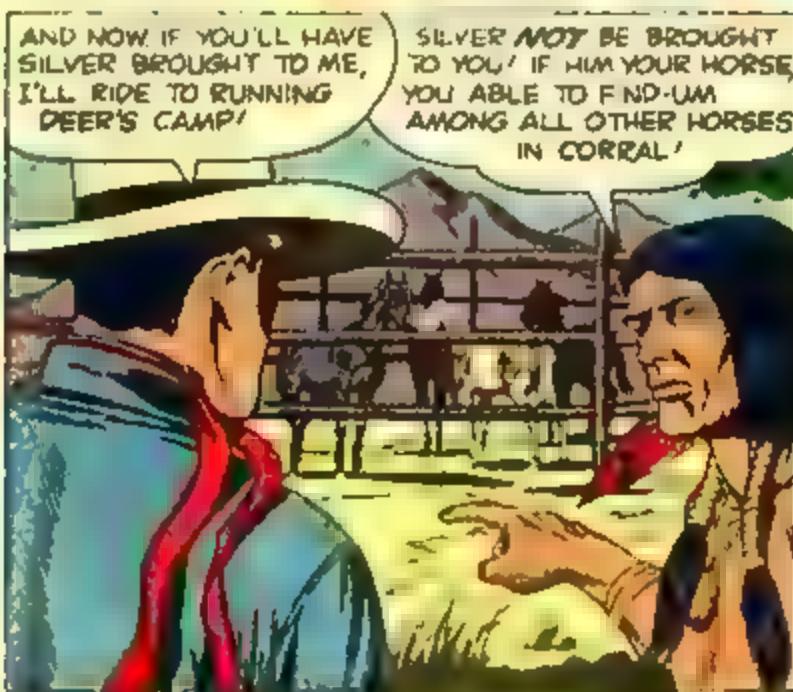
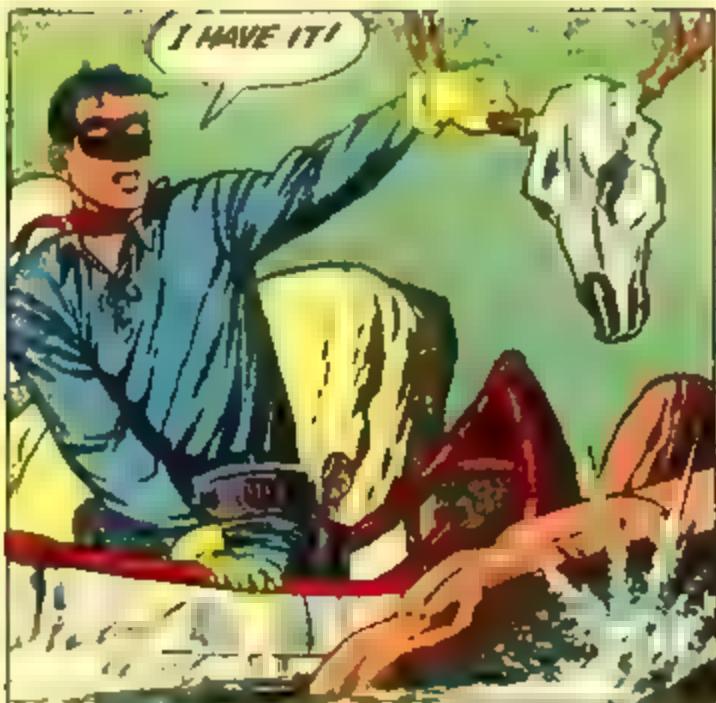
BUT THE POWERFUL, TRICKY CURRENT SUDDENLY PUSHES THE CANOE AWAY---

MISSED-UM!



WE'LL NOT BE ABLE TO MAKE THIS RUN A SECOND TIME!... IT'S NOW OR NEVER!





QUICKLY THE LONE RANGER SADDLES THE STILL MUD-COVERED SILVER AND THEY RACE FOR RUNNING DEER'S CAMP---

THERE RIVER, BUT SUN ALREADY DOWN!  
RUNNING DEER'S BRAVES ARE STARTING TO COME OVER---AND THEY ARE IN WAR PAINT!



RUNNING DEER, HIM-OF-THE-BLACK-MASK COMES!

YES, BUT NOT ON HIS WHITE HORSE! THAT MEANS THUNDERBIRD DOES NOT WANT PEACE! WE SHALL ATTACK!



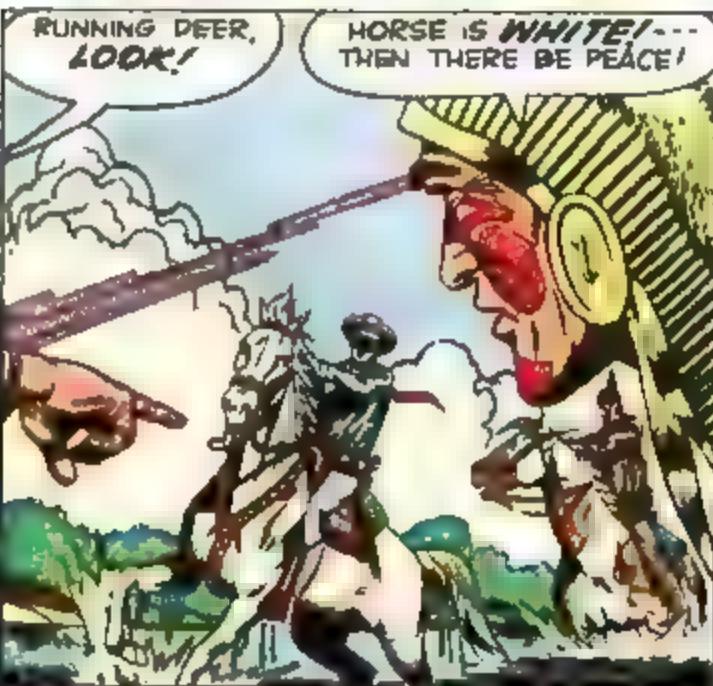
WAIT, RUNNING DEER! PUT UP YOUR WEAPONS! I BRING A PEACE WAMPUM FROM THUNDERBIRD!

MEBBE WAMPUM SAY PEACE, BUT RUNNING DEER NOT BELIEVE THUNDERBIRD SINCE HIM NOT RETURN YOUR WHITE HORSE TO YOU!



RUNNING DEER,  
LOOK!

HORSE IS WHITE!--  
THEN THERE BE PEACE!

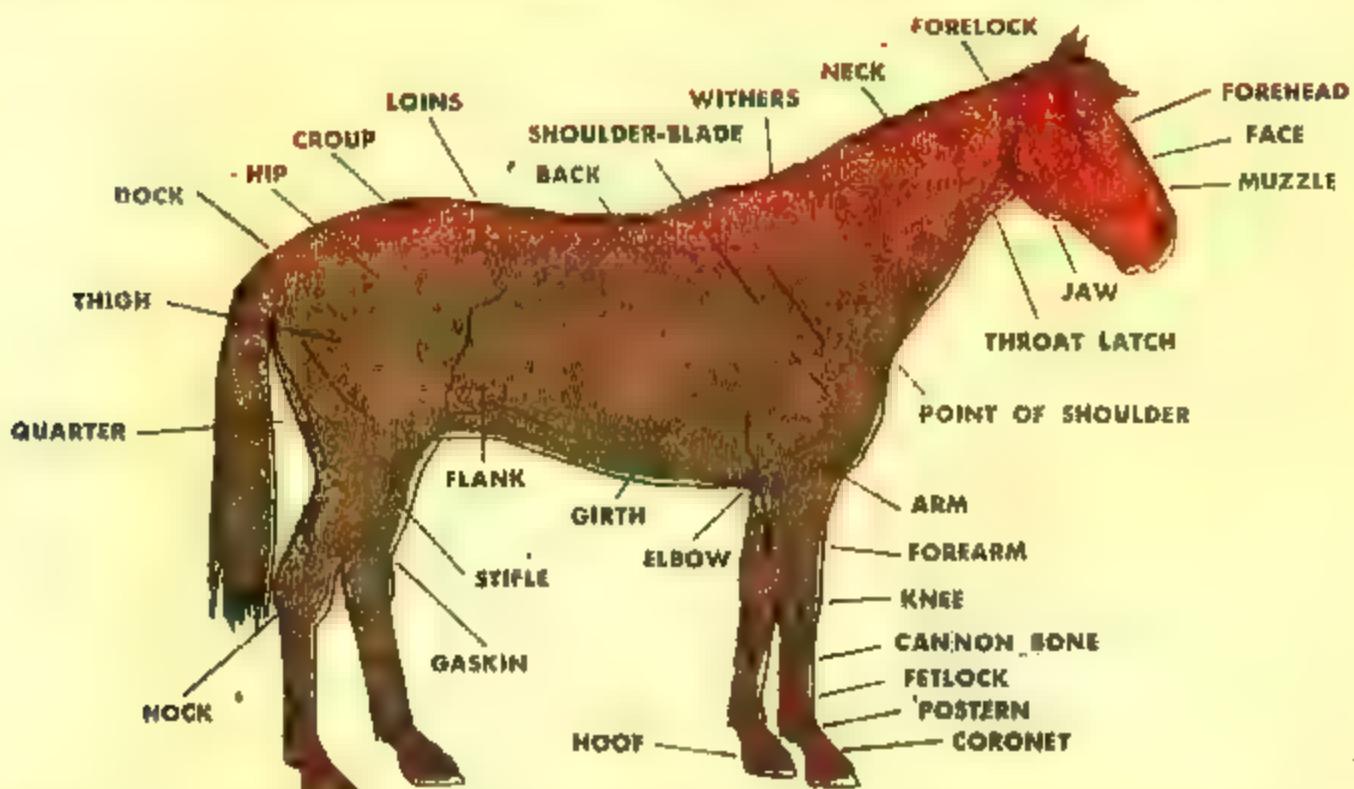


IT DIFFICULT  
RANSOM YOU PAY  
FOR SILVER!

YES, TONTO, BUT IT WAS  
WORTH IT TO BRING  
ABOUT PEACE!--  
HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!



# The anatomy of the horse



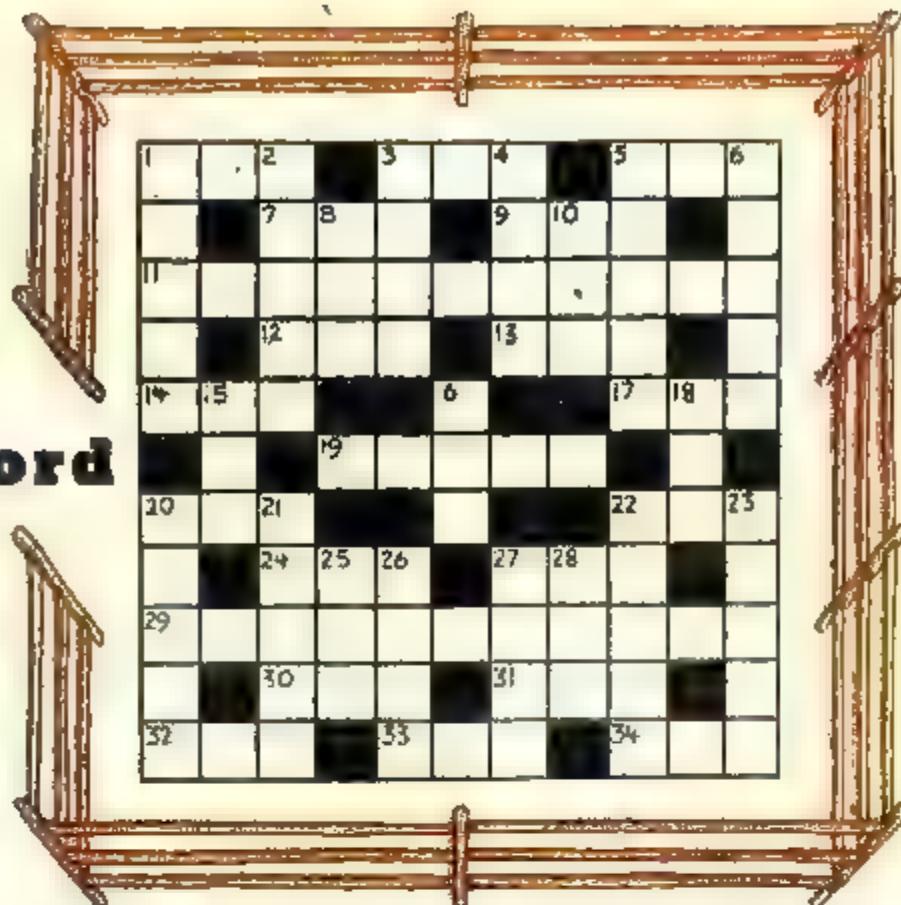
**THE BACK** of a horse was never intended by nature to bear a man's weight. A weak spinal column may often bend downward under the load and, at times, become so severely crippled that the horse is called swayback. One way to avoid this condition is to ride up on the shoulders, or back on the haunches if the horse seems to have a weak back.



**THE HOOF** of a horse is made up of horny parts separated by layers of soft, nourishing tissue. He walks on the horny parts, but with hard work over rough ground, they soon wear down. To prevent this, a metal shoe is nailed to the horny edge of his hoof—a process which is completely painless.



**THE MOUTH** of a horse is one of the most sensitive parts of his body. For this reason, a bit and bridle, gently handled by an experienced rider will guide a trained horse according to the wishes of its master. The bridle must be handled with care, however, so as not to cut or otherwise injure the horse's mouth.



## Crossword

corral

### ACROSS

- Outlaw business.
- Polite-like "mister."
- Saddle Tooling is an \_\_\_\_.
- Desert rodent.
- Over [poetical].
- Nickname for .44's.
- Opposite of old
- Many brave \_\_\_\_\_ and women settled the old west.
- Grassy earth.
- Had a meal.
- To groom a horse.
- Bandanna color.
- To scatter seed.
- We hear with this.
- Sheep talk.
- Driver of a stagecoach.
- 2,000 lbs.
- Fuss and noise.
- Same as yes.
- No rain.
- A wagon track.

### DOWN

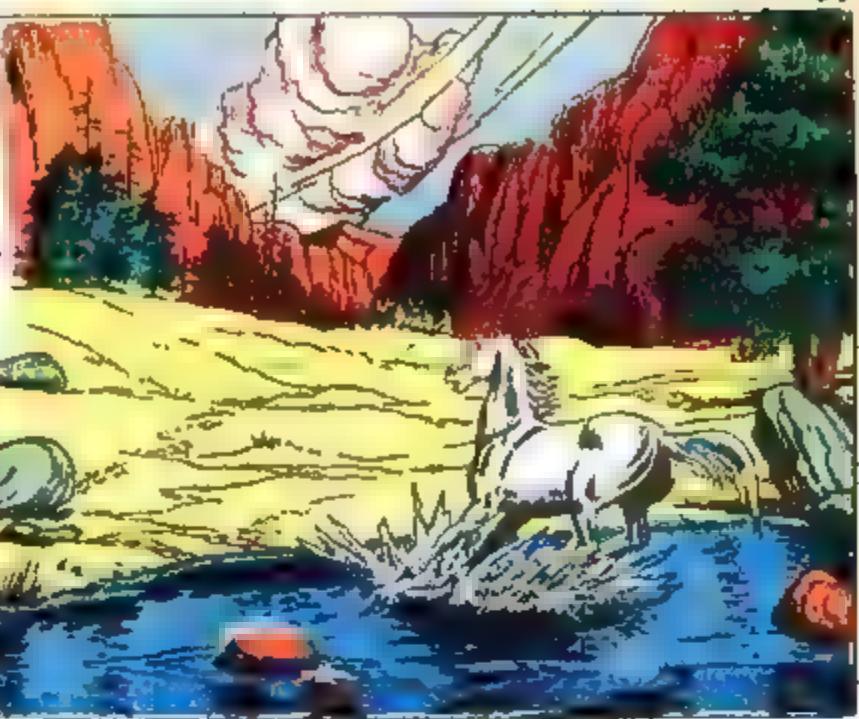
- A cowboy \_\_\_\_\_ a steer.
- All cattlemen put this on cattle.
- Chuckwagon dish.
- To wander.
- Rodeo ring.
- A quality of food.
- Gambler's card
- To just manage to make a living.
- A single thing.
- To make a mistake.
- The number it takes to make a quarrel.
- Busting a bronc is often \_\_\_\_\_.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Valley.
- Cowboy food has this quality.
- Most unfavourable.
- Years \_\_\_\_\_ (time long past).
- To tear.
- Sound a donkey makes.
- Help.

SEE ANSWER ON "HOW TO BUILD A LEAN-TO" PAGE

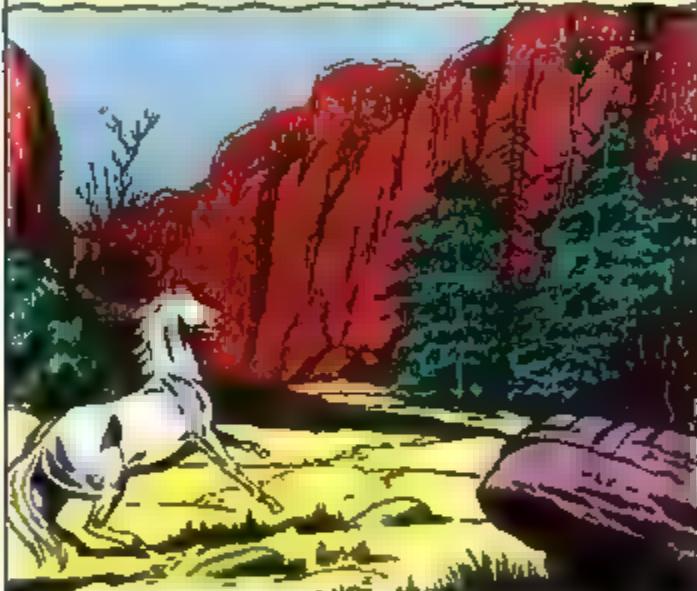
# SILVER

## THE EAGLE'S NEST

AS A COLT, SILVER EXPLORES WILD HORSE VALLEY, SEEKING OUT ITS REMOTE CORNERS, SPLASHING ACROSS ITS WINDING RIVER AND RUNNING BELOW ITS TOWERING CLIFFS ---



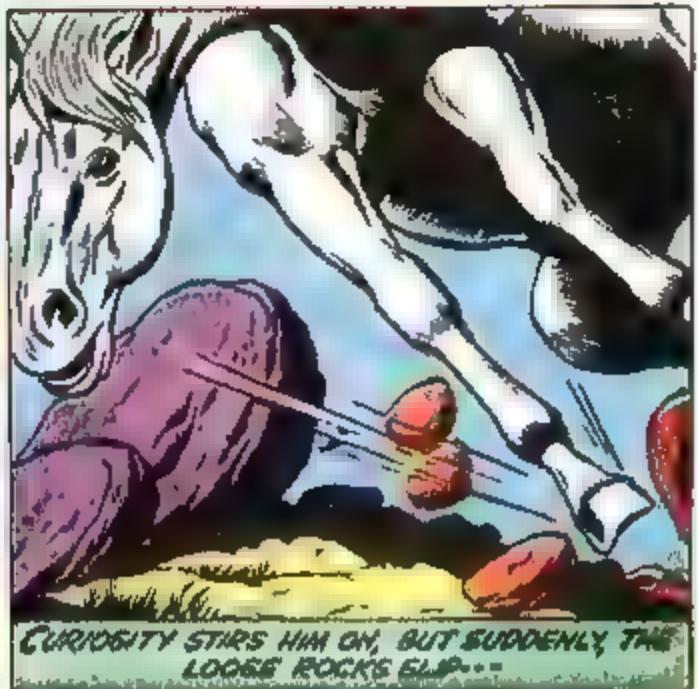
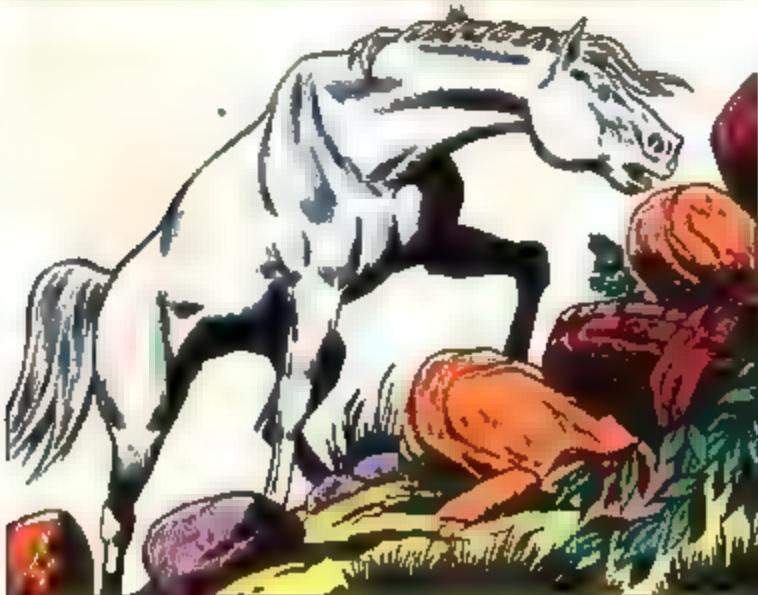
AND SUDDENLY, SILVER STOPS, FOR THERE HIGH UP IN A TALL, DEAD TREE, HE SEES A STRANGE THING ---



NO MATTER HOW HARD HE STARES AT IT, SILVER CAN'T MAKE OUT THE OBJECT! HE HAS SEEN BIRD'S NESTS, BUT THIS IS MUCH LARGER THAN ANY HE HAS SEEN! IF HE COULD REACH THE CLIFF TOP ABOVE THE TREE, THEN HE COULD TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THE MYSTERIOUS THING ---



CAREFULLY, SILVER PICKS HIS WAY UP THE STEEP, PATHLESS CLIFFSIDE ---

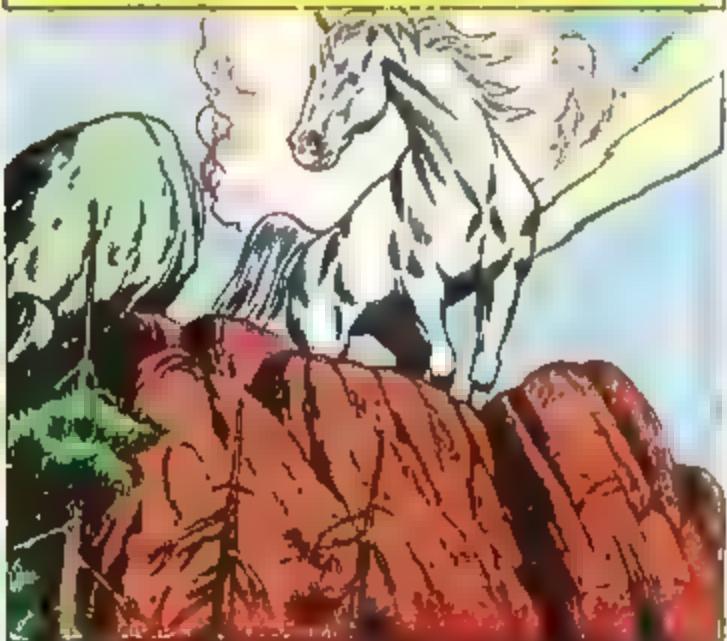


CURIOSITY STIRS HIM ON, BUT SUDDENLY, THE LOOSE ROCKS SLIP ---

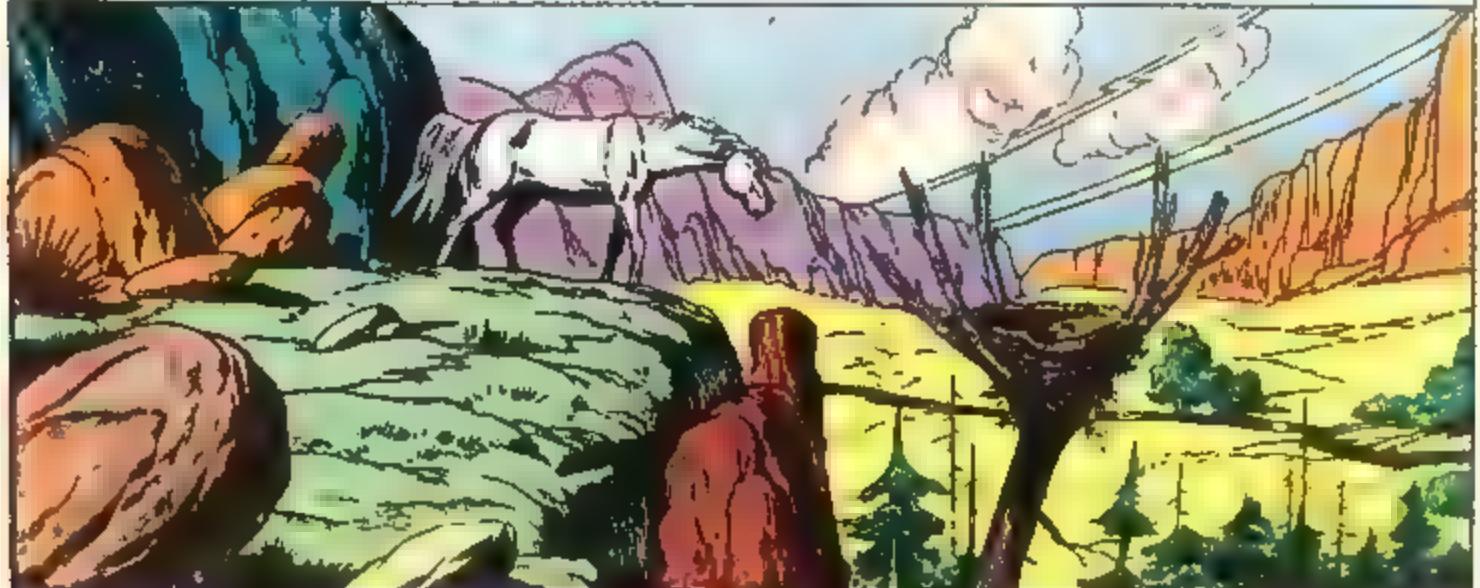
QUICKLY SILVER SIDESTEPS AS THE FALLING ROCKS PLUMMET FAR BELOW---



THEN, HUGGING THE NARROW CLIFFSIDE, HE WORKS HIS WAY UP TO THE TOP---



FROM THERE, SILVER LOOKS DOWN ON THE VALLEY SPREAD OUT BENEATH HIM! AND THEN HIS EYES FOCUS ON THE DEAD TREE! IN ITS UPPERMOST BRANCH IS A STRANGE CIRCLE OF BIG TWIGS-- A BIRD'S NEST! BUT WHAT BIRD, HE WONDERS, COULD USE SUCH A LARGE NEST---

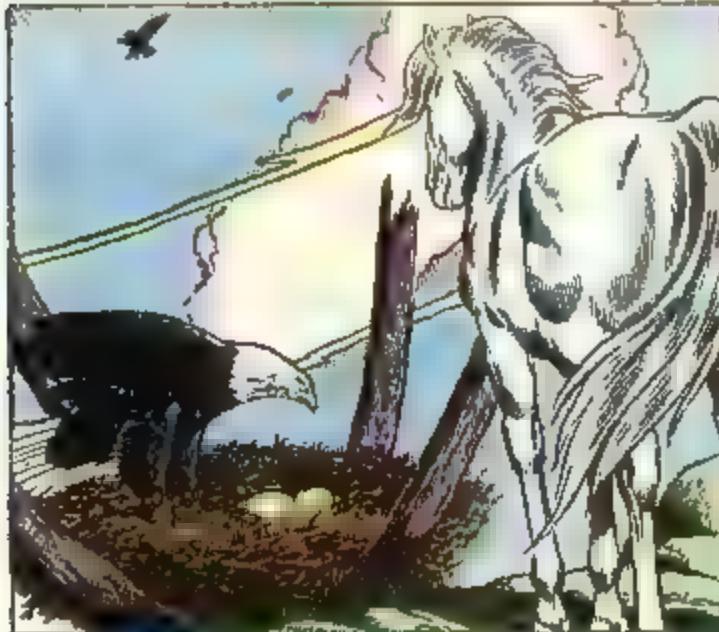


SUDDENLY, ON EFFORTLESS WINGS, TWO GREAT BIRDS GLIDE TOWARD THE NEST! THE MONarchs OF ALL BIRDS - THE AMERICAN BALD EAGLES --



THE NEXT TIME SILVER CLIMBS TO THE CLIFF TOP TO WATCH THE POWERFUL WINGED BIRDS, HE SEES SOMETHING NEW IN THE NEST --- TWO IVORY WHITE EGGS---

FOR A MONTH, SILVER MOUNTS THE CLIFF DAILY,  
LOOKING DOWN AT THE EGGS---



AND ON THE THIRTIETH MORNING, SILVER SEES  
ONE EGG IN THE NEST IS BROKEN AND A  
DOWNY EAGLET IS BY IT---

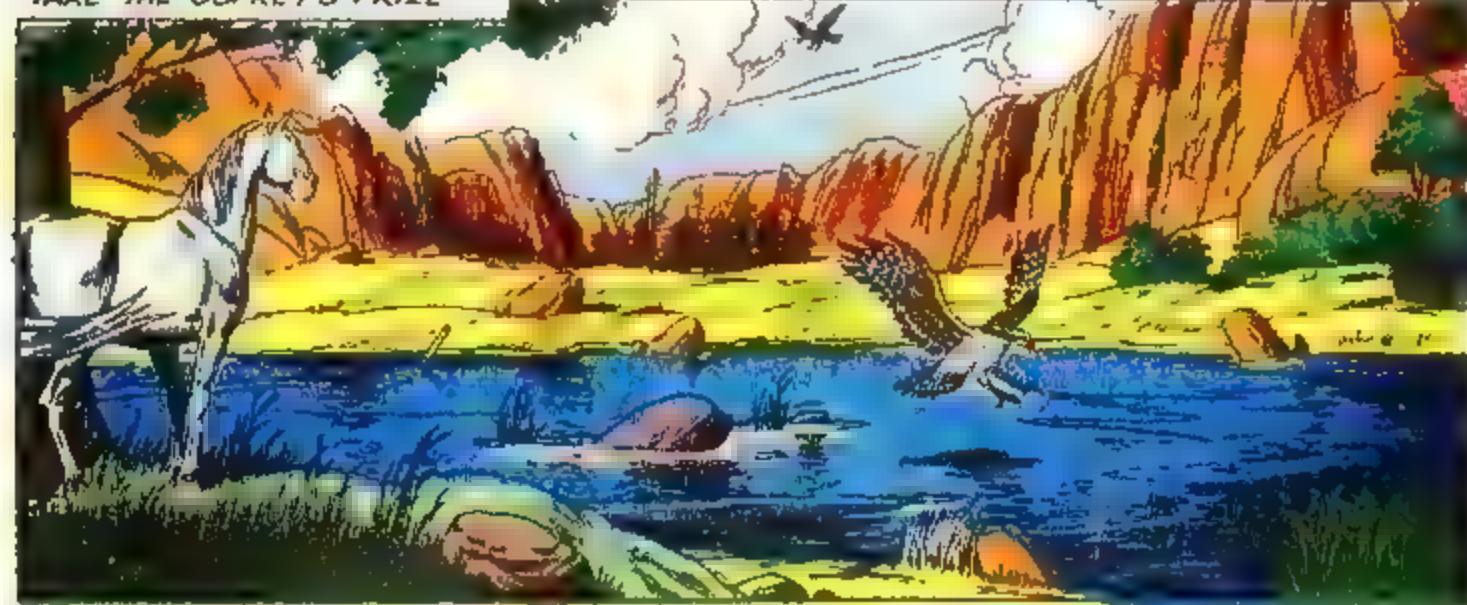


OF ALL THE BIRDS, THE EAGLE TAKES CARE OF ITS  
YOUNG ALMOST THE LONGEST---FOR SIX MONTHS!  
AND EACH DAY, SILVER WATCHES THE EAGLES  
SEARCH FOR FISH! BUT THE EAGLES ARE NOT  
GOOD FISHERMEN AND THEY TAKE THE DEAD FISH  
FROM THE RIVER'S SURFACE OR SHORES---



THEN SUDENLY, A TINY BEAK PUSHES THROUGH  
THE SECOND EGG'S SHELL AND ANOTHER BABY  
EAGLE STARTS TO BREAK OUT---

BUT SOMETIMES WHEN AN OSPREY MAKES A DIVING PLUNGE WITH ITS TALONS INTO THE WATER FOR  
A FISH, SILVER SEES THE MALE EAGLE WATCHING FAR ABOVE, WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO  
TAKE THE OSPREY'S PRIZE---



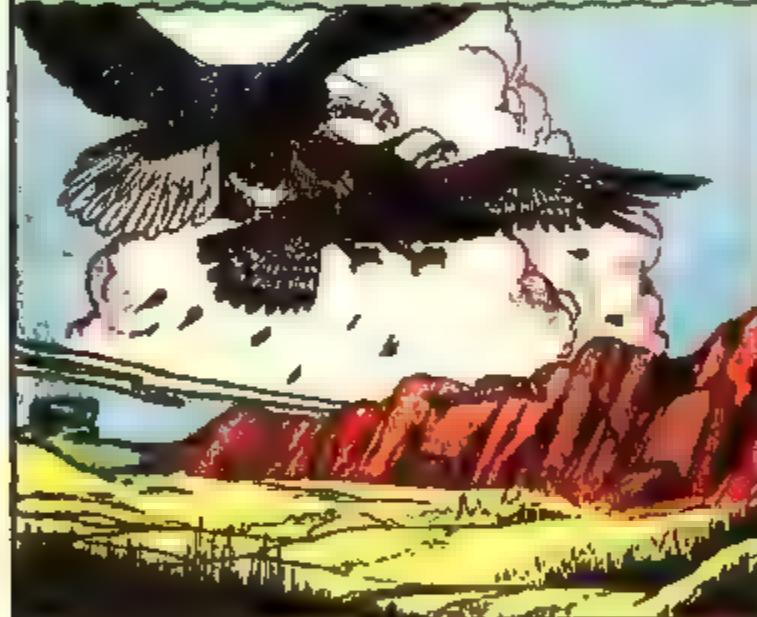
AND WITH A LOUD CRY THE EAGLE CHASES THE BETTER FISHERMAN--



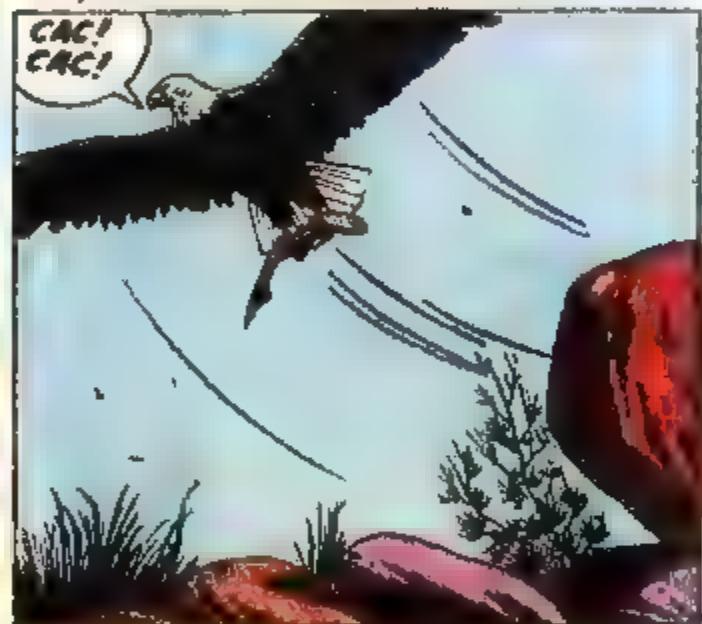
DOWN, DOWN THE EAGLE FORCES THE OSPREY...



UNTIL TO ESCAPE THE FRIGHTENED OSPREY DROPS HIS CATCH--



AND WITH A MIGHTY SWOOP AND A TRIUMPHANT CRY, THE EAGLE RECOVERS THE FALLING FISH--



AS TIME PASSES THE YOUNG EAGLETS BECOME COVERED WITH RICH BROWN FEATHERS, BUT STILL THEY CANNOT FLY! ALL THEY CAN DO IS STAND AT THE EDGE OF THE NEST AND FLAP THEIR GREAT WINGS--



BUT ONE DAY, AS THE PARENT BIRDS ARE OUT HUNTING FOR FISH IN A DRIVING RAIN, SILVER BEES THE GIANT DEAD TREE TREMBLE! THE GROUND AROUND IT IS LOOGENED BY WATER AND THE OLD DEAD ROOTS CAN NO LONGER SUPPORT THE TREE



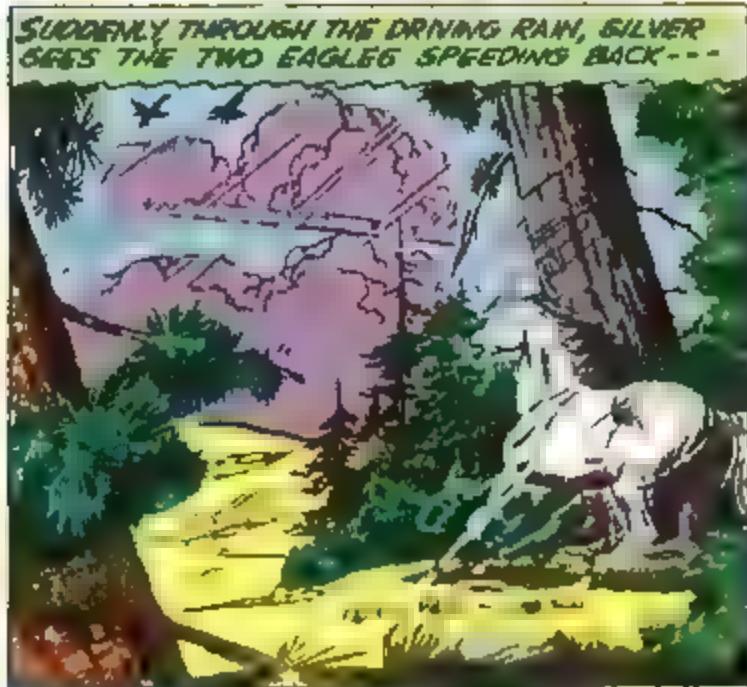
YEAR AFTER YEAR EAGLES NEST IN THE SAME TREE, BUT NOW THE RAIN AND TIME-WEAKENED TREE BEGINS TO FALL, THREATENING TO DROP THE TWO HELPLESS EAGLETIS.



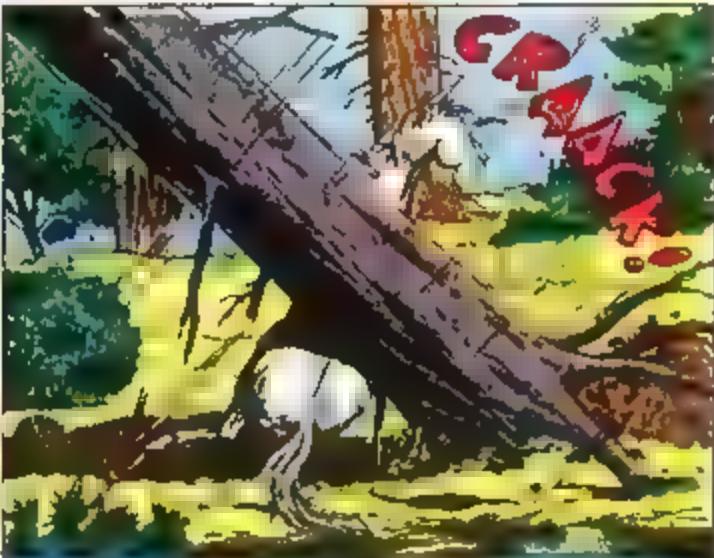
AS HE SEES THE TREE SLIP MORE AND MORE IN THE MUDDY GROUND, SILVER RACES UP, BRACING THE GLOWLY FALLING TREE WITH HIS BODY---



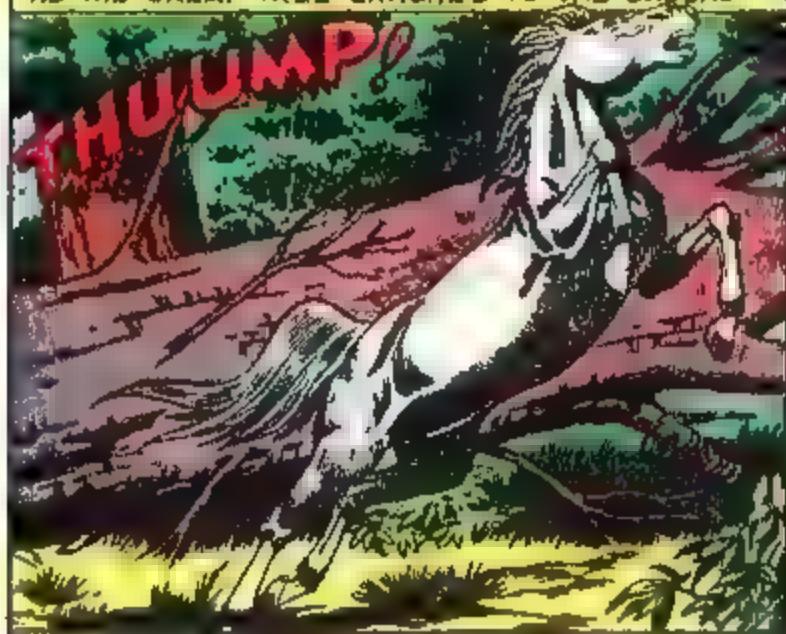
AGAIN AND AGAIN HE WHINNIES FOR HELP---



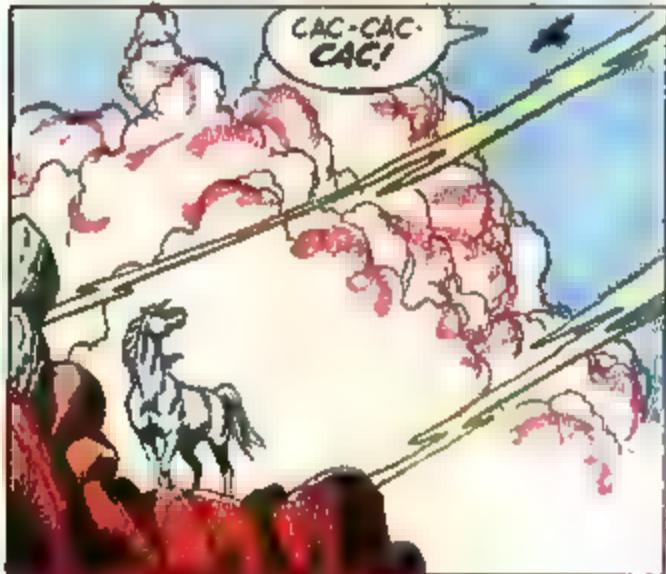
BUT JUST AS THE YOUNG ARE CARRIED SAFELY OFF, THE TREE'S ROOTS SNAP AND IT FALLS FASTER, PINNING SILVER BEHIND IT'S CRUSHING WEIGHT ---



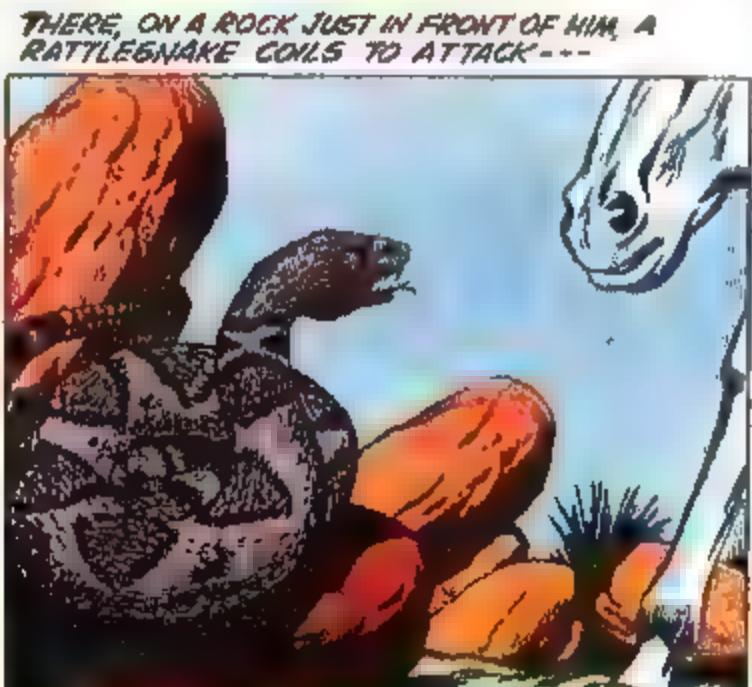
WITH A DESPERATE JUMP SILVER SPRINGS FORWARD, AS THE GREAT TREE CRASHES TO THE GROUND---



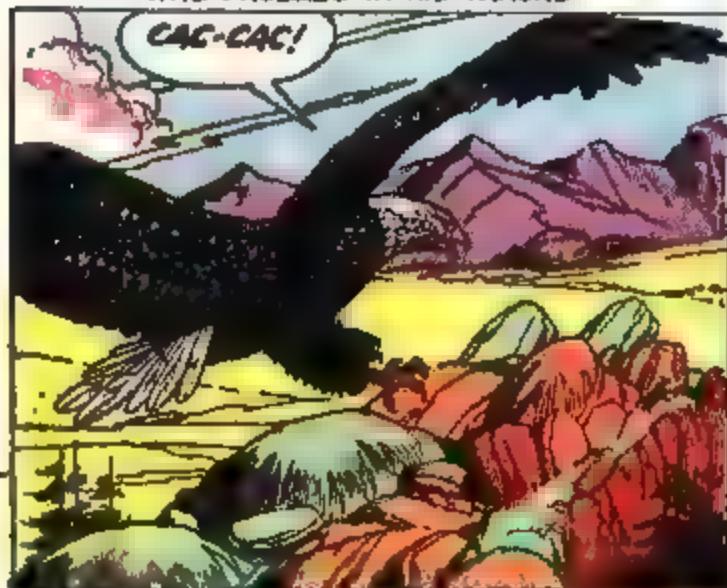
THE NEXT DAY, AS SILVER MOUNTS THE CLIFF TO FIND HIS EAGLE FRIENDS' NEW NEST, THE FATHER EAGLE, HOVERING HIGH ABOVE CALLS LOUDLY---



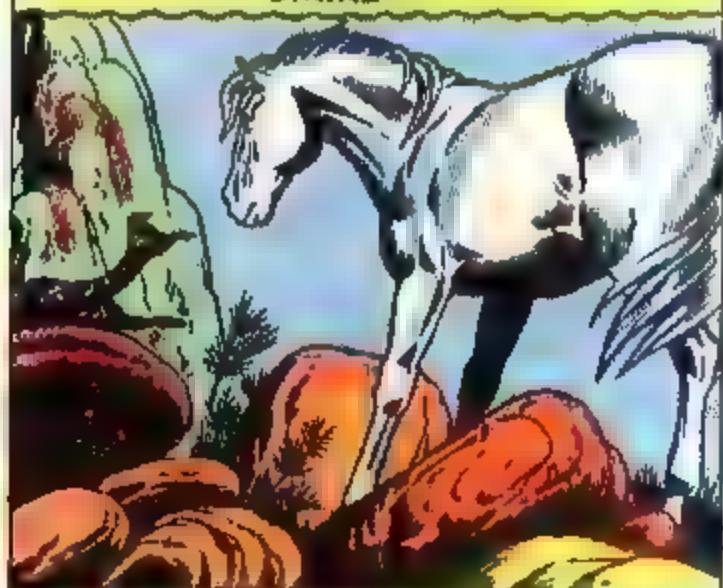
SILVER SENSES A WARNING IN THE BIRD'S RAPID AND REPEATED CRY! HE STOPS IN HIS PLACE AND LOOKS AROUND---



EVEN FROM A MILE ABOVE, THE KEEN-EYED EAGLE SEES THE DANGER AND WARNS SILVER, WHO FREEZES IN HIS TRACKS---



AS THE EAGLE FOLDS HIS WINGS AND BEGINS A HURTLING DIVE, THE RATTLER STARTS TO STRIKE---



BUT BEFORE THE VENOMOUS FANGS REACH THE MOTIONLESS SILVER, THE EAGLES TALONS CLOSE ON THE SNAKE

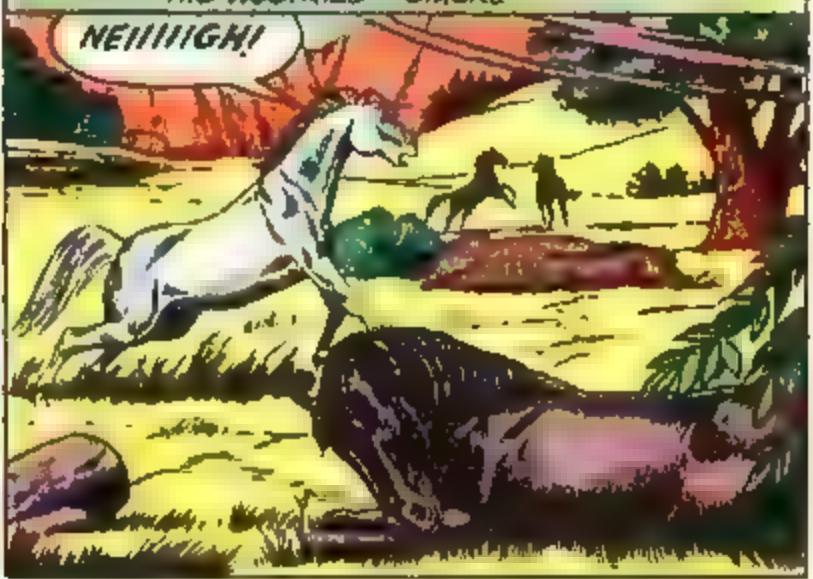


SEVERAL QUICK FLAPS OF HIS GREAT WINGS CARRY THE EAGLE HIGH UP AND THEN, HE DROPS THE SNAKE TO ITS ROCKY FATE BELOW...

TAH SILVER CONTINUES UP TO THE CLIFF TOP AND SEES WHERE THE EAGLES ARE MAKING THEIR NEW NEST...

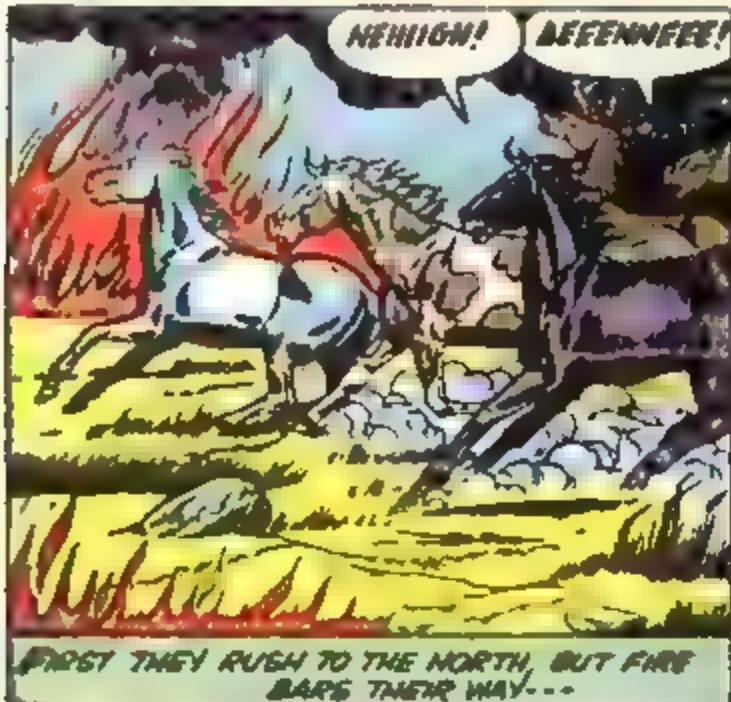


THE NEXT MORNING, AS SILVER SLEEPS WITH THE OTHER UNTAMED HORSES IN WILD HORSE VALLEY, HE RISES TENSELY, SNIFFING THE AIR! AN ACRID SMELL FILLS HIS NOSTRILS—SMOKE...



SILVER'S WHINNIES ROUSE THE OTHER HORSES AND AS THEY GET TO THEIR FEET, THEY SEE THEY ARE SURROUNDED BY FLAMES...



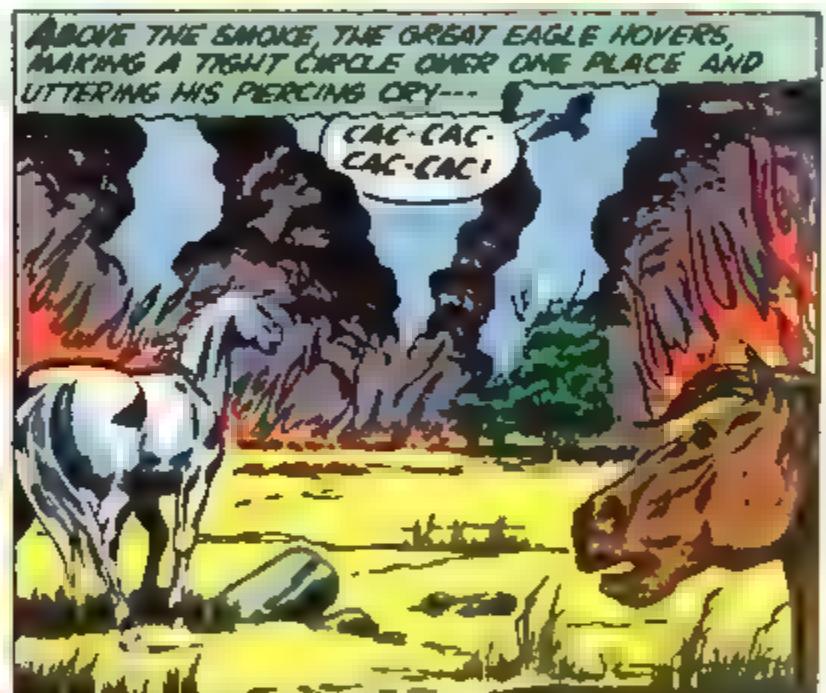


FIRST THEY RUSH TO THE NORTH, BUT FIRE BARS THEIR WAY---

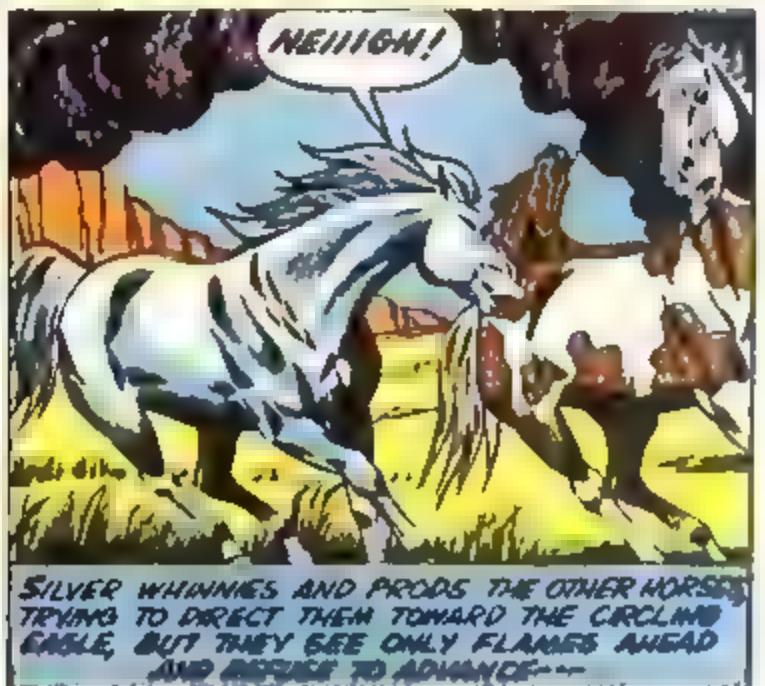
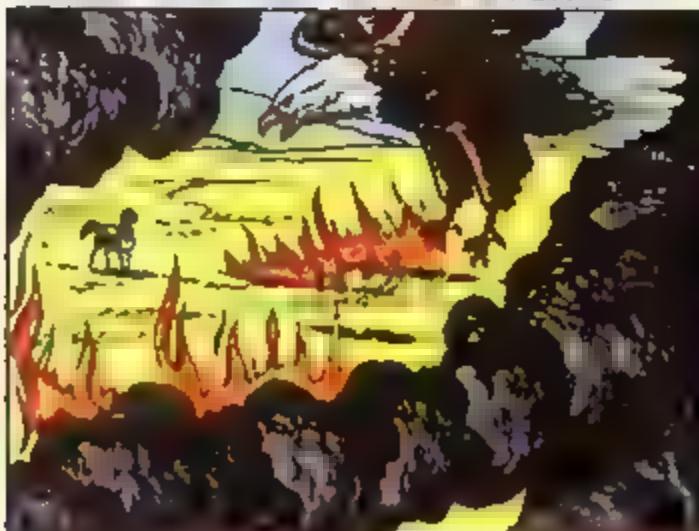
THEN THE FRIGHTENED HORSES WHEEL ABOUT AND RACE SOUTH! BUT AGAIN LEAPING FLAMES CUT THEIR ESCAPE...



SILVER CATCHES A FAMILIAR CALL---



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE BALD EAGLE CIRCLES THAT ONE PLACE ABOVE THE RISING SMOKE! ONCE BEFORE, SILVER RECALLS, THE EAGLE'S KEEN SIGHT SAVED HIM. PERHAPS, FROM UP THERE, HE SEEKS A WAY OUT OF THE INFERNO---



SILVER WHINNIES AND PRODS THE OTHER HORSES, TRYING TO DIRECT THEM TOWARD THE CIRCLING EAGLE, BUT THEY SEE ONLY FLAMES AHEAD AND REFUSE TO ADVANCE---

SILVER RUNS TOWARD THE EAGLE, LOOKING BACK AT THE OTHER HORSES WHINNINNG AND TRYING TO MAKE THEM FOLLOW, BUT STILL THEY STAND AS THE FIRE CLOSES IN---

NEIGH!



CAC-CAC!

AHEAD, SILVER SEES ONLY FLAME, BUT TRUSTING THE EAGLE, HE GALLOPS ON---



THEN SILVER LOOKS UP THE EAGLE CIRCLES AND CALLS--



CAC-CAC-CAC!

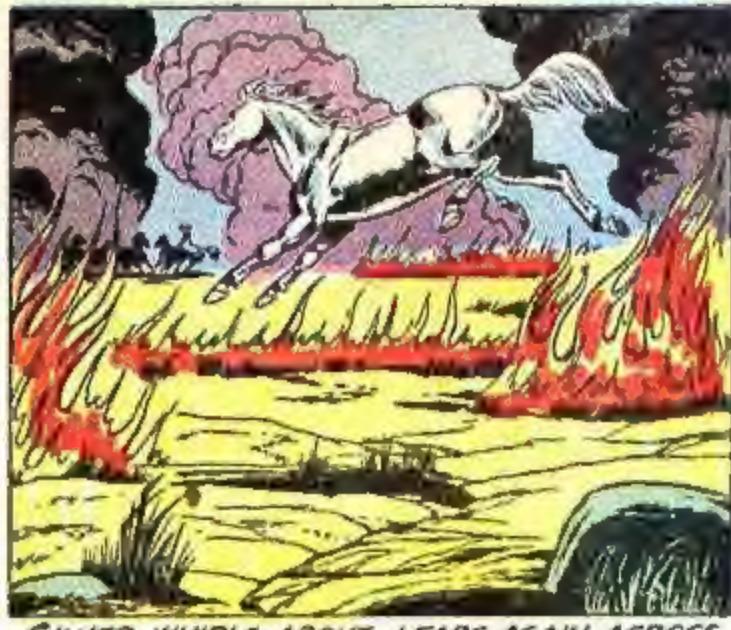
IN FRONT OF HIM, SILVER SEES FLAMES, BUT THE FIRE BURNS LOW! IF HE CAN MAKE A GOOD JUMP, SILVER KNOWS HE CAN CLEAR THE FIRE! HE GATHERS SPEED AND LEAPS---



LOUDER AND LOUDER THE EAGLES CRY SOUNDS, AS SILVER NEARS HIM---

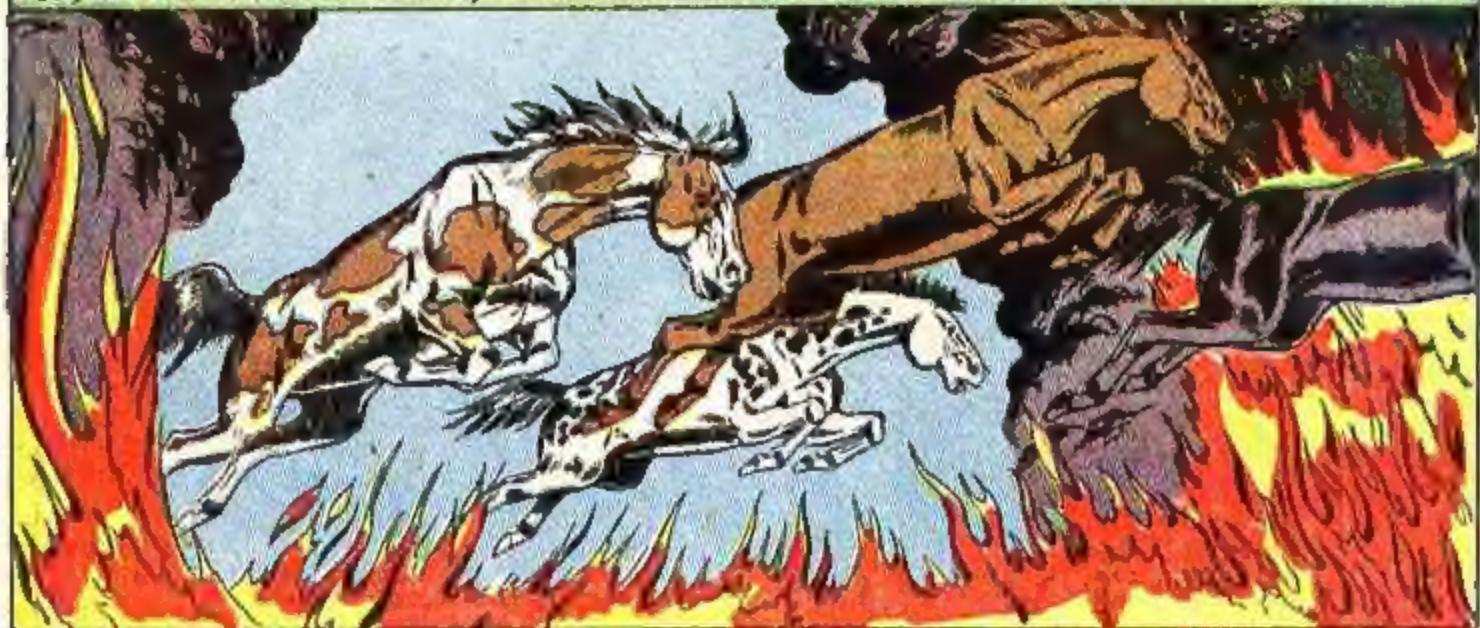


HIS FORELEGS TOUCH HARD, ROCKY GROUND --- HE IS SAFE! NO FIRE CAN BURN HERE! THE EAGLE DID SHOW HIM THE WAY OUT ---



SILVER WHIRLS ABOUT, LEAPS AGAIN ACROSS THE FLAMES AND HEADS FOR THE OTHER TRAPPED HORSES ---

THEY HAVE SEEN SILVER CROSS AND RECROSS THE LOW FIRE IN FRONT OF THE ROCKS! NOW, AS THE FLAMES CLOSE IN, THEY FOLLOW SILVER ON A LEAP TO SAFETY ---



CAC-CAC-CAC!



SOON, THE FIRE BURNS ITSELF OUT! ALL THE HORSES ARE SAFE! THE WIND BLOWS THE SMOKE FROM WILD HORSE VALLEY! THEN, SUDDENLY SILVER HEARS THE EAGLES CALLING! HE LOOKS UP, BUT NOW FOUR EAGLES FLY ABOVE ---

TODAY, THE FLEDGLINGS HAVE LEFT THE NEST! ON UNSTEADY WINGS THEY PROUDLY FLAP BY AND SILVER KNOWS HE NOW HAS FOUR MIGHTY-WINGED FRIENDS IN THE VALLEY — THE BALD EAGLES!

NEIGHHH!



# Cowboy fun

A cowboy's life, while hard and often dangerous, still has its fun. At night, the hands often gather round the campfire, singing one of the many old ballads, while one of them strums a guitar. Song is as much part of the cowboy's life as roping a steer, for often, in the lonely dark, while riding round the herd, he sings music that is soothing to the cattle.



From his desire for companionship and with natural pride in his work, came the practice of holding contests. These were originally held for both Mexican vaqueros and American cowboys. At first, only cowboys came to watch others and their skills at riding broncs, wild horses, and steers. But soon, others came and it became the custom to bet on these rodeos, as they were called. Rodeo is a Spanish word for roundup and the term was adopted by our cowboys.

In the early days, these rodeos were held on the Fourth of July. Independence Day was a holiday which appealed to the cowboy with his independent viewpoint and, then too, it was just after the spring roundup and most cowboys were anxious for a celebration. Since the 1880's when they were first held, rodeos have travelled all over the U. S. and even to Europe, bringing fun and excitement to all who see them.

# FAMOUS CATTLE TRAILS of the OLD WEST

